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Dance with me (Thirdunion AU)

*Disclaimer: I do not support nazcism or any kind of fascism, this is just a fictional story with a fictional version of fictional characters ^w^*

The beautiful colors of the sunset painted the palace with warm colors as the guests of the ballroom started arriving. The sound of soft drinks being poured in crystal glasses and the soft murmur of polite conversations being the background music before the big event.

The german family had invited the families of all the kingdoms around in hopes to find a perfect match to the heir. Third, the second son of the King, knew Weimar was very uncomfortable with the idea of choosing a proper fiance in such a little time. He felt kinda sorry for his older brother. He couldn't imagine having to find someone in that way, just so the Kingdom could have a next heir to the throne.

He sighed, welcoming the next important person that went through the doors with a fake smile and a simple nod. This wasn't part of his duties, after all being the second son in line he could just roam around the room, leaving his dad and brother the boring task of saluting every guest... But of course that wouldn't allow him to be close to his dear lover.

He took a little moment of freedom to gaze at the other man, standing completely still at the side of the doors, hands at his side waiting for the smallest sign of danger to draw his sword and attack. There he was, quiet and invisible to the high class people who passed him without a second glance. Oh, how would they react if they knew the truth? Probably making a big scandal out of it.

His thoughts were interrupted by the next couple in line, their daughter looking at him in an almost too sweet way. He groaned

inside, this was going to be a long night.

It was irritating. He couldn't have a single minute without a girl being introduced to him, a nobleman asking about politics or a completely stranger saying they were an aunt or an uncle that hadn't seen him since he was a baby. It was just exhausting. He couldn't imagine how was Weimar right now.

Soviet had probably ended his shift something like an hour ago, so he was left there, trapped and with nothing to do.

Suddenly, music started to sound, filling every corner of the room, people looking rapidly for a partner to dance with. Oh hell no. He decided it was his cue to leave and started looking for his father. He found him talking with an old man, probably another king, judging by his clothes.

"I deeply apologize for the interruption, father, I'm just here to notify you that I'll be heading off to my chambers right now" he spoke cautiously and politely.

"Oh son, won't you stay a little more? The evening is just starting and you haven't had the opportunity to dance yet. I'm sure there's a Lady that would be happy to have you as her partner."

His dad was talking about the girl that had been staring at him for hours now, probably hopping that he would talk to her, at least to keep an image as a respectful man.

But he wouldn't.

"I'm afraid these last weeks have been restless for me, father. I'll be ashamed to present myself under a bad light just because of my lack of sleep"

He knew his dad would give up. He knew he had been working hard with an important project for the last days, and that he was probably too tired to continue.

"I understand son, you may leave"

He nodded and retired, walking towards a hall before quickly taking a servants stairs and getting out of the palace.

Of course he wasn't that tired. He laughed under his breathe, walking slowly towards the building where the guards lived. He knew the perfect way to make it there without being noticed, hiding perfectly under the shadow of the trees and picking a little rock on his way. Once he faced the windows he threw the little rock towards the right one, making a little sound.

Soon enough, Soviet was looking down at him, waving his hand softly. He smiled, waving his own hand. Some minutes, and his lover was by his side, smiling sweetly at him.

They walked towards the glass garden house of the palace, far enough to evade curious eyes. The garden had a wonderful design of concentric circles connecting eachother with a gravel path, like a little maze of vegetation that hid their meetings.

They seated side by side in the middle of the labyrinth, the fragrance of the roses filling the air, their hands intertwining, like two pieces of a puzzle fitting perfectly.

"I missed you"

"I missed you too"

It was incredible the way they changed around eachother, Third thought, both of them strong and respectable men at the eyes of strangers, but here, far away from other people's judging stares, they were just two men in love.

The distant sound of the music brought Third to reality.

"Hey, I've been dying all night to do this"

"What?"

He got up and, in a perfect and elegant bow, extended a hand towards Soviet.

"May a have this dance? My dear gentleman"

Soviet giggled, before getting up and making an exaggerated bow.

"Oh,yes you may Your Majesty. But I'm afraid I'll deeply disappoint you."

"Ja, do you think I didn't noticed you paying attention to my waltz classes?"

Soviet blushed deeply, before reaching for the other's hand.

Swiftly Third took him close to his body by the waist, taking the taller man into his embrace.

Soon both of their feet started moving slowly, Soviet trying to match the steps of his partner. He had been kind of jealous looking at the noble girl who seemed to follow Third around all night. But here they were, cheek to cheek, dancing to the far away melody of the waltz like none of those idiots could, bodies already knowing eachother, like if it was destined to be. Maybe he wasn't one of them, maybe he didn't belong to that palace, but Reich was his and he was Reich's, and nothing could change that.

As the songs carried on, they continue dancing, both hearts in synchrony and when the last tone of a sad violin cried to the night, they kissed goodbye before parting ways.

When the sun started to rise, they could still feel the other in their arms.

A/N:
I'm too cheesy, ain't I? TwT jajajjaj I was just listening to the history of waltz and started making this scenario in my head, and just had to write it!
Anyway, I hope you're having a great day!!!
(ノ◕ヮ◕)ノ*.✧ bye!～

What is love? (Amerus/ Rusame)

The word love was hard to understand. It could mean all kind of different things, things that seemed to change from person to person.

Love was such a short word, but it contained so many things, too difficult to explain, let alone comprehend. Such a tiny group of lines that twisted, folded and intertwined, forming that image that people would read as 'love', could truly move the world.

People would do everything to keep the ones they loved safe, or to be close to them, or to see them... And even with that much amount of power inside one feeling, people looked happy to keep it simple, like a little gas lamp that hangs over the porch of the door, but has the power to light a whole city.

It was hard for him to understand love. Yes, he had felt love a long time ago, when his father was alive and his family wasn't broken. But even that warm feeling was different from this.

Looking at the sleeping american besides him, Russia smiled softly.

Maybe love was just this.

The warmth of a hug after a nightmare, seeming to keep the loneliness away.

The way a simple kiss could make him cry of relief after a long inner battle against himself.

The rainy days just dozing on the sofa, holding hands and drinking hot chocolate.

The way those eyes could read deep into his soul just with a simple look.

The little fights over what's going to be dinner and who's washing the dishes.

The way his old scars seemed to be painless when *he* was kissing them.

The tears spilled onto eachother's shirts when times were tough.

The way they would pick up every piece and put it back together, getting stronger with every fall.

The sunsets, the sunrises, the nights, the days.

The clear skies, the stars, the rain and the foggy days.

As the sleeping boy started to wake up, he greeted him with a big smile.

"Hey, did I miss something? There's something on my face?"

Said America confused at the other's expression.

"Nah, while you were sleeping I just realized something"

"What is it?"

"It's not important."

"Hey that's not fair!!! Tell me!!!"

"Nop"

"Aw, c'mon!!!"

Yeah...

This is love.

A/N:

A little nonsense I wrote at 2 am XD
I know is short and weird... But I kind of like it uwu
Anyway! If you're reading this, I hope you have a wonderful and fantastic day!!!

(•w•)/ Bye!~

Just for today (Bracolo)

(Yeah... Nobody knows this ship... But I love it >:P So here I am, about to write a story about something nobody likes XD)

Colombia's POV

He didn't know how to react.

At first he had accepted to come to Mexico's birthday party thinking it would be just for a little. Give the wrapped gift to Mex, drink a little so he could drive home safely and dancing a fe songs.

But now he had his crush in front of him, half drunk and asking to dance with him. And there he was... Frozen.

He had liked the Brazilian for a long time, after all they were neighbors and it was just so easy to fall in love with the little things he could see from his window. The way he prepared his coffee, the way he sang for his little blue parrot, the way he danced while washing the dishes, the way he was passionate about things he liked and the way his smile was just so kind when they happened to meet in the middle of the street.

He wasn't a stalker at all, it just happened that their windows were too close to comfort, and he had ended watching the other when he was just dozing off in the living room. And just like that, love had come knocking at his door. Ok, maybe love was a big word, but the existing of some kind of deep feelings was undeniable.

He tended to be extremely confident when it came to personal space, being touchy and physical with anybody, some countries even taking it in a wrong way. It was just his personality, but all of that had disappeared the moment Brazil had took his hand, asking for a dance.

It was pretty obvious that the other country wouldn't be able to

remember anything the next day, and if he remembered he would probably be ashamed to be seen with a country like him, with such reputation. But this was his only change to have at least a little moment to keep to himself. Maybe his feelings wouldn't be returned never in a million years, maybe after tonight he would be left just with the pieces, maybe tomorrow he would feel the pain reach his broken heart... But just for tonight he would let himself enjoy a simple dance.

A bachata song started playing as he left his empty bottle of beer in the middle of the table. He let the tall man take him to the dance floor.

Soon they were close, so close he could feel Brazil's heart pounding side by side with his own, his warm breath tingling on his cheek as they danced as close as they could be. The sound of bottles and laughs seemed to disappear, leaving just the sweet and sharp melody and the both of them.

His hips moved with the rhythm, his heartbeat synchronizing with the music and his eyes closed focusing on the smell of his secret loved one.

He looked up as the song ended, and as their faces got closer and closer, he felt his heart yearn for an impossible future.

When the drunk country placed a gentle kiss on his lips, he let a single tear fall.

A/N:
I know this is a mess and it's super short XP I just wanted to try this little idea. YwY ah, I love this ship :'3 (after all... One of the countries is my own :v)

Anyway, I hope you have an amazing day!!!

(•w•)/ Bye!~

Just a meal (Amerus)

(Warning?: Insinuation of cheating, mention of baby Rusame :'3 if you don't like these please skip this chapter ^w^)

Russia's POV

It was ok. It was just food, right? There was no need to feel bad or fear the worst. America had always liked junk food, so it wasn't weird for him to pick a burguer when he came late from work stressed and tired.

"Are you sure you're not hungry Meri?"

"No. I already ate." The other country responded whiteout even looking at him, too focused on his phone.

"Oh." Was all that he could murmur under his breath.

The dinner was sitting there, getting colder as America headed to the stairs without a single word. The steam was slowly dissolving into the air, dancing above the plates like white and sad ghosts. He took the food to the trash, his eyes fixated into the little pieces falling into the black bag, one by one, life disappearing into a black hole.

It was ok. There was no reason to feel this sad. He knew they had different tastes when it came to food, that was the reason he had been trying so hard to learn how to make some American recipes.

Of course he wasn't the best cook, so it wasn't a big deal if America wanted to eat outside instead of trying something he made for the first time.

He started to wash the dirty dishes, the cold water keeping him aware of his surroundings. The pale light seemed to give a cold aura to the kitchen, after all it was the only light in the middle of the night.

He looked at a watch over the counter. It was almost midnight, again.

He held back the tears, the smell of the food still lingering in the air. 'This is stupid, Russia, there's no reason to cry' he scolded himself. The clicking sound of dishes and silverware filled the tense silence for half an hour.

After finishing, he turned down the lights on the first floor and made sure everything was closed. He started walking up the stairs when the faint sound of conversation reached his ears. He opened their bedroom only to find the bed empty. He continued walking until the end of the hallway, where the guest's room was and where the whispers seemed to come.

"We can meet tomorrow at 9 pm" America's voice sounded through the door.

Russia headed to their room, laying in the cold bed and letting the warm tears fall to the matress.

It was nothing. Everything was going to be ok.

He looked tiredly at the little crib in one side of the room.

"Yeah, maybe tomorrow I can try to make apple pie... I heard from France that America loves it" he said sweetly to the little sleeping boy, drying his face with the sleeves of his sweater.

It was going to be ok. It was just a matter of time.

A/N:
I know this is short, weird and sad, but I had to write it T.T... A big thank you for the beautiful people that voted!!! It really makes me wants to keep writing!!!

Anyway, I hope you have a wonderful day.

(✿uwu)/Bye!~

I'll meet you in the woods (ScotIre Middle Ages AU)

(based on a forbid romance and the accusation of heresy during the Middle Ages :v. Slight mention of executions, but nothing too descriptive.)

Scotland's POV

He ran silently through the forest, trying his best to avoid the fallen trees and try weak branches. The cold fog only allowed him to look two meters in front of him and the full moon was his only source of light, after all it could be dangerous to bring a gas lantern, but he knew pretty well the path. When he came across a little wooden cottage, he stopped running and walked to the door, knocking five times with an specific rhythm. The door opened just a crack, and when the person inside took a good look at him, it opened completely.

"You came!" The other country said excitedly, soon jumping to give him a hug.

"Aye! You're cold! Let me take this." Said the male quickly taking his coat and a cape and letting them next to the fireplace to dry.

"I missed you"

"Me too"

They looked at each other, all the love in the world in their eyes.

"How have you been Ire"

The other looked down.

"It's quite boring, and kind of scary some times, but is for the best right?"

It was right.

When England had found out that he had been meeting with Ireland for some time, he got mad. Really mad.

The country with an orange and green flag was considered an enemy in the moment he scaped what England called 'home'. He had 'adopted' them when they were orphan teens, and force?d them to do as he wished, being more his servants than his family. When Ireland had scaped the enormous house, England had declared that he was 'persona non grata' and had forbid them to see him. But for that time, they were already a couple.

When England found out, he had started to spread rumors about Ire being an heretic, making witchcraft and all kind of nonsense. Scotland had knew immediately what was his plan. Soon, the people of the village would start to get suspicious, every little bad thing that came upon them would be blamed on Ireland, until something so bad happened, that they would ask for his public execution.

The thought of his love hanging from a tree was enough to cause him nightmares.

At the end they had decided that Ire had to run away. They had started to build a little wooden cottage in the middle of the forest, relying on the superstitious attitude of the village people, they had entered the woods filled with fear and determination. Just to make sure, they had ask for permission to build to the forest and had followed all the rituals recommended to avoid the rage of any creature.

After they had finished, they had made the little cottage their home, making a garden, bringing furniture and putting little ornaments here and there. And now, after two years of hard work, it was a safe piece of earth, just for the two of them.

Ireland sat with him in front of the fire, lying his head on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I can't keep you company everyday"

"Scot, it's ok, this isn't you fault. Besides, I just need time to completely adjust. We'll be fine"

Scotland looked at his lover's face. He felt guilty. He could roam trough the town, go to the market, hell he could even go hunting, but Ireland was trapped inside the forest, slowly becoming another mythical creature, another unknown monster to draw alongside the Blemmyae and the Manticores. And it was his fault. He had fell in love without thinking about the consequences.

"Why are you crying dear?"

"Aren't you mad at me?"

"Why should I?"

"For taking your life away, for trapping you in these woods, for making people hate you!"

"Do you mean... For saving my life, for being with me, for loving me? How could I hate for those things?"

The other male gave him a sweet kiss in the forehead.

"I love you"

"I love you

The next day, before the sun started to rise, Scotland was back in England's house. His heart warm with the memory of last night, and his determination to keep his lover safe, stronger than ever.

As he looked at England he swore to anything above, he would make Ireland happy, no matter what.

A/N:

Hey!!! I am back!!! I hope you are having a wonderful day uwu...

A little curious fact. Did you know that in the Middle Ages witches weren't really a thing? Heresy on the other hand was the 'thing' at the moment, but some other attitudes that we would find disrespectful were allowed. As crazy as it sounds there were actually festivals for the common people were they would make fun of the high society, the church and the nobles. This celebrations were actually made in the church itself and everyone was aware of that. People would choose a fake pope or king, would put faeces in the incensories and march with masks and costumes. Witches, on the other hand were a thing in the Modern age were the infamous book about how to recognize witches, was written. So next time you hear someone talking about witches being burn in the middle ages, is probably a lie ewe (I found this in the book 'history of ugliness' by Umberto Eco)

Anyway, (•w•)/Bye~

Admiration (Reichpol)

He admired Poland.

For some people it might be even strange to imagine that him, The Second Reich, The German Empire, would actually admire Poland, the country he had been desperately trying to conquer. But... It was exactly that, what made him realize how strong Poland really was.

He knew the white and red country had the background of a warrior, the heart of a wild flower, and he craved to possess that unique treasure, to hold that kind of beautiful power between his fingers. But as water on his hands, Poland had scaped his grasp with determination like the butterfly scapes the chrysalis.

When he was given a second chance, awaken from the dark slumber of death, he noticed something had changed.

The world seemed to control the once rebellious country, who stayed silent while listening to the orders of this new organizations. Is this what the world had came to be? He felt sad even imagining it. But the sadness had faded away as he looked directly into the eyes of the smaller country, filled with the same fire he had come to love, ready for any challenge like the mantis waits for the perfect moment to attack if given the chance.

But of course, he would do things differently this time. Free from politics and war strategies, he focused his time on little hobbies, little goals. In this new life, he decided to show Poland what most of the active countries seemed to forget, respect.

Yes, Poland was seen as another respectable country, but in these modern days people seemed to forget his power and strength, sometimes even looking at him like a weak country, someone who needed protection.

Reich didn't like that.

He started writing letters, putting his very soul and admiration into every swirl of ink, focusing in one compliment at the time, one strength in every letter.

He watched calmly how Poland looked for someone in every world meeting, hoping to find the creator of the old style messages. After some time he stopped searching, his face troubled and avoiding.

Yes, he knew Poland had finally remembered his perfect handwriting, after all he used to send him letters, even if they were other reasons behind them. And for the looks of it, his feelings would never be returned, the object of his love too far away to touch, soured because of the past. But even then, he continued to write, not for him, but for his loved one. He needed to know his dear Poland was aware of his own greatness, even if at the end, he would always be seen as an enemy of lost times.

He deserved the cold feelings of Poland... He had hurt him so much.

He looked at the stars from the balcony of the modern building, the sounds of conversations intertwining in a tangled murmur behind him.

He didn't like to attend this meetings, always feeling like an outsider, something that shouldn't be alive, a monster of the past. It was necessary though, everyone needed to see they weren't a danger, looking constantly into every step they made, one wrong word being the perfect excuse to kill them again. There was a reason a lot of them had been killed in the first time, after all.

He felt someone walking to his side, but he didn't low his gaze.

"I see you are not enjoying this thing"

The sweet voice made him turn immediately, his heart racing in joy at the sound of the other. He smiled trying to sound less excited.

"This meetings... I do not enjoy them, but I understand the reasons behind them. What about you, my dear Poland. Are you tired of this too?"

"Don't call me 'dear'...No, I don't like to be here. At least we have

that in common."

Silence.

"... Do you have something to say to me Poland? Excuse me if I sound rude. I'm actually delighted to see you talking to me, but I'm aware of your... Disgust towards me..."

Poland sighed deeply, looking into the sky for a few minutes before deciding to talk.

"What you wrote on those letters... Do you mean it? I need to know"

"Yes I do."

"Everything?"

"Every single word"

The white and red country spaced out for some seconds.

"Then... Why did you hurt me? Reich"

He stayed silent for a moment. He had been thinking about that for a long time, repeating it on his mind over and over again. But it was weird to hear Poland asking about it, actually waiting for a response.

"I... used to think that I craved the power of your land, that I needed to possess the fire that ignites your soul, like a hunting trophy or an exotic flower... I was wrong... Now I understand that what I want is for you to be mine, and for me to be yours. I know very well it's impossible for you to love me, but in this new life I don't need to force my goals to come true... I'll be happy with this conversation alone"

"If you are so sure about my feelings, why did you keep writing?"

"Because... You deserve to know you are more that what they think you are."

"I am nothing like that. I'm not what you think I am"

"You are a warrior"

"I don't have that power anymore"

"Yes you do. I can see it in your eyes"

Poland looked at him, his eyes shining under the night sky.

"I was defeated again after your fall... How is that 'beinh a warrior'?"

He touched the scar on his face with shame.

"And even then here you are, standing over your past like the Fenix stands over its ashes... You are truly amazing Poland"

He took the hands of the other out of his face, slowly but surely.

"And you are beautiful"

Poland rested his head over his heart, holding one of his bigger hands between his own.

In that moment Reichtangle knew he wouldn't change that day for anything.

He looked at the stars, twinkling in the darkness.

He had all he wanted in his arms.

A/N:
I know this is too short, but I was so excited to make this little thing!!! I love this ship and just wanted to write something cute. UwU. (And it's so hard to find cute stories about these two T.T)

Anyway I hope you have a wonderful day!!!

(つ≧▿≦)つ~Bye!

Mystery (Amerus School AU pt 1)

Russia was a mysterious country.

The way he talked, the way he dressed, the way he kept silent, everything looked strange to the american. In a weird way, Russia was like a mermaid, even if he tried so hard to be invisible. For him, that only added to the attracting aura around him.

America would be ashamed if the other knew how many times he had spent entire classes just looking at him, trying to figure out more about the stranger. He wasn't a stalker... Ok, maybe a little bit. Well, he was just curious by nature. Nobody could blame him! Right?

He had discovered little things as the time went by, things he knew were a secret for the rest of their classmates. After all, Russia didn't show emotions that often.

Russia hated to be called 'a big scary country', he loved flowers and making flower crowns, when he was nervous about a test he liked to eat sunflower seeds to calm himself down, he loved to read dramatic and romantic novels and was pretty good in speed and resistance sports but hated to lift weights. The country actually loved spring days, but was pretty good standing the cold weather, he drank little sips of vodka when he was stressed, he cooked his own lunch and would smile a little everytime his projects were exalted, getting flustered.

It was amazing how everyday he seemed to discover something new about the guy. Sometimes he wondered why the tall country seemed to hide such a beautiful and complex personality behind a fake facade of coldness.

He couldn't understand.

He sighed as he walked through the empty hallways, everyone gone except for those who where in clubs. He had skipped baseball today, wanting to have some little time to breath.

He saw the small school theater was open.

They didn't have any meetings today. Right? Well, better for him, he could sleep behind the last row of seats and walk home after a good nap. He really needed it. He had stayed up late to finish an assignment for today and he could feel his bones and eyes begging for some rest.

He walked inside the big room and put his backpack on the ground using it as a pillow after taking his sunglasses off. It was a matter of minutes for him to fall asleep.

The sound of classical music made him jump in surprise, awaking him suddenly. He looked around trying to understand where he was, before remembering why he was there.

He rubbed his eyes, preparing himself to talk to the teacher of the drama club, ready for a long lecture about privacy, school rules, etc.

He looked at the stage and had to force himself to close his mouth.

Russia was there, dressed in a wonderful ballet costume, the embroidery and the stones shining beautifully under the lights. The clothes fitted his body perfectly, moving as he moved. The enchanting stranger was now before his eyes, dancing to the music without any effort, his breath calm as he jumped into the air, every move elegant and precise like a gazelle moving gracefully trough the forest.

He looked in awe as the other executed a wonderful piece.

After a few seconds he noticed the other was telling a story.

The clothes, the moves, the music, he watched Russia turning into a white dove, trying desperately to fly, to reach the unreachable sky with his hands, as the earth kept him anchored to earth. He looked

the tormented character rip his wings trying to hold the moon between his hands, every jump even more painful to watch, harder to stand, until, with a swift motion, he fell with grace into the ground, far away from the sky he wanted so heavily to become his.

The music stoped and Russia got up, walking towards a water bottle, finally releasing a trail of tired gasps and drying the sweat from his face with a towel.

"It was awful" he heard the other murmur.

"It was perfect!" He said loudly before realizing his mistake.

Uh oh.

The other looked at him in shock, his face flushing in embarrassment, his eyes filling with tears of shame as he walked back.

"Y-you, Ho-how, d-did yo-you." Russia stuttered trying to hide himself behind the red curtains.

America watched in horror as the other started wabbling, like he was about to pass out. 'A panic attack.' he told himself recognizing the symptoms clearly.

He ran carefully towards the other, murmuring reassuring words and taking his hands away from his face, making him sit on a chair.

"Hey, hey, look at me. It's ok. Breathe with me. Inhale... Exhale... That's right. Inhale... Exhale... You're doing it great!"

After some minutes the other calmed down enough to talk to him.

"How much... did you see?"

"Well... I was here the entire time, but I was just sleep-"

"No, no, no, no, no..."

"Why are you so-"

"Please don't tell anybody!! I beg you. I'll do anything... Just... Please"

He looked troubled as the other started crying.

"Why would you be ashamed of that? It was fantastic!!! I've never seen something like that before!!!"

"Do you... Think is cool?"

"Who wouldn't? I was in trance watching you!"

The other blushed, before looking down.

"You are the first one to tell me that. The last people who saw me..."

"What happened?"

"I... I don't want to talk about it."

"Psss, whatever they said is a lie. That was amazing!!! Are you a professional dancer or something?"

"My dad used to be... Before he passed away..."

"I'm sorry..."

"It happened some time ago..."

"Did he teach you that?"

"Yeah, that was his last piece before... He did what he did..."

Silence filled the air as the russian stared into nothing, probably lost in memory. America decided to talk in a whisper, holding his hand softly in case the other wasn't comfortable with it.

"I bet your father is proud of you... You were amazing there. I mean it."

Russia smiled to him, his cheeks tinting red.

"Thank you... Ummmm... Oh! We are in the same classroom...

What's your name?"

"America"

"I'm Russia"

The two of them smiled to each other.

After some time talking and joking, they exchanged numbers.

He waited until Russia changed clothes and then they walked together until they had to part ways.

America smiled as he waved goodbye. He was happy to know he could be friends with the mysterious guy. Well... After today he could say they weren't total strangers anymore. And he had the feeling the other would become more than a mystery to solve for him.

A/N:
After my last Amerus oneshot I had to make something light and cute, so here we are! What's this? No idea. A mix between a school AU, america being kind of creepy, russia dancing ballet and two future lovebirds uwu. I'll do a second part from Russia's perspective ewe just wait for it. (I'm talking as if someone would read this Jajajjaj)

Anyway, I hope you have a fantastic day!

(づ￣ W￣)づ~Bye!

Meetings and a promise (Thirdunion pt 1)

(Warning: This chapter contains Thirdunion, it's fluff for a lot of time, but there's a little mention of child abuse, if you are not comfortable with this, I suggest you to skip this chapter. I put out a disclaimer. I do NOT support nazcism or any kind of fascism (it's bad bad!), this is meant to be an exploration of fictional characters in a fictional stage. UwU)

It was a sunny day, the clouds moving slowly in the sky, forming figures of monsters and mythical creatures.

Third had escaped home to draw the stunning landscape, bored of his classes at the immense house and wanting to see the outside world for a little bit. His father was probably too busy to notice his absence and his brother was probably reading in the library unaware about his whereabouts.

He sketched light lines, making sure to not mess the delicate paper, focusing on capturing the fresh feeling of the wind blowing the tall and yellowish grass, the white clouds against the blue sky, the line of trees contrasting on the horizon. When he had a perfect sketch, he started painting everything with watercolors, being careful with every touch of the paint brush.

Half an hour passed and he ended his drawing, looking at it with pride. He set it apart to dry, and took his sketch book again. Just as he looked for something interesting to draw, the sight of someone caught his attention.

A boy ran through the tall grass, arms extended like an airplane and a big smile on his face showing a missing tooth. His skin was red and he had a golden eye.

He looked as the other for a moment before shrugging. It was good enough. He started sketching quickly, trying to capture the movement of the other. He looked down for a second just to raise his gaze and find the other falling into the ground disappearing under the grass.

He got up and walked cautiously to the spot, finding it empty. Where had he go?

A touch on his shoulder made him jump and scream in surprise. He turned around and found the other boy there a playful smile on his face.

"You know? It's rude to look at someone for that long before presenting yourself first"

"You almost gave me a heart attack!!!" Third responded holding his chest. "At least say you're sorry!"

"Hey! You scared me first! You were staring at me from the shadows like a creep!"

"That's not true! I was just drawing you"

The other looked shocked for a second before smiling a bigger smile than before.

"You draw??? Can I see???"

They walked back to his previous spot under a tree, the red guy jumping in excitement. He took his sketch book and showed him the little drawing.

"You are soo good at it!!!" The eyes of the stranger seemed to shine in amazement.

"It's not that great... I'm still learning"

"Not that great? I wish I could do that!"

"Why don't you try?"

The other seemed reluctant. Playing with the loose threads of his sweater.

"I don't want to ruin your sketchbook"

"Nonsense! I'll just buy another one! Here. You can have this one"

The other smiled a little smile, sitting with him under the tree. Third put some details into his previous landscape while the other drew.

After a little moment of silence, they started making small conversation, getting comfortable with eachother.

"What's your name? Oh! That's kind of rude. Isn't it? Mine is Third Reich or Nazi Germany"

"I'm the USSR but I like to be called Soviet. Can I call you Third?"

"Sure! How is your drawing?"

"Jejeejje, it's pretty bad"

He looked at the other drawing, sharp and dark lines everywhere. It was very different from his own work, and he could tell the other didn't practice a lot, but it wasn't that bad.

"It's not bad! It's good, don't say that. You just have to practice a little and you'll get really good at it"

"Do you think so? I wish I could have a teacher"

The other sounded hopeful about something.

"Why don't you ask your parents? Maybe they can contract an art tutor for you"

The boy just looked into the ground, little dots of light decorating his skin. He just noticed he had small freckles on his face. The troubled expression on his face hid something.

"I don't want to bother him. I don't want him to get rid of me"

"What are you talking about?"

The boy curled up a little, hugging his knees.

"He says I'm a waste of space... He said that to my sister before selling her... I don't want to make him mad. He... He scares me a little bit" he whispered, as if he was afraid someone could hear him. "I scape home when he goes out for business..."

"Well... I could teach you... If you want"

"Really!?" Soviet almost screamed with happiness "wait, but how could we meet?... Where do you live? I could sneak to your house when dad isn't home"

Third pointed towards the direction of his house.

"It's about twenty minutes away"

"Jajajaja, ok! I'll get there when I can"

"I have to go... See you soon?"

"Of course. Bye!"

He was reading when his father called him down.

"Third, there's a boy at the door, he says he knows you"

He walked towards the big entrance and found Soviet there, holding the sketchbook he had give to him against his chest.

"You came! I thought you wouldn't be able to find the house"

"It's hard to miss. Jajajajja"

His dad soon interrupted, a happy shine on his eyes and a big smile on his face.

"Is this a friend of yours Third?"

"Yes father! I'm going to teach him how to draw. Can I take him to the garden?"

"Of course you can. I'll tell the cook to give you some cookies ok?"

Soviet jumped in excitement and they went to the garden.

"Third?" His father talked while they were dining, Soviet gone for some time now.

"Yes father?"

"I'm happy you finally made a friend. Where did you met him?"

"He was walking in the nearby forest, we talked and he thought my drawing was cool" he lied a little bit.

"I like him. Do you know who's his father?"

"No, he doesn't like to talk about that" he replied remembering what the other had told him.

"What a shame, he looks so nice. What's his name?"

"It's something weird, but he likes to be called Soviet"

His dad stopped eating for a moment, like he was trying to remember something, before shrugging it off.

They had been meeting for almost a year now. Sometimes they would meet at the woods, sometimes at Third's house and sometimes just in the first place they met.

They shared a lot of time together, sometimes Third would teach Soviet how to draw, sometimes they just ate and talked, sometimes they played a game and in rare occasions they went somewhere else.

Today they were visiting a museum, Third's dad had payed the

entrance and now they were just looking at the paintings.

"This can't be art"

"Nah, it's awful. I can do it better and I'm just learning from you and we're just twelve!"

They talked looking at the recent works of the gallery. Absolutely different to their definition of Art.

"Hey, you've got a lot better! Your drawings are almost as good as mine"

"Whatever you say Third"

"It's true. Ah, this is getting boring"

"Yeah, I hate this places" Soviet admitted with a whisper.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Your dad was excited, I couldn't say no... This remembers me of my dad a little bit... He likes this kind o-"

Soviet stopped in the middle of a sentence, his eyes wide in horror as he looked behind Third, his face pale.

"Soviet are you ok?"

"W-we h-have to go... He's here.... He's here!" The frightened country whispered desperately.

"Who's here?"

An adult's voice sounded through the air, cold and filled with contained anger.

"USSR... What are you doing here"

He turned to see a country with a black, yellow and white flag, a patch over his right eye. He looked back to Soviet and found him shaking in fear taking little steps back.

"Do I have to repeat myself? What. Are. You. Doing. Here.?"

"I'm s-sorry dad. I was j-just looking aro-around"

Third started looking for his father while holding Soviet's hand in a tight grip. He knew Soviet didn't like his father, and sometimes he had some pretty bad bruises, but watching the man to the face made him finally connect everything together.

"Come here right now. We'll go home and talk about your behalf"

He found his dad in the distance and as soon as their eyes connected he saw him walk fast towards them. They were saved.

"Tsarist Empire?"

The adult turn to look at his father his face even colder than before.

"Reich. What are you doing here?"

"I'm with my family. What about you? What are you doing harassing my son?"

The other took Soviet, pulling him harshly from the wrist.

"I should be asking you the same question."

His father looked the other in disbelief before looking down to Third's eyes.

"Did you knew about this?"

"What are you talking about father? Hey, stop! You're hurting him!"

He felt a hand on his shoulder, his father's voice breaking his hopes to save his horrified friend.

"Let's end this discussion here. Third go look for your brother, we'll head home now"

"But dad-"

"Go. Now"

Third looked at Soviet feeling impotence bubbling in his stomach, the other's empty eyes staring into the floor. He watched with guilt as the other was taken away.

Months passed before Third could sneak out again, the awful feeling of emptiness and loneliness only being surpassed by one of culpability.

He walked through the trees without paying really attention. He looked up to the sky wondering how long had he walked for it to be so dark. It didn't matter anyway, his father was in an important meeting with an 'ally', so he wouldn't be getting home today, and he had taken Weimar with him, so no one would know anyway.

He stopped on his tracks when the sight of a big house appeared before him. He looked closer only to notice a little flower crown laying on the ground, looking trampled and in the middle of decomposition.

He only knew one country who knew how to make those. Soviet!

He started looking for open windows, when he found one he calculated quickly how to get there, soon climbing a tree and getting into the house.

He needed to see him, to know he was ok, to say sorry. He dusted his trousers noticing he had ruined them with a branch, hurting his knee in the process. It didn't matter. Sure, Soviet was the most active one, but he could climb some trees if it meant he could ask for forgiveness.

He walked silently around the house, soon noticing the odd silence. The man wasn't home. Maybe he was also in a business trip? He started looking for the red boy, until he finally found his room.

Sitting on the window, silhouette contrasting against the sunset Soviet was sitting, his head laying on the wooden frame, like sleeping.

"Soviet?" He whispered.

The other jolt awake turning violently and almost falling. He took his hand quickly and pulled him into the room.

"I didn't climb a tree and trespassed a house for you to die!"

The other looked at him in shock before laughing lowly.

"Are you ok?" He asked.

Soviet's golden eye was swollen and purple, one of his arms pressed strongly against his chest, probably broken, and a couple bruises here and there.

"Never been better" he responded with a big smile.

"Aw, I thought you had missed me! I missed you" Third spoke trying to make the other laugh, instead receiving a little smile in return.

"Of course I missed you Third" The other suddenly got up and brought something from under his matress. "I've practiced a lot these last months! I wanted to show you when we met again!!!"

He looked the sketchbook almost wanting to cry. He opened it smiling to the other.

"You got so much better!!! I'm so proud of you!"

Soviet blushed and brushed it off as nothing.

"You're still better. But just wait and see!"

They both laughed.

That night they promised eachother nothing would separate them. Never again.

A/N:

Hi!!! I just wanted to write about this two being children! TwT I'll have to make a second part about them being teenagers, cause I'm dying for it. I think this is the longest chapter I've made... I think? Jajajaj . Maybe

not.

Anyway, I hope you have a beautiful day!!!

<(￣□￣)> ~Bye!

Mystery (Amerus School AU pt 2)

(I told you I was going to make a part two soon! And here we are... If you haven't read part one... What are you doing here? >:D Go read it before! Now before we start, some warnings. ..

WARNING: This chapter contains mentions of blood, graphic descriptions of suicide and a faint mention of bullying. If any of this triggers you or makes you uncomfortable, please leave this chapter. Your mental health is of great importance. Please remember if you ever have suicidal or depressive thoughts, ending it all is not the answer, please contact someone you can trust, a family member, a friend or an specialist. You are not alone.)

Russia's POV

He was running, the sound of crows chasing after him as he ran deeper into the dark forest. He could feel his bare feet being cut by the sharp stones on the ground, but he kept on running, tears falling down his face.

He felt something materialize on his hand, growing like a flower from the center of his palm, slowly taking shape and forcing his fingers to open.

He looked down, his eyes opening as a wrinkled piece of paper bloomed into a letter, the words written with black ink slowly making their way into the yellowish paper, forming sentences and paragraphs. A flower of written death. He tried to read the moving letters, too concentrated on it to feel the ground slip under his own weight. He raised his gaze only to find himself rolling down a hill, the branches and spines of dead trees and bushes tearing his flesh as he fell.

His body came to a stop, the ground feeling now solid and smooth. He

opened his eyes only to find a wooden floor. The sound of dead weight hanging from a rope made him gag, and the words on the letter started to bleed, the black ink turning into a dark and red substance that mixed everything together. He tried to look up, feeling his paralyzed limbs go numb, his head forced to bow by gravity, his eyes fixated on the perfectly polished floor, where the reflection of his father watched him with open eyes, neck swollen and a body that moved slowly from one side to the other, hanging from the ceiling.

The blood from the letter started to fill the room, reaching his unmoving body, climbing up his thighs and up his chest. When the dark pool of liquid reached his face the sound of the crows started to turn into voices, laughs. As he started to choke, the reflection of his father opened his bloody mouth, the sound of the rope even stronger.

'I'm sorry'

He drowned.

He jolted awake, sweating profusely and panting in horror. His heart was racing, his hands shaked and his teeth clenched trying to suppress a scream.

He sobbed, as the tears started pouring from his eyes. It had been five years since that day, but he still had nightmares about it. He walked to the bathroom, preparing the bathtub while he brushed his teeth. The reflection on the mirror looked at him, waiting for something, a response to an unsaid question.

He looked at the bathtub with fear.

He took a quick bath and got ready for school.

He was always scared he might end up following his father's footsteps, the loneliness and pain almost driving him sometimes to commit the horrific act.

Life looked so hard at times, completely void of color and repetitive as a broken record. There were just some occasions when life would feel a little better but depression seemed to linger into every happy

moment like a parasite draining his life away.

Since he had transferred to this school he had felt his mental health worsen, preventing him to enjoy things, just leaving little gaps of actual emotions. It was funny how those little moments looked so vivid in comparison with the rest of the time, things that others would overlook. The praising of a good work made him proud, the murmuring of nonsense made him mad, the smell of flowers made him happy and the stories on the books made him sad. It didn't matter what the feeling was, it was precious to him, no matter what.

He looked over the chair on his room, the beautiful ballet costume resting on it and shining slightly with the warm lights of his room. He had asked for permission to use the theater again, a favor from the only teacher who knew who his dad was.

He took the garment carefully, as if he was holding a relic which, in a way, was for him. He folded it and put it in his backpack, making sure to hide it well.

Time passed slowly, the classes going on one after the other with him trying to focus and to ignore the weird feeling of being watched. It was just his paranoia, no one would look at him, he tried to reassure himself.

After everyone started leaving, he headed towards the theater. Opening the double doors, he put his stuff on one of the red chairs and went to give the keys back to the teacher, making sure to leave everything well hidden, in case anyone got in.

He came back after a few minutes talking with the woman, changing into the costume, warming up and getting onto the stage. He took a deep breath as the music started to play, his mind focused into every step, his own pain mixing with the routine he knew from memory, the flashes of his father's last presentation intertwining with his own memories of the last school, the grief, the funeral, the loneliness.

He needed to do this right, he needed to get it perfect.

The music ended as he fell into the ground, a mistake being made just in the last part.

He frowned.

"It was awful"

"It was wonderful" a voice sounded from the darkness of the last row of seats.

He jumped in fear.

Russia walked home with his phone close to his chest. Today had been unexpected, a day out of the ordinary, to be honest. He smiled as he felt his cheeks warm at the memory of the other guy.

"America" he pronounced the name in a whisper.

The awful feeling on his chest was a little more bearable. Sure, the numbing pain was still there, but he could feel the flutter on his heart fight against it.

He was happy.

He looked at the sky, the orange hue tinting the clouds as the wind made the trees shake slightly. He closed his eyes, listening to the melody around him, the cars of a close street making a background noise as the branches brushed against each other, like murmuring a secret.

He felt... Alive.

He opened his eyes, tears on them as he looked at the first star appearing on the horizon.

He was walking, the feeling of earth under his feet made him look

around him as he tried to find out where he was. A green field of wheat extended into the distance, getting lost on the orange horizon.

He walked and walked untill he heard a soft humming tone on the distance. Something inside of him made him start to run towards the sound, the feeling of nostalgia washing over him as the look of a little hill with a single tree appeared before him.

He slowed down as he got closer, the song stopping as he approached.

He opened his eyes, wide and filled with tears at the sight in front of him.

His father was sitting in front of him, a kind smile on his face as he made a flower crown. He looked at him, patting the ground and inviting him to sit with him.

He walked there, filled with a mix of emotions inside of him. He wanted to talk, to cry, to scream, to laugh. But he couldn't do anything.

His father started talking, his voice echoing a little bit, his golden eye shining with the rays of the sun above them.

"I'm so happy to see you, son"

His father put the flower crown on his head looking at him with eyes filled with emotion.

"Da-dad? How-"

His father smiled and wiped off the tears with his sleeves.

"I've finally reached you. All of these years, I've wanted to talk to you for the last time"

Russia hugged his dad, holding him as if his life depended on it.

"All of these years without you... It's been hell"

"I know... I'm so sorry Russia. I made a mistake I can't fix. Even so, I wanted to say good bye"

"Please don't leave me dad!!! I don't want to be alone anymore!!!"

Soviet smiled sadly to his son.

"I have to go... But you won't be alone. I'll always be by your side, and I'm sure I won't be the only one. So please... Promise me you'll try to be happy from now on, son. All I want is for you to find the love you deserve"

Russia sobbed into his father's chest.

"I promise dad. I promise!! I'll make you proud!!!"

His father smiled at him, holding his hands as the sun started setting.

"I've always been proud of you"

As the wind started blowing the leaves his father smiled for a last time.

Russia woke up, the sun shining over his fave.

He touched his face looking at the open window with a little flower resting on the edge, a tear scaping his eyes as he smiled.

The sound of a text message made him look for his phone, soon holding it against his chest.

"I promise dad"

A/N:
I know this didn't have a lot of Amerus on it, I'm so sorry!!! I promise I'll made a last part for the future of those two! I just needed to have Russia's POV and an exploration on his past.

Also, I based the first part in my own experience with depression, if you ever feel this way please remember you don't have to deal with it on your own, you are not alone and you deserve happiness. Please look for help cause even if it looks too dark now, I promise you... The sun will

rise again. :'3

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Hope you have a beautiful day filled with positivity!!!

(个w个)/ ~Bye!

In this cruel world, you're the right one (France x UK Omegaverse pt 1)

*(I made a faint mention of this in my Thirdunion book 'I am not an Omega!' and I wanted to write about it so bad! This is a fem Alpha France and a male Beta UK, which means obviously that this is in an Omegaverse context. If you don't feel comfortable with this please skip this chapter ^w^*

Warning: this story contains mentions of domestic abuse and violence. If you're triggered by these, I beg you to leave this chapter. Take care of your mental health please. U.U)

France's POV

She climbed down the wall, being careful to put her feet into the right places, using the windows as a ladder. Today was one of those days, her father would get drunk and start yelling at everyone in the house, the workers trying to hide before the anger of their boss reached them in the form of insults and punches.

She escaped silently, hoping that nobody would be hurt when she made it back home tonight.

She ran through the city, the sky dark and cloudy above her, the thunders roaring in the distance. When rain started pouring she decided to take shelter on a little coffee shop.

She opened the door, the smell of coffee, tea and pastries filling the air. All the tables were full, except for one of them. A guy with a blue flag with some sort of white and red star was reading a book, reclining his head on the window. His clothes were casual, but somehow he had an air of elegance around him, even if he was just

wearing a gray sweater with a white shirt under it and a pair of black pants. He was also using glasses which seemed to complete the picture.

She got close and touched his shoulder talking in the most friendly way she could.

"Hey there, I was wondering if I could take the seat in front of you"

The guy raised his head arching an eyebrow in disbelief.

"Aren't you going to take it anyway? It doesn't matter what I tell you"

She knew the reason behind that assumption. Now she could see that he was a beta, so he was probably used to be pushed around to do whatever alphas wanted from him. She sighed.

"No, if you want to be alone I'll completely understand it. You got here first, so you deserve to be able to read your book in peace. I'm sorry to have disturbed you"

She took a step towards the exit before hearing a soft laugh.

"Ok, you can sit here. It would be a shame if you had to face this awful weather anyway"

"Are you sure? I don't want to make you uncomfortable"

The guy smiled closing his book, and took a sip of his tea.

"There's nothing to worry about. I've already read this book a thousand times before. My name is United Kingdom, but you can call me Britain or UK if you want to"

She smiled and sat on the chair being careful to not wet it too much.

"My name is France, is a pleasure to meet you"

"The pleasure is mine. It is rare to find someone like you these days..."

She looked at the waiter and asked for a tea and cookies, thanking the girl when she came back.

"Yeah... Anyway what were you reading? If you don't mind me asking, of course"

Britain's eyes lighted up as he started talking excitedly. They ended talking about their favorite novels without realizing the time.

"I'm sorry, we're about to close"

The beta girl from earlier said, her head low and her voice unsure. France frowned before smiling kindly.

"It's ok, thank you. I'll be heading home right now anyway. Do you want to come Britain? I would want to say goodbye before parting ways"

He smiled and she decided to pay for the both of them, before exiting the little shop.

They walked to a nearby park and sat on the swings, unsure about what to say.

"Do you know? It was nice to talk to you" Started the male. "When I saw you I thought you were going to be just like my brother, but I'm happy I was wrong" He gave her a big smile his eyes half closing.

They both made little conversation, focused more on the now clear sky, stars shining in the distance.

As they parted ways France promised herself she would talk to him again.

UK's POV

He woke up by the sound of something breaking on the first floor. He groaned as he rubbed his eyes and got ready for the day, deciding to wear something simple.

He walked down stairs, taking every step with caution. When he made it to the first floor he found Scotland hiding on a corner one of his eyes swollen and purple. England rested on the sofa, a cigarette between his fingers as he looked at the smaller man with hatred.

He walked to the kitchen finding his other siblings already making breakfast, their mouths shut and heads low. He breathed deeply trying to remember the girl from the coffee shop. 'They're not the same UK, they're not the same' he repeated like a mantra while helping with the dishes.

He ended his part of the chores before heading to school, his eyes tired and heavy. He tried to pay attention to every class, taking notes and reading the rest of the time.

When the bell rang he walked to the coffee shop, taking out his notebook and doing homework half of the afternoon. If he headed home he wouldn't be able to do anything, and he didn't want to have bad grades. He was sure England would be mad.

When he finished, he took out his book and started reading, ordering a cup of tea, as always. Half through the first chapter, a voice in front of him made him stop.

"Hi Britain, can I sit here?"

It was France. This time she wasn't damp from rain and she looked fantastic.

"Of course you can. I didn't think we would meet again"

"Well, maybe I've been coming to this shop hoping to find you. Jajaja"

He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Oh. Why's that?"

"Well, I found a book I believe you would like, so" she starting rummaging in her bag. "Here it is!"

He looked amazed at the book, a wonderful limited edition, illustrated with beautiful pictures, the cover was solid and had golden letters and details everywhere.

"Do you like it?"

He stayed there, mouth open and eyes shining.

"Is it for me? Why?"

"Yes it is. It's not a big deal"

He smiled at her.

"I'll only accept it if you let me treat you to a cup of tea"

"Deal"

They had been meeting almost every day for the past two months. It was always refreshing to talk to France and sometimes she would surprise him with gifts. He had told her that it was too much, but she had assured him that most of the things were either gifts she didn't like, or things that were just sitting around her house and that nobody used. So he had accepted.

Today though he was almost sure he wouldn't be able to get out of the house to meet with her.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson once and for all!!! You'll never going to disobey me again, you ungrateful brat!!!"

He watched painfully in a corner how Scotland was beaten, trying to stop the punches with his only good arm. He closed his eyes as a cracking sound echoed in the air, a painful gasp following soon. Two pairs of arms hold onto him, shaking in fear as his siblings watched too.

He opened his eyes to find his brother almost passing out, his rebellious expression without changes. 'Just give up Scot, just give up' he said mentally to the other, hoping he would hear it

somehow.

"I-is that... A-All?"

England looked furious. He couldn't watch this anymore.

"England... Please... Scotland isn't thinking right." He intervened trying to sound neutral.

"Are you... Disobeying my orders? I said ***be quiet and watch***"

He knew his brother was using his alpha voice now. He breathed deeply before whispering.

"It's not my intention to go against your order... But you're going to kill him"

England stopped for a moment, before letting Scotland go. He turned around and walked silently towards him.

A ringing sound on the left side of his face made him disoriented and he tried to hold to anything to stop his fall. A sharp pain on his hand made him scream as he felt something tearing his skin.

He stayed there, looking lost. His head was throbbing, his hand was bleeding and his face felt on fire.

Had his older brother punched him? What was happening?

A few moments passed and England was gone.

He tried to look around, his bad sight making it almost impossible, his glasses nowhere to be seen. He couldn't hear his siblings, so they had probably hid in their rooms trying to avoid being the next target of the alpha.

"We need to take you to the hospital, that's going to need stitches"

The sound of Scot's weak voice made him jump.

"Y-You need to get checked too" UK replied.

They called for a taxi.

France's POV

She had been waiting for almost an hour, but Britain was nowhere to be seen. She saw a beta girl entering the coffee shop, the same that was their waitress when they first met.

The girl got to the room for employees and then came back changed in her uniform. When she saw her she went immediately to talk to her.

"Miss? Are you here waiting for UK?"

"Oh... Yes. Do you know anything about him? Is he busy or something?"

"Well... I went to the bakery that is some minutes away to eat something before my shift. I recognized UK's sister and talked to her. She told me he is in the hospital. Usually I wouldn't tell anyone... But you are nice and you two look very close"

France stood up quickly. There was just one hospital close enough for an emergency. She thanked the girl and started running, her heart racing.

'Please be ok, please be ok'

UK's POV

He sat there trying to hold back the tears as the nurse took the glass shards out of his palm. They were deep and the fear of loosing mobility on his dominant hand was just surpassed by the fear of loosing Scotland.

He was so used to the beatings, the sight of his brother covered in blood, that he didn't think too much about nowadays. It was always the same, from the day England took them home saying he would be their big brother. He had normalized the bruises with time, a sign of their everyday life. So when they had arrived and Scot had

passed out in the middle of the emergency room, he had been scared for the first time in ages.

He hadn't been able to see too much, after all his glasses were still at home, but the gasps of the nurses were enough to tell him that the condition of his brother was far from normal.

He had tried to ask the nurse who was stitching him about it, but they didn't had enough information.

He heard someone's steps coming towards the little cubicle, the curtains opening to show a blur. For a moment he thought it was England and he tried to back away in fear.

The feeling of two hands holding his face took him by surprise, and a kind voice he knew very well followed after.

"Don't be afraid, mon cheri. It is me"

"France? What are you doing here? How did you know?"

"Shh, it's nothing important. Are you ok?"

He felt his face blushing at the proximity of the other, her demanding and caring tone making him feel better instantly.

"I'm ok... I can't say the same of my brother though. I don't know what condition he's in... I am worried France"

The girl seemed to think for a second.

"Will you feel better if I ask for him while the nurse takes the shards out?"

He didn't want to be alone... But he needed to know what was happening. So he nodded.

As she walked away he called her back. She turned around surprised.

"Yes, mon cheri?"

"You'll come back... Right?"

"Of course" she smiled before giving him a small kiss on the top of his head.

He stayed there staring into nothing until the voice of the nurse brought him back to earth.

"I still need to take these out. Are you ready?"

He nodded pursing his lips together and breathing deeply.

France's POV

She walked to the front desk of the emergency room, making sure to give a dominant but non aggressive vibe.

"Good afternoon, I am here to ask for Scotland. I want to know his condition"

The guy looked for the name on the system.

"Yes, give me a minute please"

He stood up and intercepted an alpha doctor.

"Ex-excuse me Doctor, someone wants to know the condition of one of your patients"

The tall man looked down the beta and just changed his expression when looking at her. She sent a glare to him and he did the same thing before heading towards her.

"Name"

"Scotland"

"Oh. He is stable for now, but he's still in great danger. If he makes it through the night his chances of survival will be better"

She thanked him and smiled to the beta before walking back to

where Britain was. What had happened? If UK's brother was in this condition it had to be pretty bad. But then... Why was his sister buying in a bakery as if nothing had happened?

She entered the little cubicle, sitting beside the smaller country and holding his good hand.

"How's he?"

She stayed silent before talking, choosing carefully every word.

"He's stable at the moment, but he will be better if he keeps that way until tomorrow"

Britain seemed to understand and stayed silent until the nurse finished the stitches on his hand. After that the Doctor went to meet him, asking him to bring their legal tutor. He looked uncomfortable and when she asked about it he said it was because of his glasses, but something on his eyes told her otherwise.

"Thank you for being here... It means a lot for me" the guy talked, his cheeks blushing. She smiled, intertwining their fingers.

"Don't worry about it. I'm happy to be here for you, mon cheri"

"What does that even mean?"

"I'll tell you later" she said winking an eye.

"Ok... I already called our... brother... He should be here any minute"

She then remembered the first time they had met.

'When I saw you I thought you were going to be just like my brother...'

She was about to ask Britain about it, just to be met with his face pale and eyes stuck to the ground. She turned to see a man with a white flag, a red cross on his face and angry eyes looking directly at them.

She put herself between the stranger and the beta, ready to attack if

she had to. The man just ignored her.

"UK... Why did you bring Scotland here? I remember I told you perfectly what to do in these cases"

Wait, 'these cases'... had this happened more times? She got a flash of his father's actions... But they were family. Weren't they?

"I'm... I'm sorry England, he was badly injured... It's my fault, I told him I needed stitches, and he passed out here"

The white country glared at him and went to sign some papers. When he came back he just headed to the exit door.

It was already night time and they weren't allowed to stay there for longer. Britain begged them to call him if something happened, and they agreed to do so.

She looked at the male before talking.

"It's ok if you don't want to talk about it or if you don't want to accept my offer, but... I saw the way you looked at your brother, and... If you want you can stay in my house... My father is out in a business trip"

He looked at her like she was crazy.

"We just met two months ago, yet here you are, offering to let me into your house. Why are you so nice to me?"

She held his hands on hers, her eyes fixated on the blue country.

"I want you to be ok"

"Why?"

She smiled.

"Because you are mon cheri"

"I don't know what that means" he said confused.

She laughed.

"Will you accept my offer?"

The other took some time thinking about it before giving up. They got to her house, UK finding it enormous. They ate dinner and she showed him the guests room.

He watched amazed. How could a family have a room just for visitors? He made sure the phone had the volume high in case the hospital called.

That night for the first time in years, Britain slept without fear.

A/N:
*This was longer than other chapters... I want to made a second part so bad!!! TvT ... Anyway... If you read this I hope you liked it!!! Remember... If you or someone you know suffers domestic violence, please don't stay quiet... You deserve happiness and to have positive relationships in your life ^w^*

Anyway I hope you have a fantastic day!!!!

(/°ワ°*)/ ~Bye!*

Fútbol (Bracolo)

Yeaaaaaaah ... I needed to do this again TvT... I'm sorry!!! I love the ship so much YuY even if almost no one else likes it.

A little disclaimer... I'm aware americans call soccer... well... soccer... But I'll call the sport football ⚽, cause saying soccer is weird to me jajajja I'm too used to say 'fútbol'... so please forgive me for this X'P. (Don't come for me :'v).

Warning: this makes no sense. :V

Colombia's POV

Colombia watched as some of his neighbors played in the street, using bottles and cans as goals. They had made lines on the ground with chalk and were playing with a worn ball, the black figures on it almost completely faded out.

They played every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday after school. It had been that way for years.

The tricolor country was sitting on his room, close to the window and holding the curtains so no one could see him from the outside, barely peeking out. He didn't want to be seen as weird.

He looked with interest as Argentina intercepted Uruguay and took the ball trying to score a goal before Brazil intercepted him. Colombia stood up, curious about the outcome. He admired both of them a lot, but he had to admit he was rooting for the green flagged country right now.

The two guys tried to take the lead, their respective teams screaming for them. Colombia let go of the curtains gasping with every second that passed, before screaming in happiness as the taller took the ball and scored a goal with a grin.

He raised his hands on the air and jumped while screaming like a fanatic.

His celebration was interrupted by a series of laughs. He turned just to find the guys pointing at him, some of them telling him to get down in a teasing way.

He felt his cheeks burning and he closed the curtains hiding in the bathroom in embarrassment.

They had seen him. Brazil had seen him. Oh no.

He watched at himself in the mirror, trying to calm himself down.

"It's ok... Maybe they'll think it was Ecuador or Venezuela, after all we have almost the same face... yeah... It's ok..."

He heard a loud voice calling him from downstairs.

"Hey! Is everything fine up there? I heard a door shutting!"

"It was me, sorry Gran!" He responded before Ecuador decided to scream too.

"It's just Colombia being a fanboy! He likes Portugal's son"

"Shut up Ecuador! Agh I'm going to kill you!!!"

Soon both of them were shouting at each other, the whole block probably hearing.

Venezuela looked at their older brother with a tired expression on his face. Gran Colombia just laughed it off, after all, this was a normal day in the house.

Brazil's POV

He walked with his arms behind his head, kicking a can of soda on the ground while Argentina talked about revenge.

"I swear that was a bad day for me, let's play today. I'll win you

with no effort"

He lowered his arms trying to explain why they couldn't play.

"You know this isn't just about you and me, right? We don't have a team and I have to be home or dad's going to kill me"

"Ps, I'm sure I can convince Chil to join, and maybe Uru can convince Paraguay"

"I'm not sure about this Argi, I have to be home... And I don't think we can complete the team"

"Come on! You know we can play with less players!"

"Yeah? Who else are we going to invite?"

"Oh! What about your neighbor's house! There's three guys our age there..."

"I've only talked with Vene. Why would the others join?"

Argentina smiled with a mischievous smile.

"Just trust me, I'll go talk to Chil, Uru and Bol... You take care of them"

Brazil sighed watching his friend run without letting him even respond. He decided to give up and just knock the door with hesitation.

The door opened a little bit and he was relieved to see the only person he knew.

"Hey Vene, sorry... We wanted to play football but some of the other guys are busy. I wondered if you and your brothers wanted to join us?"

The shorter country looked about to reply before thinking a little bit about it.

"Ok, I'll tell them and we'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"Oh! Are you sure they'll agree?"

The guy smiled trying to suppress a laugh.

"You'll see"

He sat with Argentina as the others started to get there, deciding which team to choose. After a few minutes the three tricolor brothers came into view, one of them playing with his fingers and trying to look at the floor.

"Look is your fanboy" whispered his best friend on his ear. "Hey! There you are" screamed Argi suddenly "what side are you going to choose?"

Vene smiled taking the voice for his siblings.

"Ecuador can play on your team, me and Colombia are going to play with this guy here" he said with a teasing look towards his brother.

"Braz, a little advice, don't talk to him too much or he's going to faint" said Ecuador hiding behind Peru and laughing.

"That's it! I'm going to kill you!!!" The guy responded screaming.

Well, this was going to be an interesting game.

Colombia's POV

He wiped the sweat out of his face while waiting for the countries who had entered Brazil's house. Apparently Portugal had notice them playing outside and had decided to make something for them to drink, calling them at the end of the game. After scolding his son, of course.

He looked at the ground drawing lines with his foot on the dirt while the others talked.

"Hey... Colombia? Is that your name?"

He looked up and found his crush handing him a glass of soda and smiling to him. He blushed when his fingers touched the other's.

"Oh! Yeah, my name's Colombia"

"Nice to meet you... You played well"

"Oh! Thank you! It's my first time playing with a big group"

The other smiled.

"it's the first time I hear your voice... Well, ignoring last Saturday of course"

He felt his face burning in shame.

"I'm sorry!!! I'm not a creep, I promise!!!! I just... I just admire you and Argentina a lot" he gulped the cold drink trying to clear his mind. "I just didn't know how to approach you" he whispered under his breath.

Brazil laughed a little.

"Hey, so is it true that you are my fan?" The other said closing the space between them, amused at the idea.

Colombia just moved a little to the left, taking distance and trying not to die of embarrassment.

"Ja! You wish... Argentina is cooler"

"Wha- I don't believe you!"

"It is true, he's the god of football!!! I mean, have you seen him play? He's just over everyone" he laughed at the other's expression of complete disbelief.

"Then why were you celebrating my victory the other day? Huh?"

"Uh... Well..."

What was he supposed to say!?!?! 'oh yeah, I support you every game because I like you a lot! Wanna go on a coffee date?'

"Jajajja, I'm just joking... But you know what? I'll prove you I can be better than him" said the green country winking at him. "I'll steal your fan's heart"

Colombia watched as the other went talking to the others, before rolling his eyes, whispering silently.

'Idiot, you already have my heart'

A/N:

This is bad, is random... But I needed to do it... XP jajajjaja ... I apologize to all americans that end up reading this and dying everytime I say 'football' XD...

Also... This is a little bit inspired by part of my childhood :D, I used to spy on my neighbors when they were playing football (soccer) outside... I was too shy to become their friend, but after two years I ended joining their group... It was fun to play with them UwU even if our little neighborhood didn't even have concrete streets, there was dust everywhere and the goals were all rusty and broken... I had to move into another city, but I still cherish those memories TvT ...

I'm getting nostalgic jajajaja.

But anyway... I hope you are having a wonderful week!!!

(□ •▽ •)□ ~Bye!

The man with the gladius (Reichpol Roman Empire AU)

(Warning: This chapter has descriptions of gladiator's fights, therefore, there's going to be blood, death and some dark roman traditions -let's not judge past traditions with modern eyes, please ;w;-. Also there's going to be some latin words because of context :D, if you want to know the specific meaning, I'm going to do a little dictionary at the end of the chapter. Now, let's begin!)

Reichtangle looked curiously as the new gladiator entered the arena, the sound of heavy chains clunking against each other while the pulley released the big metal door and the roar of the multitude screaming for blood filled the amphitheatre.

The man was tiny in comparison with other gladiators, but he seemed to be in good shape, a sign that he wasn't one of those *andabata*, men sentenced to death, destined to fight blindly against each other until there was just one last standing. No, the helmet had two circular openings, revealing the determined eyes of the man, ready to chase victory.

The son of the emperor smiled a sharp smile, the door on the other side of the arena opening to reveal another fighter. The man was enormous compared to the other and as soon as he looked at the smaller man, he laughed loudly.

Reichtangle wondered what was the reason behind of this. He was sure the director of the *Ludus Magnus*, the academy for gladiators of the capital, knew very well his life depended on the inauguration of the enormous amphitheatre.

As soon as the taller stopped laughing, the smaller one charged against him, *gladius* in hand and ready to strike the other on the chest.

The public gasped in surprise when the larger man stumbled, barely stopping the double edged sword with his rectangular shield. After a moment of surprise, he tried to hurt the other, but he just dodged, quickly putting space between them.

The big man tried to run directly towards the other, raising his straight sword over his head and trying to go for a fatal wound. The smaller just dodged, running fastly to the other's back and slashing a deep cut into the white skin.

It wasn't fatal, but it was enough to make everyone's expectations fell to the ground, like the red blood that tinted the sand.

Maybe this fight wasn't as predictable as it had seemed.

Reichtangle straightened his posture, now completely interested in the fight. It was impossible, wasn't it? This fighter was totally unknown to everyone, his complexion against him and his training a secret. He had to be trained in order to be there, specially if he was against one of the strongest gladiators of Rome.

The minutes passed and the battle continued, the dust of the sand being kicked raising in yellowish clouds and the sun slowly moving trough the sky.

The small gladiator breathed heavily, after all his main strategy was running in order to dodge his opponents attacks and using the heavy shield to protect himself when he couldn't.

The future emperor knew this had to end soon for the tiny man if he wanted to win this battle, and he was starting to hope for it.

He talked to his father in a whisper.

"What's the name of this gladiator, father"

"Poland, I think. I was told he's one of the slaves of the conquered people around Germannia"

Reichtangle watched at the arena again, and his eyes widened.

In a surprising act, the small man had thrown his helmet away. The

judge of the fight screamed at him to put the helmet back on, but the crowd celebrated the act of rebellion when the gladiator took the helmet and, instead of using it again, he threw it at the taller man's face, running behind him and cutting behind his knees making him fall to the ground.

He put a foot over the other's chest, raising his head and looking at the Emperor directly into his eyes.

Everyone cheered, screaming at the Emperor to let the small warrior alive, even if he had break a rule. Reichtangle also looked at his father, waiting for a response.

The Emperor stopped the fight, agreeing on giving the victory to Poland, as long as the other gladiator wasn't killed.

Everyone clapped and Reichtangle was finally able to look at the male.

His face was divided in two horizontal lines, the top being white and the bottom red. His eyes scanned the multitude, breathing fast as he was guided to the metal door where he had entered.

Suddenly the sound of a furious scream made everyone turn to look at the defeated gladiator, who had raised on his feet and was running towards the other, leaving a trail of sticky red blood, his face without the helmet contorting in anger.

The guards guiding Poland just took a step back, and for a moment everyone expected the worst fir the new gladiator.

Two seconds of silence passed and the larger man fell to the ground, his belly completely open, a mix of blood and guts spilling on the ground under him. The slave turned gladiator stood there, holding the *gladius* with both of his hands, blood painting his body and hands, a cold expression on his face.

The man just walked to the door himself, his steps firm as he entered the rooms under the structure of the Coliseum, being soon followed by the surprised guards.

Reichtangle could finally see it. This wasn't a mere gladiator. This

face was the face of an actual warrior, someone who didn't care about *ludii* and shows.

He watched at his father stood there, without a trace of surprise on his face.

"What are you going to do, *Caesar*?" Asked his mother cautiously.

"The last attack was out of the fight. The gladiator just protected himself, there's no broken rule or crime. The man deserves his Victory"

Reichtangle smiled, asking politely if he could see the fighter in some of the free times. His father nodded and asked him to stay silent as the next couple of gladiators were presented.

It was the middle of afternoon by the time he scaped the balcony. The place was being cleaned for the next battle and there was a moment for everyone to look for something to eat, drink or to go to the public restrooms.

He entered the small stone hall, the guards letting him walk freely.

The smell of blood and animal faeces filled the air and he turned to look at one of the rooms. The body of the large gladiator was being cut into pieces, probably to be given to the lions.

Reichtangle sighed, confirming part of his theory when he watched a caged tiger munching the man's head. It was kind of sad, how today's events had ended with the honor and fame of this recognized fighter. But being fair, it had been his own fault. Now his body wouldn't be able to rest with other fighters, but instead, the stomach of a beast was now his eternal home, at least until someone killed the feline, of course.

He walked towards the room where the small gladiator would be, finding him sitting on the ground, holding a small statue between his hands.

"What are you doing here? Are you here to judge me in the name of the emperor?"

Reich blinked before asking the reason behind that assumption.

"You're wearing noble clothes, and the guards have let you in without questions. They're also ready to kill me if I make a wrong move." He said looking at the men behind him, swords already drawn "Why would a noble be on my cell if it wasn't someone sent by the Emperor?"

Reichtangle laughed before sitting on the hard bed of the room and dismissing the guards.

"Oh, no. I've come here on my own accord, to meet the gladiator who's making everyone go crazy up there"

The male just rolled his eyes, apparently don't caring at all if his name was spreading like wild fire.

"Also... The emperor has decided you acted in self defense, so your victory is going to be kept as that"

This made the other smile a little.

"Thank you for telling me, sir"

Reich decided it was time for him to go back to the balcony.

"It was nothing. Could I pay you a visit at the *Ludus*?"

The man started laughing, this time a genuine smile on his face.

"I don't own the place, sir. I'm just a slave"

"Oh, don't worry. I'll talk to the *Lanista*"

He walked out of the little room but stood for a moment at the door.

"And you are not a slave. You're a gladiator now, so please keep your head high."

Poland watched as the other left the room.

He touched the scars on his bare chest.

He remembered that time when his last 'owner' had decided he was just a waste of food, whipping his back and chest until he had almost passed out from pain.

"A gladiator" he said the word, trying to taste it's form on his mouth.

He smiled.

This was the closest he had been to his old life, and maybe it was the only way to win his freedom back.

He looked at the little statue of a Roman goddess. An old *sagittarius* had told him to keep it when he had entered the gladiator's school some years ago.

"Fine, Nemesis, goddess of the gladiators. Please protect me while I'm in Rome. I've heard you venge those who are wronged... So please... Let me have my revenge"

He whispered, ignoring the screaming crowd above him. His eyes filled with determination.

Dictionary:

Andabata : A kind of gladiator. They had a helmet without holes for the eyes, forced to fight blindly against each other with spears or swords and without shield. This was one of the worst death sentences on the Roman Empire and the last survivor was able to keep on living, his crime forgiven. However, most of the times they all died.

Ludus Magnus: The biggest gladiators school in Rome. It was just beside the Flavius Anphitheatre , also known as the Roman Coliseum.

Gladius : A double edged sword adapted by the legions of the Roman Empire, some kinds of gladiators used one too.

Ludii : Games. They could be chariot races, theatrical presentations, hunting games, gladiator fights, etc.

Caesar: An Imperial title based on the name of the roman dictator Julius Caesar. An emperor could have multiple titles accompanying his name.

Ludus : School for gladiators.

Lanista : The trainer of the gladiators and director of a Ludus .

Sagittarius: A type of gladiator who used a bow and arrows, didn't have shield or any other weapon. When two sagittarius were fighting against each other, they did it from opposite sides of the amphitheatre, targeting the other. Sometimes they could hit accidentally someone on the public.

A/N:

*I'm back and inspired to make this OneShot a whole book *w*... I'm so obsessed with a novel I read from an historicist, and now I want to use everything I learned to make my own fictional story of Reichpol !!! (It has nothing to do with the book but anyway XP) TvT I'm so in love with the idea!!! I'll make this a book surely in the future!!! >:D just wait!!! (I'll probably change a lot of things, but I'll give my very best UwU)*

How have you been wonderful people? I hope you have a magnificent Day!!!

(☞ﾟヮﾟ)☞ ❤~Bye!

Meetings and a promise (Thirdunion pt 2)

(I wanted to make a second part of this story with this two being teenagers and here we are XP.

Disclaimer: I do not support nazcism or any kind of fascism (hell no! That's super duper bad! >:c) This story is just an exploration of fictional characters on a fictional context. I do not pretend to harm anyone or make you feel uncomfortable. If you don't like this please skip this chapter.

*Also, the same warnings of the first part of this, apply here. If you hadn't read it, go there first ^w^*

Now, to the story!)

Soviet's POV

He walked to their meeting spot with his hands behind his back, kicking a little rock while looking to the ground. When he made it there he raised his head and greeted the other with a smile.

"Hi there Third, what are you reading this time?"

The other just closed his book, eyes closed.

"Something Italy was insisting me to read. But that's not important. How have you been? You look awful"

Soviet laughed, sitting with the other and admiring the distance.

"Meh, I scaped home again... I've been living on a hunter's house on the forest for a week or so... Nothing new"

Third looked at him worried, before trying to lighten the

conversation.

"So that's why you smell so bad, huh?"

It worked, with Soviet punching him playfully in the shoulder and trying to look mad.

"Excuse me? How am I supposed to bath when autumn is around the corner? Do you want me to die of hypothermia? You are evil!"

Third laughed.

"Ok, how about we go to the nearby town and I pay a hotel room for you. You could have a bath with warm water and I could stop gagging at your awful stench"

Soviet laid his head on Third's shoulder, dozing for a moment.

"I'm sure you just want to see me naked"

Third rolled his eyes.

"Sure big boy, I'm dying to watch your greek's god body" He laughed.

Soviet snorted and got comfortable.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Just let me rest for a moment"

He closed his eyes smelling the other's cologne and hearing the singing of some far away group of birds.

Third continued reading, at some point putting his arm around him, his body warm like a blanket.

Soviet smiled, it was amazing how the smaller male made him feel safe just like this. He stayed dozing off, the tension of the past days leaving his body.

A few minutes passed and Third decided it was time to go.

"Come on Soviet, don't sleep like that, you'll hurt your neck. I'll snuck into my house and steal some money" he said getting up and

helping the other do the same.

Soviet raised his arms over his head, feeling his spine cracking.

"If your dad listened to you, he would think I'm a bad influence."

They walked there, the way memorized on their heads perfectly. They had walked to this place so many times, they already knew when to help each other in some parts of the way without even saying a word.

"Is he there?"

"Nah, he's in a meeting. But Weimar's there and he is kind of a snitcher" he smiled with his sharp teeth. "Fortunately someone here, made me be a fricking ninja just so I could see him"

"Hey! It's not my fault. I didn't want to have both of my arms broken. So shut it"

Third took off his black vest, rolled up his sleeves and started climbing a tree expertly. He disappeared into the darkness of the window and for a moment, Soviet worried a little about the lack of security of the enormous house.

He waited there, looking at the ground and trying to distract himself until he felt the steps on the grass.

"It's done, now let's go to that hotel"

The walked through the busy streets, chatting happily about the things they had done the last days. The faint lights of the city made them camouflage in the crowd of people, their voices intertwining sometimes with the murmur of the buzzing city.

Soviet sighed loudly, feeling his stomach hurt.

"It's not fair" he said dramatically "You're going to take me to a hotel room without even buying me dinner, that's not correct for a kind sir like you Third"

Third laughed, raising an eyebrow.

"Are you hungry? Wait..." he stopped suddenly, frowning "When was the last time you ate?"

Soviet scratched his neck nervously.

"Well... I couldn't take a gun or money, so I just had my knife... " He tried to make the conversation a little bit lighter "Do you know how hard it's to hunt with a knife? It's awful!"

Reich took his hand pulling him towards a little restaurant.

"Oh come on, rumors say you could kill a bear with your bare hands"

"What? Are you saying I have powers? Man, I wish... I was only able to hunt a rabbit two days ago"

Third looked at him like he was crazy, making him seat and asking a waiter for the menu.

"Why didn't you look for me? If you died from hunger I would bring you back just to punch your face"

Soviet smiled ordering something before looking at Third smiling.

"Awwww, you care about me! Maybe I should take advantage of your kindness. Do you want to drink something after this?" He said laughing.

Third massaged his temples, closing his eyes as he sighed.

"Know what? Yeah, sure, I haven't had a beer in a long time"

"I was just joking Third, you've done enough, I don't need more"

"Sure, sure you alcoholic idiot, just accept my offer"

Soviet laughed and shrugged eating happily.

Third's POV

They had been drinking for almost an hour now and he knew it was better to stop before one of them ended doing something stupid. He got up, feeling dizzy for a moment and then convincing Soviet to leave the bar.

They paid and he ignored the angry sensation on his chest when the girl on the counter started trying to flirt with the other. He couldn't say anything, his feelings would never be returned, and they were better locked up.

Soviet looked at him with a sad expression on his face before talking to him.

"Is everything alright Third?"

"Shouldn't I be the one asking that? You were the one sleeping in an old cottage for a week"

Soviet held his hand suddenly, looking at the other side of the road, the night sky making impossible to see his face.

"It's not a big deal... You know is nothing new"

Third stopped, intertwining their fingers and letting out a foggy breath. They entered the hotel and asked for a room, none of them letting the other go, not even when the receptionist looked at them in disgust.

Third just stared coldly at her until she broke eye contact in shame. They took the empty elevator and entered the room.

"Go take a bath, you smell like alcohol and dirt"

Soviet laughed telling him he also smelled like alcohol now.

Third rolled his eyes smiling, Taking out the pajamas they had bought in the hotel's shop. When Soviet got out he took his turn, the warm water making him a little more aware of everything that had happened that night. A part of him hoped that their familiarity holding hands was a sign of the other liking him as well, but he

knew pretty well his dream was impossible.

He got out of the shower completely dressed, finding Soviet laying on his side on the only bed in the room. He blushed for a moment at the thought of them sharing a bed, before shaking his head.

He turned off the lights, the moon shining through the window.

Now that Soviet didn't have his sweater he could see a dark bruise on his neck. He got closer, touching it softly and making the other open his eyes.

"Weren't you sleeping?"

"I wanted to wait for you" said Soviet looking away from him.

"Do you want to talk about what happened?"

The taller male touched his hand, silently asking him to lay beside him. Third obeyed, waiting patiently.

The other started whispering, a part of Third breaking at the sight of it. Even if Soviet had grown to be a strong young man, some things hadn't changed at all, like the way he lowered his voice when talking about his father, his body curling into a ball as if he was trying to hide.

"I don't know why he was angry, but I just made it worse. I told him his decisions were erratic and he got so mad, he strated screaming and thn... He tried to choke me Third" He gulped, his hand touching the purple skin on his neck. "I'm used to the broken bones and stuff... But I never thought... He would try to actually kill me... I was scared"

Third held his hand firmly, wanting to hold him tightly.

"But, you know what?" Soviet met his eyes something shining on his eyes secretly "You make me feel safe... You always make me feel everything is going to be ok"

Third opened his eyes when the other closed the distance between their faces, being now just about three inches apart or so.

"You are my own paradise..."

Third felt his heart beating like crazy, and when the other buried his face on his chest he knew he was lost.

"It was impossible, you know?"

Third gulped, his face burning.

"What was impossible? Soviet?"

The other whispered, intertwining their fingers like they had done just before.

"Not to fall for you..."

He blinked, trying to process the words.

"Please don't hate me Third..."

He hugged the other strongly, shaking his head and trying to find the words. Soviet looked at him, his face the same shade as his.

"Promise me you are not talking because of the alcohol"

" I'm not... I... I love you"

Third closed the distance between their mouths, his chest at the edge of exploding and his mind far away.

He felt the other respond the kiss, holding to him like a lifeline.

They broke the moment, looking into each other eyes.

That night they dreamt about a future that could not be.

The next day they said their goodbyes in the forest.

Third begged Soviet to scape with him.

"You know very well we can't leave our countries forever... We

would die" was the response he got.

Third kissed him before letting him go, trying to ignore the bad feeling on his stomach, when he watched him walk away.

The next days everything collapsed.

The beginning of a great war changed the world. His father joined the battle soon. The Tsarist Empire joined the battle too, and the rumors said he had sent his own son to die in the front line.

Third looked with wide eyes at the sight in front of him.

Years had passed since their last encounter and time had changed them deeply.

He knew very well he wasn't the same he used to be, the ambition, hate and desire for revenge turning him into something to be feared, but he had never thought about how Soviet had changed as well.

He waited until the official meeting ended, until just the both of them were in the room. Apparently Soviet was also waiting, because he stayed on his seat telling his guards to wait for him outside.

"It's been a long time Third" he said finally, a tired expression on his face.

Third walked towards him, sitting by his side.

"Yes it has... How have you been? You look awful" he repeated the words he had told Soviet that last day, a deep feeling of nostalgia washing over him.

Soviet smiled a little, apparently remembering the same thing,

"Meh, just made a Revolution. Finally killed the bastard. Nothing new."

Third smiled with him before taking a good look at the black eye patch replacing the beautiful golden eye he remembered, a deep scar cutting the red skin under it.

Soviet just hid that side of his face with his hand, clearly self aware about it, but still trying to joke around.

"Of course he couldn't die without trying to take me to hell with him"

Third frowned, slowly taking the other's hand out of his face, and holding it between his own. He could almost imagine it, Soviet fighting on the ground, his dad holding a knife on his face and...

He wished he could turn back time.

"You know Soviet? Sometimes I wish we had escaped that day... Far away from everything..."

The taller male just laid his head on his shoulder, sadness filling his only eye.

"Me too"

They knew very well this moment wouldn't last long.

Outside these doors and windows, war was raging on...

Again.

A/N:

Maybe I'm super sad right now... Maybe :'c... Anyway I hoped you enjoyed it! Also... If you wanted the Tsarist Empire dead, here it is... It's not very explicit... Should I do a OneShot for that? U.U Let me know!

I hope you are having a nice day uwu

Anyways...

('/｡• ᵕ •｡') /～ Bye! ♥

Hot chocolate to cure your broken heart (Amerus)

(Warning: Mentions of suicide attempt and depression. This is kind of a vent chapter so if you feel triggered by this, just skip it... If you ever feel like this, please look for help... I know sometimes ending it all seems like the only answer, but I promise you there's always clear skies when the storm has passed.)

The rain poured as he stood there, just staring into the world below.

Life continued, as it always did. Stars shinned, clouds moved, cars drove by, people kept living their boring lives, the river continued flowing and rain poured on the streets.

He sighed.

There was something sad about wanting to end your life, just to notice that nobody would care.

There was no home to return to, no warm dinner to fill his empty stomach, no family to greet if he turned back. Everything he once cared about was gone, like the paper boats he used to make when he was a child, everything had gone to waste, beautiful memories falling into the drain.

He raised his head into the sky, allowing the rain to fall to his face, replacing the tears he couldn't cry.

The last time he actually cried had been long ago. Ever since his father's funeral, he had found himself unable to feel anything but despair, a constant feeling of emptiness on his chest, like a black hole that seemed to grow as the days passed. He had found himself devoid of any emotion or feeling, the darkness slowly creeping into his head, like black ink spilling into his mind, filling it with the

desire to jump.

And now he was here, his feet hanging into the air while he seated at the edge of the bridge, the ears of his hat brushing his cheeks at the rhythm of the wind.

He got up, the storm almost making him fall.

A far away thunder fell into the distance, its echo resonating into the concrete forest that was the buzzing city below him, getting closer by the minute.

He heard a faint sound in the distance, distorted by the sound of the rain, but he decided to ignore it.

He took a step in front of him, his body falling...

...until he stopped...

He looked up just to see another country holding his arm, screaming at him to get back up, eyes tearing.

It was one of his old school classmates, America, his secret love of years.

He felt something on his chest jumping, a tight feeling tearing his heart apart, before a sob broke through his mouth, shaking him completely, a lake of tears forming on his eyes.

Before he could stop it he was just crying, still being held by the other.

"Ple-please, just let me g-go... I'm so tired, I can't, I can't... P-lease!"

The other just pulled him harder, trying to get him to stable ground.

"Ame-rica..." He said and the other stopped for a moment, looking at him with wide eyes. "Please let me d-die" he whispered with a broken sob.

"I won't give up on you! So help me here buddy, we can go for a hot chocolate after this, and we could talk in my house or watch a

movie, or whatever you want. How does that sound?"

Russia felt the other pulling harder, and after a pair of minutes he gave up. The other pulled a last time and he climbed up, falling into the other's chest.

He kept his face on the jacket of the american, hugging him strongly before breaking completely.

He sobbed, his chest hurting and lungs convulsing as he cried all the tears he hadn't been able to cry for months, his arms holding America like a lifeline.

The other just embraced him, letting him be, even when he let out a painful scream.

The rain continued pouring.

He opened his eyes when he felt something shaking his shoulder. He looked around don't knowing where he was before remembering.

Oh, right. America had let him vent for almost an hour and when he had finished the white country had proposed to come at his home. He had accepted, unable to face his lonely rented apartment after today's events.

"Sorry to wake you up Rus, we're here" said the other, a little smile on his face and a offering him a hand to get out of the car.

He rubbed his swollen eyes, taking America's hand, don't letting go even when the other struggled to open the door. When they got inside the smaller country guided him to a comfy sofa, leaving the room to go for some blankets and a towel.

"Here you go, I brought you some of my clothes, they are a little big for me so they should be right on you, you can change in the bathroom... I'll prepare some hot chocolate meanwhile. Is that ok with you?"

Russia nodded, getting up and feeling the tiredness wash over him. He changed his clothes and when he got out of the bathroom the other helped him with his wet clothes.

After a few minutes America took his hand holding two mugs on the other and sitting with him on the sofa, turning on the T.V. and giving him the hot chocolate.

He felt his pain subsiding a little with the warm feeling of the chocolate.

"Do you want to do something Russia?"

He looked at the other.

"Can we watch a movie? Anything is fine"

The american smiled, looking for something in the T.V. and putting the blankets over them.

Russia laid his head on America's shoulder.

In the middle of the movie he fell asleep with the background sound of music, and the warm feeling of a soft kiss on his forehead.

A pair of months had passed and Russia was still there.

America had been so worried about his mental health that he had proposed they became roomies.

'I was looking for one anyway, and you'll be better than any stranger' had said the american holding his hand.

Of course Russia had accepted.

They had started to reconnect and he had found out that living with someone was much better than the cold solitude of his last place. Depression was still there, but he wasn't alone anymore.

Now he finally had someone to hold him when the darkness tried to

devour him, someone who didn't care about him sneaking in the middle of the night into his bed afraid to be lonely. Someone who liked to prepare hot chocolate everytime he had a breakdown, everytime dying looked like a good option.

He looked at the mug between his hands, a warm feeling sinking into his bones.

He sighed.

"Is everything alright?" Whispered America looking at him, the soft pitter patter of the rain sounding in the background.

Russia nodded, leaving the mug on the ground and cuddling with the other. America laughed lowly, closing his eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" Asked the taller of the two.

"Mmh? Oh, I was thinking how happy I am right now" he responded, intertwining their hands and sighing contently.

Russia could feel his face burning.

In the time he had spend with the american, he had found his buried feelings emerging back again, and the fact that sometimes they acted like a couple, didn't help at all.

There where times when they just spent a whole afternoon cuddling on the sofa, or they went to see a movie together and ended up holding hands. There where times where America would sneak behind him when it was his turn of preparing dinner and gave him a tickle attack. Times where they slept so close, he could hear the other's heartbeat.

He loved it. But sometimes he wondered if all of this was just out of pity. He was afraid everything was just a beautiful lie, a way to prevent him from ending his life.

He hid his face on America's shoulder.

"Meri?" He whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Am I a burden to you?"

"Wha- why would you say that?" Said the other, his eyes wide open.

"You're constantly trying to help me, tolerating my panic attacks, my moments of apathy, my breakdowns... I'm a pain to live with"

"Look at me Rus" the other said after a brief moment of silence.

He refused, only hiding more. The other hugged him.

"You'll never be a burden to me Russia. Since we were in school I've always enjoyed your company... You... You make me happy, you make me feel... Complete..." Said America whispering the last part.

Russia sat up straight, putting some distance between them.

"How can you enjoy being with me?!? I'm a mess, I'm broken, I'm a-" he stopped suddenly when he realized his arms were exposed, showing new cuts. He tried to hide them, but America took his arm softly, a painful look on his face.

"Rus..."

He felt tears blurring his vision.

"Rus, I won't hate you because of this... Never... I know it's hard and you're trying your best"

"Aren't you disappointed at me?" The russian said in a voice so little it was almost soundless.

"I'm just sad you're hurting... But it doesn't matter how much it takes..." Russia opened his eyes when he felt a trail of soft kisses on his arm over every cut. "I'll be here to help you heal, until you can love yourself"

"Why?"

America just looked at him, a little smile on his face.

"Because I love you... I was planning on telling you this weekend, but I guess this is a good moment as well... You don't have to reciprocate you kno-"

Russia interrupted him, planting a small kiss on his lips, tears streaming down his face. The other responded, deepening the kiss and intertwining their hands.

He could feel the taste of hot chocolate on the other's mouth, a warm feeling spreading to his chest.

So this is how love felt... Huh?

He laughed at the sight of America trying to open the door with his hands holding three boxes that covered his eyes.

"Russia!!!! It's not funny. It's going to rain and we haven't finished"

The taller male stopped laughing deciding it was only fair to help his husband.

He smiled at the word.

He took the boxes and America opened the door, running to get the other boxes that were on the truck.

Russia rolled his eyes making sure to put a big rock on the door so it wouldn't close.

After almost half an hour, they had finally emptied the vehicle, payed the driver and entered their new home.

Russia felt a tear of happiness scape his eyes and Meri was quick to notice, he always was.

"Everything alright love?" He said hugging his waist.

"I'm just... Happy" Russia said pecking the lips of the other country.

The rain started to pour and they started to make their new house a

home, placing furniture and some important stuff, fighting playfully about where to put this or that.

At the end of the day the sat in bed, listening to the rain, the smell of hot chocolate hanging on the air.

A/N:

I want someone like that in my life X'P, ajjajajajja . Ah, I love a good angst with a happy ending ^w^, it soothes my soul QwQ . I hope you are doing ok!

Anyways, I have to go now.

(ﾉ゜0゜)ﾉ ~Bye! 💟

Cracks and Rain (Bracolo)

Warning: A lot of Colombian history at the beginning... Which will be probably preeeeeeeeeetty boring to you XP. .. Also... This is just angsty ...

Am I making a OneShot of this ship again? Yes... Will people like it? Probably not... But I had to do it so I don't forget about it... TvT sorry. (Just ignore it if you don't want to read it)

Cries in spanish

Colombia knew how cracks looked like.

He had knew from the very moment his father, the Spanish Empire, had forced him and his siblings to start working. He remembered the nightmares, the screaming of natives, the blood of slaves, his heart throbbing as they were killed, the pain on his wrists as the invisible chains pulled him, forcing him to shut up whenever he questioned the white flagged country about the wounds.

He had believed that his first Independence would heal the lines that covered his arms, but then he was reconquered. The years after that had been pure hell, a reign of terror whose only culprit was his own idiocy, his own weakness... He had lost hope until Venezuela and Gran Colombia had made him believe again, joining Ecuador and Panamá in their definitive Independence.

The cracks finally had started disappearing.

Then he had seen the cracks take possession of Gran as he and his brothers started distancing, making him weaker and weaker as the days passed. One day he just dissolved, the bed filling with dust as he exhaled his last breath in front of him. After that, he changed his name on Gran's honor, wishing to hold onto his memory, trying to keep him alive for a little bit longer.

And then everything went down.

After thirteen civil wars, Panama's separation, a whole period of pure violence and a completely new war silently going on (with just a few years to heal), he had normalized the awful sight of cracks filling his body, the solid and sore edges of the broken skin, the bloody bandages and the restless nights.

He had normalized the vision, the skin of all of his brothers and sisters showing the same problem. Like if it was just another characteristic of being latinoamerican.

The causes were all the colors of the rainbow. Corruption, violence, massacres, genocides, hunger, injustice, dictatorships... And the list went on. From Mexico in the north, going through all Center America, passing Venezuela, extending to the islands and to Chile, they were all in the same condition. Some had less, some had more, some were healing and some falling apart, but everyone knew to ignore the cracks when a new one appeared.

Sometimes, when he acknowledged them, he wondered if they were a curse from his father, a last ' f*ck you' towards them before dying.

He sighed.

The point is, he was used to it.

Since the very moment he had met Brazil he knew he had those damn cracks too and when he had finally started dating him he had finally see them.

He had learned to love them, kiss them softly when they were making love and he had learned everyone of them, like a painful map he was used to trace with his fingers, the never closing scars that proved how strong his boyfriend really was.

Every country had their own way of dealing with the open wounds.

Some of them tried to fight back, teeth showing and cries of battle as they made everything in their power to survive. Others, like him, were too divided to do anything, choosing to ignore the existence of the marks, trying to live as if they didn't exist. 'Fake it till you make

it' America would say.

And then there were others... Like Brazil.

He joked about his problems, a beautiful smile on his face. He shrugged at the news and laughed it off, making sure to hid his cracks well enough, never even flinching when they hurt in the cold nights.

Until today.

He entered their house, the muffled sounds of someone crying making him worry immediately. He had never seen Brazil crying and he could hear the sobs even with the rain pouring outside.

He left the bags in the kitchen, deciding they were not important at the moment and walking slowly to the bedroom.

He opened the door slowly, peeking inside of the room. His heart shrank when he saw the taller country in a ball, his fists clenching into the covers, his eyes closed in pain and the tears streaming down his face.

He approached, making sure to not hide his presence and sitting softly on the bed. Brazil opened his eyes, trying to sit down before falling to the bed again, too weak to put on a facade.

Colombia felt his eyes filling with tears looking straight at his lover's chest where a brand new crack had appeared.

It was awfully big.

He laid baside Brazil, taking one of his hands between his own.

"Love?" He asked slowly, continuing when the other looked at him. "You don't have to hide this... Please"

He watched as the other opened his eyes troubled, his hand trembling in pain.

"I love you... I love you just as you are... You don't have to suffer alone... You are not alone Brazil... I'm here... I'm here"

The green flagged country looked in his eyes, probably looking for a trace of a lie.

Colombia waited.

A sudden gasp of pain interrupted the taller male and he wrapped himself in a tighter ball. The tricolor country felt like crying watching as the other tried to hold back the tears.

After a few moments Brazil finally looked at him, a trail of sobs leaving his mouth as he held into the smaller country, breaking down completely.

"I-It hurts so... So much... I'm so tired, I just want it to stop... W-Why doesn't it stop? Wh-why?!?"

The colombian hugged his lover, being careful to not touch the red skin around the crack. He wondered what was happening now. Was it another fire? The corruption? That damn illness?

"Every-day it gets w-worst, and I can't keep it up... I can't, I can't"

The brazilian sobbed, his body trembling and his words being constantly cut.

Everytime Colombia couldn't sleep because of the pain, his boyfriend would hug him until the sun rised, murmuring reassuring words. How many times had the green country hid his own pain, waiting until he was gone to cry alone?

He closed his eyes, hoping his words could soothe the pain, praying to God for the right thing to say.

Was there even a right thing to say?

He stayed there, giving soft kisses on the head of his beloved one, holding his hand and murmuring words of hope.

But he was afraid.

He looked at the moon, barely shining between the rain clouds.

He was afraid of tomorrow, afraid of loosing another one, afraid of death, afraid of pain, afraid of change, afraid of grief, afraid of the rain pouring outside, covering the moon, covering the light.

Why was this happening to them? What had they done? He wanted to scream to the moon, to the sun, to the gods above... But he knew no one would answer.

No one ever did.

He held Brazil between his arms, making sure to whisper good memories, grasping every moment on his mind, bringing the good days back to life. Like the rain poured from the clouds, his words poured from his heart and soul and he could just wish they reached Brazil's.

"Everything is going to be ok..."

He wanted so bad to believe in those six words... He wanted the rain to stop, to let the moonlight reach his lover's broken body, healing every painful crack, even if it left scars behind.

He would love every healed scar the same way he loved every single crack.

He looked out of the window, feeling the breaths of the brazilian finally relaxing after a long time, the sound of faint snores filling the cold room.

Colombia closed his eyes, wishing that tomorrow would be a better day... He wanted the rain to take the cracks with it, far, far away from them.

A/N:

I was talking to a Bolivian friend about the constant crisis of Latinoamérica... Jajajaja, well, we can feel the dictatorships breathing in our necks XP (the laugh scares the tears... A saying says)... If this continues... Well... Does any of your families need a servant? I swear I'm really good at washing dishes, floors and walls... If not... I can cook

pretty decently... No? Ok XD

Anyways, i Hope you have a good week :3

(*/◕‿‿◕)/ ~Bye!

The cat on your roof (Amerus)

Warning: This OneShot contains half animal, half human characters.

Just saying in case you don't like this stuff. ¬\∫☯□☯✿\Γ

Also... I tried writing something sexy at the end of the chapter but it's nothing explicit xP (I'm not good at writing that kind of stuff, I'm all about fluff and angst, but I've noticed some people like it so I tried, for u! >:v please have mercy on me XP I can barely write in english jajajaja)

Russia's POV

He felt his ears twitching with the faint whispers of the wind, the air warm and the night clear, allowing the moon to shine over the sleeping city.

He put on his ushanka and a light jacket, just in case, his ears immediately laying flat on his head.

He smiled, jumping out of the window and laying perfectly on a nearby balcony. He climbed easily until he reached the roof of the building, the feeling of freedom rushing through his veins as he looked up to the stars.

He moved his tail, balancing himself as he walked to the next building, his steps quick and precise allowing him to move fastly without even flinching.

He passed windows and doors, enjoying the way the small sounds of the living people inside of houses and apartments continued on, as if he didn't exist, allowing him to peek into the simple daily life of his neighbors, like a silent ghost.

He watched as the buildings came to a stop, the ground almost five floors below him now.

He grinned, jumping into a balcony and then a lamp post finally landing into the street with ease. The russian hybrid stretched his arms over his head before heading to a very specific direction.

The minutes passed as he walked, soon getting on the roofs again. This was not cat territory, but he couldn't help himself when it came to visit this place. He heard the far away melody of an acoustic guitar, the song was new to him but the interpreter was someone he knew very well.

America.

Oh, if his father knew he would be mad. Of course that walking into wolf territory was something forbidden, a dangerous route that could easily end with the nine lives of any cat, but he didn't care.

'Russia, you're going to get yourself killed! Those damn dogs won't hesitate to go for your neck and let you to bleed out!'

He could almost hear his dad talking frustratedly, and the ugly scar on his right eye -now completely blind- was enough prove that he wasn't joking.

But Russia couldn't stop.

Yeah, sure, everytime he and America met in the street they would glare at each other. The wolf would growl, raising his head, while he would hiss, his spine curved and ready to attack.

America was his enemy.

After all, the damn dog was too proud, always trying to push his dominance and power over everyone who dared to look at his eyes, always ready to pick up a fight with anyone, anywhere. But Russia didn't give a damn, he was a proud feline himself, so he would never low his head to anyone, it didn't matter how many pheromones they released to mark neutral territory.

He rolled his eyes smiling, waving his tail as he approached the other's house, climbing a cold chimney before jumping to his favorite spot in the neighborhood.

He laid on the rooftop, making himself comfortable and closing his eyes while hearing at the soft music playing on the room under him.

The minutes passed and he started learning the song. It was so hard to stop himself to join the american. He wanted to sing along, to enter the other's open windows and curl into his lap until de sun peeked through the horizon.

He sighed, a mix of pure happiness and sad grief.

He extended his right arm towards the moon. He wondered if America did the same sometimes, if he did, they weren't that different after all.

His dad had told him when he was little, that their abilities came from the satellite, in a way they were like the dark side of the moon, hiding in the shadows, sneaking through the night.

He wondered if America's dad had said something similar. Maybe there was a reason for the wolfs to howl to the moon every now and then, maybe there was also a myth they were told when they were little and maybe America did this sometimes.

If that was true... Weren't they just two sides of the same coin?

The music stopped but Russia didn't move.

He wondered when had this stupid crush started. Why did he have to fall for the person who hated him the most? It was torture, to hide the smiles everytime they met, everytime the wolf growled it felt like a painful stab, a reminder that they were supposed to fight against each other, fangs showing and claws drawn.

Something moved in the sides of his vision and he turned around quickly, getting up and ready to run. He knew very well he didn't have a chance against one of those god-damned dogs, after all he was built to be fast, flexible and silent, not to fight with someone double his weight. The movement seemed to come from a window in the top the roof, probably the window for an attic or a smaller room.

He hissed and his tail bristled before a voice interrupted him.

"Stop that, stupid cat."

He could recognize that voice everywhere. America. He got ready to scape.

"I won't hurt you! Damn, why do you have to be so paranoid?" The wolf talked and Russia could almost hear him rolling his eyes.

"If you're not going to hurt me, why the hell are you talking to me?"

"Well, i think i can ask for an explanation from someone who's been sleeping in my roof for almost a year now"

Russia could feel his cheeks burning in shame.

"My family isn't home, come here before someone elses notices you" said the other, no trace of danger in his voice.

Could he trust that? He didn't want to lose an eye just because his crush was good at lying. But... What if things changed? He bit his lip, weighting the options before giving up, walking slowly towards the window.

"I'm still surprised at your balance, I would have died already" said the american with no sarcasm in hid words.

Russia entered the house immediately being hit by the warm air inside. America closed the window and the feline looked at him in suspicion.

"I promise I won't do anything ok? Geez" the wolf said raising his arms.

Russia rolled his eyes.

"I have reasons to be paranoid, all I know is that one of you clawed at my father's eye" he said with a dangerous tone.

The other sighed deeply, before signing the russian to follow him. Russia could almost see his father's disappointed expression while

he followed the other.

"If you are so sure I'm going to blind you, why are you here? I mean, I thought you cats just slept in places you considered safe or something like that" America said, entering a room and sitting on a bed.

Russia played with the sleeves of his jacket, unsure about what to say. He looked around before answering in a whisper.

"I like the way you play the guitar"

America opened his eyes, his ears raised in attention, a mix of happiness and embarrassment. Russia found it cute, but of course he stayed silent.

"You've listened? Oh... I guess you're the first person to do it, then"

Russia sat beside the other a teasing smile forming on his face.

"I'm sure your neighbors were the first ones, so don't give me too much credit"

The other pushed him and Russia laughed.

"So you can actually laugh, huh?"

"Of course we can idiot. What do you think we are?" Russia said with an eyebrow raised.

"Well, everytime we meet, You're always hissing like a damn snake"

"Excuse me? You're the one growling at everyone!"

"Nah, I just growl at you"

"Why?"

"Cause you stare at me like you're going to kill me"

Russia blinked before hugging his knees in embarrassment.

"I Don't stare at you, stupid dog"

"Ok, ok... You're just in love with my handsome face, I understand"

The feline groaned tiredly, burying his burning face on his knees.

The american laughed, his tail moving in happiness.

"You know? For a cat you're not that bad"

Russia rolled his eyes smiling.

"For a dumb dog you're tolerable"

Almost a year had passed since America had invited him to enter the house and they had ended up exchanging numbers.

"You like to hear me play and I prefer to not have you on my roof, also... I could use your help to improve..." The other had said.

He'd been visiting the american everytime his family was on a business trip, sneaking out of his house and entering the wolf territory silently, hoping nobody would see him.

With time he had joined the songs, singing the lyrics he knew or making up something on the way. Sometimes he hid his feelings between the words, hoping they would reach the wolf, but he seemed completely oblivious.

America played with his feelings without knowing. He got close to him when the night was cold, he whispered sweet lyrics into his ears, he invited him to sleep together. It made him crazy.

At the very moment the american was ending his song in a way that made him seem like he returned his feelings.

"Well that was a very good song! Let me write the last part... There!" Said the wolf with a smile, putting the guitar aside and the notebook on the desk.

Russia laid on the other's bed, trying hard to not fall sleep with the smell of the other on the covers. It would be weird, right?

The sudden feeling of something stroking his tail made him open his eyes. The wolf was sitting there, smiling as if nothing was happening. He was about to tell him to stop when his own purring interrupted him.

"Oh, you can purr? That's adorable!"

Russia tried to speak, but he could only relax, letting his arms resting at his sides and burying his face on the covers.

"Hey Russia... The things you sing about... Do they come from something real?" the wolf whispered, stopping for a moment.

"I'm... I... Maybe?" The cat said, trying to hide his face and thanking every god above that the lights weren't on.

He heard the wolf crawling on the bed, getting on top of him and after a few seconds he felt a hand caressing his cheek.

"Do you like me?" the other whispered close to his ear and he felt his spine shivering.

"Why are you playing with my feelings?" the russian asked with a growl, his eyes filling with sadness imagining the other laughing everything off.

America laughed, his fangs clearly showing.

"You really are clueless, aren't you?... I've been trying to tell you the same for weeks, but you always shrug it off"

Russia opened his eyes, surprise staining everyone of his features.

"You... Like me too?" He said, his face completely red.

The wolf smiled sincerely, not one of his teasing smiles but one filled with emotion.

"I love every little piece about you" he whispered, his voice silky and dark, inviting the feline.

Their faces got closer and after a mere second of hesitation, Russia

gave up, closing the space between them, kissing the american.

He could feel a hand sneaking under his shirt, claws scratching carefully the skin on his sides. He sighed at the feeling, hugging America's neck and breaking the kiss, his eyes fluttering open.

"I love you too" he whispered.

The feeling of a trail of kisses on his neck made electricity run down his spine. He closed his eyes when the feeling of teeth biting his shoulder made him whimper, his legs immediately closing around the other, trying to bring him closer.

That was going to leave a mark...

His father would definitely kill him if he found out, he thought while removing the others shirt, deciding that was a problem for the future Russia.

A little dumb bonus XP:

Russia jumped when the sound of a door downstairs woke him up. He panicked, shaking the wolf who was still sound asleep. When the american opened his eyes and heard people entering the house he ran to the door, locking it and signaling Russia to put on his clothes.

"America, we're home. You better don't be asleep at 11 am or I swear to God!" The father of the family screamed in the first floor.

"Nah, I'm awake!" Replied America, getting dressed too, both of them panicking.

Russia couldn't find his socks so he gave up, put on his shoes and sneaked out of the window, feeling his lower back screaming at gis actions.

America gave him a little kiss and whispered to call when he got home.

Russia nodded, getting on the highest roof and running as soon as

he heard wolfs starting to scream at him to get down. Of course running on the roofs in the middle of the day was going to be more difficult.

"America, what's all that noise?" The wolf heard his father say form the other side of the door.

"That stupid cat keeps entering my room dad, apparently the neighbors are chasing it" he replied.

"Oh God, you better don't feed it, we can't have pets, let alone a cat!"

America snorted. Oh if he knew.

Meanwhile, poor Russia finally got to his room, gasping for air.

"I'm alive!" He whisper yelled in victory.

He took a bath and went downstairs to eat breakfast, but his father was quick to notice something was off.

"Why do you smell like wolf"

Russia shrugged, trying to lie.

"I... Played with a dog yesterday?"

His father frowned.

"Do you think I'm stupid Russia?"

Well damn.

'Stupid past Russia' he whispered to himself.

A/N:

Where did this come from? I have no idea XD. Well, at least this one

didn't end up being angst!!! I tried this little something... I hope is not too bad...

Anyways, I hope you are having a nice week and that everyone you love is healthy... With nothing else to say, it's time to say goodbye.

(人 •ᴗ•̥) ~Bye!

Our safe place in the middle of the dark (North x South Korea pt 1)

Disclaimer: This story contains the North Korea x South Korea ship, but they are NOT brothers. Also, the war mentioned for the sake of the story is completely fictional and doesn't intent to portray any real one. This is just an AU. But if you still don't feel comfortable with this I suggest you to skip this chapter.

On the other hand, I do NOT support any kind of dictatorship, this is just a fictional story with fictional characters.

Ok? Ok... Let's go.

They met in secret, in one of the broken buildings of the destroyed city. The cold concrete made his steps resonate, echoing in the halls, the wind entering the broken windows and the holes on the walls.

South continued to walk, knowing the way from memory, passing empty rooms and humid spaces before stopping in front of a small storage room. For everyone it could see like a normal place to save supplies but he and North knew better.

He entered the little space, kneeling and pulling one of the tiles on the floor, making sure to put it down silently. After that, he opened the small door under it, entering a small entrance and making sure to close the wood door when he was inside, letting the tile over it so it fell back into its place.

He turned on his flashlight, walking through the narrow hallway until a pair of stairs appeared in front of him, the walls were wet and the old lights above were completely useless.

Walking down he was met with a metal door, the entrance to a secret bunker nobody had found about.

He smiled, opening the entrance and smiling when he found North laying on the mattress they had found there. Their eyes met and the other male pat the space on his side, asking him with a smile to rest with him.

He rolled his eyes, smiling mischievously before throwing himself at the other, surprising him and leaving him with no air for a few seconds.

"It's on!" The blue country screamed, laughing while he turned the tables, pinning him against the bed and tickling him with a big smile.

South trashed around, laughing breathlessly and trying to get the other off him.

"Ah- I'm I'm so-sorry North" he said between laughs. "I I surrender!!!"

The other stopped and he stood there for a second, gasping for air with a few small laughs.

North gave him a sweet kiss on the forehead before pecking his lips.

"Hi South. How's been life without me?" The other asked laying on his hand and putting the weight on his elbow.

"I've missed you a lot" whispered the white country, his hand flying to the others cheek before worry filled his eyes.

"How's your eye going?" He asked looking at the bandaged eye of his lover.

North lowered his gaze, laying on the bed completely and putting his hand over South's.

"It hurts a little but I'm getting used to it" his only eye evade looking at South. It wasn't easy to loose a whole eye, half of your vision and even part of your deepness perception, but North didn't like to

worry his partner.

South sighed getting closer to the other and hugging him.

North relaxed, breathing in and ignoring the smell of gun powder, dirt and humidity that filled the air. Both of their uniforms were filled with the smell of death and war. It didn't matter how clean they were, the awful smell seemed to linger, like the blood on their hands.

It was pointless, the battles, the fights, the war machines. What was the reason? Oh, yes. Gaining lands, power, money... It was so stupid, money couldn't buy back the lives of the corpses that filled the ground and power couldn't erase the horrors they had committed.

Yes, they were just two soldiers, of the lowest rank, from different sides, but it didn't matter. They were just two man in love and the reasons of their superiors, the strategies and the punishments couldn't get between that.

They had met in the battlefield, when both of them had ended abandoned after a battle, both so muddy that the emblems of their uniforms weren't even visible. Because of that, they had worked together, surviving on their own and trying to find the rest of what they thought was the same army.

After weeks of knowing each other, talking about their pasts, their families, their wishes and their hobbies, they had started to get really fond of each other.

Until it rained.

The difference in their uniforms made them raise their guns, frowning. But after a few moments they had just lowered the weapons. 'This is stupid' had said North, and South had laughed after. They had ended up making a shelter and sharing body heat.

They had returned to their respective sides but had promised to never hurt each other.

And here they were.

South smiled, humming a little song under his breath while remembering the past.

"I love your voice" said the other closing his only eye, the stress on his shoulders leaving as he relaxed.

The white country took that as an invitation to sing louder, his voice clear as day as it bounced on the walls. They didn't have to worry about being heard, after all the bunker was completely sound proof.

The minutes passed slowly, enjoying the warm and the improvised song of South.

"I wish we could scape together..." Murmured South when the silence came back.

North got up, his only eye wide and a big smile forming on his face. "We could! Why not? We survived together and there's plenty of food here to take for our journey"

South frowned, worried. "Were would we go? This country is going to be destroyed until one of the sides surrenders and crossing the borders is almost impossible."

North got up, walking to one of the shelves and taking a piece of paper and a pencil.

"Ok, I remember someone talking about a dense forest in one of the borders. It isn't that much guarded because it's really hard to cross... Maybe we could... I mean, we survived in that forest together... And I could steal a map"

South jumped, his face filled with terror. "If someone finds you they're going to kill you! They'll say you're a spy or something, and they'll..." He stopped. They knew very well what happened to spies. "No!" He got of shaking his head.

North went to hug him.

"Hey, don't worry... I wouldn't get myself killed..."

South buried his face on the other's neck, holding into him for dear life.

"I couldn't live without you... Not after all I've seen... You are my reason to keep going" the white flagged country murmured with broken sobs.

North kissed the side of his face. He knew South was more empathetic than him... He swore, he was going to get that damn map and safe his lover.

They were going to scape all this madness.

North walked to their hiding spot again, this time, however, he held a roll with one hand while the other pressed against the side of his abdomen.

He clenched his teeth, ignoring the pain of the fresh wound as he silently entered the hidden entrance, making sure to not make a sound. They could find out at any moment.

He stumbled into the room, closing the door and ignoring the gasp of South, just collapsing on the mattress.

"What happened? Oh my god, North, please stay with me!" He heard the sweet voice of his boyfriend talking. Had they ever called each other boyfriends? He wanted to ask South about it, but couldn't do it yet.

'well, another reason to survive' he told himself as the needle passed through his skin, closing the deep cut. He hoped nothing vital was stabbed in the process.

"North? Can you tell me what happened?" The angelic voice of South interrupted his thoughts. It was probably a way of knowing he was still conscious while he worked.

"I... Stole... The map" he saif between breaths. "Someone found... Me... So I had to take... Care of it..."

"You..." The other gulped "did you kill him?"

North laughed between his teeth. "M'sorry... I know you don't like that... But he was a snitch"

South nodded.

"We'll have to leave after you're healed then..." Said South, trying to smile before frowning. "I swear you almost gave me a heart attack"

"Srry" whispered North, closing his eyes before a shake made him open them.

"Until I stop the bleeding please don't fall asleep. Keep talking."

North nodded with a tight smile.

"But I don't know what to tell you"

"Anything that crosses your mind"

North nodded before talking finally. "I want to propose to you when we find were to stay... But I'm not good at that stuff" he said sincerily, the shining eyes of the other making him feel butterflies. For a moment he wondered if the small creatures could scape through the open gash on his side, but came back to reality soon after. "I haven't asked you to be my boyfriend... Would that be a problem when I propose?" He continued talking.

"Of course not dummy" South answered, his cheeks tinting red as he worked, a big smile on his face. "So stay with me, ok? If you die I won't say yes" he added with a fake frown before laughing under his breath.

North smiled."Ok love"

They walked silently through the dense forest, the warm fog sticking into their dirty uniforms. The sound of gunshots and war machinery made them jump from time to time, but it was far away, for now.

They reached a small clearing, the muddy ground making impossible for them to prepare a tent or light a fire, so they started making a small refuge on one of the trees instead. They sighed, taking off the now heavy jackets and cuddling as they could to maintain body heat and to comfort each other.

They ate some of the food they had took, carefully to ration everything.

"How much do you think it's left?" South asked, helping him open the map and taking out their compass.

"About three or four weeks if we keep like this"

South sighed, lying his head on the other's shoulder.

"We're going to be ok"

North nodded, putting the map away and holding his boyfriend's hand with a smile. The far away rumble of war continued, but this time, they weren't part of it. This time they weren't running for their lives, killing to survive. No. They were going to find a safe place.

A safe place...

Maybe their safe place wasn't that bunker, or even the future house they were planning building together... No, maybe their safe place had been each other's arms all this time.

With a content sigh North laid his head over South's, and sleep came soon.

A/N:

I would love to make a second part for this... Maybe... e.e Mah, I'll do it XD. Jajaajja .

Anyways, how have you been? Is everyone in your family ok? I really hope so... I send you my positive vibes if it's not uwu ...

I hope you have a fantastic day!!!

(≧▽≦)/ ~Bye!

In this cruel world, you're the right one (France x UK Omegaverse pt 2)

This is the second part of the OneShot with France and UK uwu . Please read the first part before reading this one. The same Warnings from the first part apply to this. Now, to the story.

She looked at her beloved with eyes filled with anger. No, she wasn't mad at him, she was mad at his idiotic brother and how bad she wanted to punch his face.

It had been some time since the incident with Scotland and, after some time in the hospital the guy had been able to leave, with some awful scars and phantom pains, but alive at the end.

However this hadn't change the abuse in the house, only worsening it at times. UK had started to be the new target for the sometimes drunk England, ever since the first time he had stood up for Scot.

Just the week before, Scotland had finally decided to scape with his boyfriend Ireland, another beta, running away to a small town far away. From the few times Scot had called, it seemed they were doing fine and were happy.

On the other hand that only meant that England was angrier than ever, often ending up drinking and breaking everything on his sight. Sometimes that meant replacing half of the plates and cups in the kitchen or cleaning broken glass and stained carpets, but other times it meant a quick visit to the hospital, or a whole afternoon of the alpha female trying to confort the smaller male.

She loved him, she loved him so much that it physically hurt to see him injured. She wanted to beat whoever tried to hurt UK, to punch

them until they couldn't stand so her love could be at peace.

But he had begged her to stay away of it. She would respect his decisions, she didn't want to loose UK's trust, so she went along.

Right now they were sitting on a park bench, the male obviously tired and hurting, his posture weird as he hugged himself in a defensive mode.

She breathed, trying to calm down for him. She didn't want to scare him, it was already enough with England's actions.

"*Mon cheri*... Where are your glasses?" She asked softly, taking UK's hand on her own.

"They are... Broken. You know how he gets..."

"Don't you need them for school?" She asked, a frown forming on her face.

"I..." UK scratched his neck with a nervous smile. " I don't have... Any money" he quickly tried to brush it off but France knew he was just trying to avoid being a burden.

"Enough! We'll go to the mall and get you a new pair of glasses!"

"But-"

"No buts!"

The beta sighed.

"I need to go for my prescription... It's at home" he whispered, lowering his unfocused gaze into the ground.

"We'll go together... I'll be by your side ok?"

The other opened his eyes in surprise, a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Thank you France"

They opened the door slightly, UK taking a peek before tip-toeing into the house, silently signaling the alpha to enter.

She followed him, frowning at the sight of England sleeping on the couch, empty bottles all over the floor and a bunch of cigarettes piled on a little ashtray. The atmosphere of the house reeked of alcohol, smoke and pheromones, both of anger and fear, a mix of smells that gave away the violent environment in which his dear UK had been living in.

The beta called her in a whisper from the stairs and she smiled, following him and pretending everything was fine.

They entered what she supposed was UK's room.

It was well organized, small but clean and carefully kept. It was obvious he loved everything to be in order, so she guessed the one making the house a mess was always England.

"Sorry for having the house so unorganized" the male whispered in an apologetic tone.

She shook her head. "No problem, I know it isn't you... Do you want me to help you?"

The beta took a small folder from his desk.

"It should be here... It's the most recent one" he said, clearly embarrassed about having to ask for help.

She found it and was about to tell the guy when someone opened the room with force, the windows trembling slightly when the door bounced against the wall.

"United Kingdom... Why did you bring a stranger into the house. An alpha nonetheless" The alpha murmured, clearly drunk and pissed.

"She's just helping me find the prescription for my glasses" he whispered in panic.

"We don't have money for your stupid glasses"

France bit her tongue, her eyes looking at the bottle on the other's hand, a rather expensive brand.

"B-but I can't s-see without them" UK zaid with his eyes wide.

"I don't car-"

France stopped the other alpha, allowing her scent to get to the other's nostrils, showing clearly that she wasn't for games.

"I'll buy him the glasses, sir... So there's no need for you to get angry at him"

England finally took a good look at her, grunting.

"I know who you are... You're that stupid b*tch that was on the hospital..." The silence only lasted for a second. "Why are you so interested in helping a useless beta? He a good for nothing brat. What could he give you? Huh?"

France frowned, a scowl forming in her face while she straightened her posture, ready to fight to defend her love.

"Do not talk about him like that. He's not useless, he's brilliant, sweet and kind. I'm with him because I genuinely care for him. What's wrong with that?"

She could feel the tension raising in the air, and UK started trembling in fear. She wanted to confort him so bad... But that had to wait.

"So you want him to take the place of one of those stupid omegas?" England started laughing. "Do you want him to be your little-"

France cit his words with a punch, her eyes filled with anger as she took the other alpha by the neck, pinning him against a wall.

"Listen here, England or whatever. Do NOT dare to call him that. I love him, and if you hurt MY partner, I'll make you regret breathing. I'll be containing myself because HE didn't want me to hurt you, but if you ever lay your hands on him or his siblings, I'll hunt you down and beat your drunk ass... Ok?"

The drunk male, growled but nodded anyways. France was obviously stronger, sober and ready to kill, so, as much as it hurt his pride, he had to accept defeat. Alphas rules...

France dropped the alpha to the ground before holding UK's hand, pulling him softly outside.

"Ummm... Thank you, you didn't need to do that" whispered UK, his cheeks burning, but trying his best to stay calm.

"Let's go for those glasses *mon cheri"*

They entered the mall, looking for the little store were UK liked to buy his glasses. As soon as he entered the girl behind the counter smiled at him.

"You're back Britain, England again?"

UK nodded, laughing it off. France frowned. Why did everyone ignore the obvious domestic violence of the family? Were they that used to that?

"You want the cheapest pair?" Asked the female, getting up and going for a plastic frame.

"Remember *mon cheri*, I'll be the one paying, so please choose something you like... Ok?" She whispered with a smile.

"Oh! France, I couldn't do that! I don't want to waste your mone-"

"Nonsense!" She interrupted. "I was saving that money for giving you a present, so this can be a little gift for you. What about that?"

UK smiled, his unfocused eyes trying to evade her.

"Um... Ok... Thank you"

France nodded.

"But I can't see" he said suddenly.

How could she forget that.

"Oh! France... Could you..." UK seemed to be very ashamed for his next words. "Choose something for me?" He played with his fingers, clearly embarrassed.

"Of course" she smiled, looking at the models in the showcases. "What would you like?"

"I don't know..." He said scratching the back of his neck.

She nodded taking some different pairs and walking back to the beta.

He touched them and she tried her best to describe them to him.

"-these are golden, the edge is thin and it has some golden flowers in the up corner." She said with the last ones.

Uk smiled a little whispering. "These sound cute... Can I try them?"

The seller nodded and France decided to help him secure them around his head.

"You look amazing" she whispered, keeping her hands on the warm cheeks of the beta. She continued when she noted the seller entered th employee room. "You know? I was being serious when I told England I love you"

UK blushed, lowering his head to the ground.

"But... I have nothing special... I'm a simple beta... Why would you..."

"I just love you... I want to be by your side, protect you, hug you..." She gave him a small kiss on the forehead. "You don't have to like me back... I'm happy with having you by my side"

UK shook his head, his face turning even more red.

"I... I like you... A lot... I just don't know how to react" he said, placing one of his hands over one of France's.

She smiled, giving a quick peck on the lips and making the smaller country almost faint.

"It's ok... We can figure it out... So, want to give me a chance?"

UK nodded, hiding his face between his hands and smiling like a goof.

Things were going to get better... Slowly, but firmly.

They weren't alone anymore.

A/N:

Normal fics are back, just as promised. I love this ship so much >w<.

How have you been? I hope you're fine. I'm trying to hold myself together, so wish me luck, jajajajaj .

Anyways, please have a nice week.

Bye!

I lost a train and I found you (Thirdunion soulmates AU pt 1)

I remember reading some fanfics where soulmates find each other with a watch, and I wanted so bad to make a Thirdunion one-shot about it!!! >w<

Disclaimer: I do not support nazcism or fascism (that's disgusting) This is just a cute fictional story with fictional characters. If you feel uncomfortable about this, please skip this chapter.

So here it goes!!!

Edit: I forgot to put the disclaimer.

Soviet's POV

He ran as fast as he could trying to get to the train in time, the whistle screaming at the last passengers to get on board, making a few people in the crowd walk faster to the rumbling machine. He tried to get to the platform, before something made him loose his balance, the floor suddenly disappearing before he felt his body crashing against the ground, his suitcase flying away from his reach, opening and throwing all his stuff everywhere.

He shook his head, trying to get rid of the dizziness on his only eye, just to find the train already moving, speeding into the horizon and disappearing into the fog of the gray afternoon.

He growled, a mix of anger, sadness and humiliation bubbling on his stomach, the sight of his luggage on the floor blurring with tears as the impotence made a knot on his throat. He didn't want to go back but now he didn't have an option.

It was over.

A hand on his shoulder made him jump, he quickly rubbed his eye and tried to pick up everything. Someone kneeled in front of him, helping him put everything in the suitcase.

When he got up he was fast to thank the guy, not really looking at his face. He was too embarrassed for that.

"Don't worry... But are you ok? You don't look pretty good"

"I... just lost my train..."

"Oh... Hey... Do you want to go grab a coffee? You seem like you need it... My treat! I needed one too"

He finally raised his head to look at the male in front of him. He was slightly smaller, red skin, sharp teeth and a weird cross-like symbol on his face surrounded by a white circle. The guy was elegantly dressed making him feel suddenly aware of his patched up clothes and worn out shoes.

"I..." He thought for a moment before deciding he needed something to distract the hunger. "You know what? Sure... Thank you"

The other smiled, signaling at him to follow. They walked out of the station to a nearby Cafe, the warm feeling of the place and the smell of coffee and pastries filling the air. Soviet felt his embarrassment grow when his stomach growled loudly.

"Are you hungry?" The other asked with a smile.

"No I'm-" he tried to lie but his stomach refused to shut up, interrupting him in the middle of his sentence.

"Heh, it's okay. It's late, so maybe I should be eating something too! What do you want?"

Soviet looked lost at the dozens of words scribbled on a chalk board, some words completely new to him. He blinked in confusion before the other smiled.

"You should try the croissants and either a cup of coffee or tea. France and her husband make the best pastries around"

Soviet nodded, playing with a loose thread of his old scarf and evading both the looks of the wealthy people and the sight of the fancy names of the food.

He felt terribly out of place.

After ordering for the both of them, the stranger walked to the back of the place, choosing an empty table next to a window.

They sat in silence, the murmur of the cars passing through the nearby streets and the quiet talking of the people inside of the coffee shop passing in the space between them, almost accentuating their distance.

"Can I ask you a question?" Soviet said nervously before continuing. "I don't want to sound rude... But... Didn't you have a train to take? I mean... You were already in the platform so..."

The other laughed a little before smiling at him. "I had something important to do... Haven't you noticed?" Soviet frowned. Was he missing something? "Nevermind... How about we introduce each other... My name's Third Reich" the man continued extending a hand towards him.

"My name's Soviet Union. Nice to meet you" he answered, giving Third a firm handshake. Something inside of his chest made a jolt, but he decided to blame the hunger. He hadn't ate in days.

The food arrived and Soviet tried his best to imitate some of the manners of Third. He wasn't used to be in places like this at all and he didn't want to show how hungry he actually was.

After the first bites the conversation started flowing with more ease.

"It's ok if you don't want to answer, but I'm kinda curious. You looked really down when you lost your train. I was wandering if it was an important trip."

Soviet sighed, trying to decide if he should tell this guy... Well, he seemed nice and he had helped him.

"I can't buy another ticket... And I really don't want to go back

home... It's really far away anyway... I wanted to get to the city as soon as possible... And maybe looking for a job"

He touched unconsciously his bandaged eye, feeling the sting of the not healed wound, getting lost in the memories of the past days events... When he noticed his own action, he forced himself to stop. He didn't want to be perceived so vulnerable.

"I was heading there too in the next train... I got too early, so I still have some time... What if-" Third seemed to think about it before saying it out loud. "I could buy you a ticket"

Soviet almost dropped the teacup in surprise before reacting and catching it. He raised his wide eye to the kind stranger, his expression filled with disbelief.

"Wha-" he started before staying silent again.

Third smiled, rolling his eyes.

"It's not a big deal... It's... Worth it"

Soviet smiled, his cheeks hurting in excitement.

"If you could do that I would do everything to pay you, I swear!"

Third laughed at his excited response, finalizing his coffee.

"Ok, let's go then"

He felt himself shrinking under the judging eyes of the people in line for the train. They all stared at him as if he was a wild and disgusting animal. Of course this male would buy a high class ticket when traveling, it was kind of obvious with his clothes.

Soviet watched silently as Third talked to the man in the door showing him the tickets and entering the door after signaling him to follow.

He walked inside, completely marvelled at the polished wood of the

wagon, an elegant carpet guiding them to the seats. He gasped when he saw the small rooms, elegantly decorated for the passengers. He felt even more out of place when his gaze fell on his shoes, contrasting heavily against the carpet.

"Hey Soviet, are you going to enter?" The other asked, patting the seat beside him.

Soviet nodded, sitting and finally allowing himself to relax a little bit.

"This is so comfortable!" He whispered with emotion, his back pleasantly cracking when he laid on the corner of the seat and the wall. He sighed with a content smile before looking at the other. "Thank you, seriously"

Third smiled, brushing it off before talking again. "Though we almost got late, jajaja, sorry for that"

Soviet smiled. "I can't believe it, you seem like the type of person who looks constantly at their watch to never get late"

Third nodded "I am, but my wristwatch stopped working today. I don't even know what time it is."

Soviet straitened his posture, alarm crossing his face. "Did I stopped you from looking for your soulmate? Oh Gosh I'm so sorry!"

Soviet felt like dying. After everything Third was doing for him he had stole his precious time with his soulmate, probably the only chance to meet them.

"It's ok" Third continued, talking with a hidden smile, as if he knew something he didn't. "But could you give me the time?"

Soviet nodded, raising the sleeve of his brown coat before freezing.

"My watch..." he stuttered in shock "it- it's quiet"

Third smiled, moving next to him.

"I didn't noticed... Why? I thought-" Soviet continued rambling

before Third put his hand over his.

"You were too stressed, it's just normal" Third whispered with an understanding voice.

Soviet lowered his head, turning it around to face the corner of the room.

"Is everything ok?" asked Third. He had heard stories about soulmates not getting well but he had always dreamed about meeting his.

"I'm sorry" whispered Soviet and Third feared the worst. "You must be thinking your soulmate is pretty pathetic"

Third shook his head before realizing the other couldn't see him.

"Look at me" the other did, his only eye filled with sadness. "I want to know you, to understand you, to help you... I want to learn how to love you, if you let me..."

Soviet relaxed when his soulmate -he couldn't believe it- caressed his cheek, just under the wound, carefully. Third's hands were soft as butterfly touches, nothing similar to his rough hands, shaped with physical work and a life of poverty. It made his heart melt.

No one had ever be careful with him, no one had made him feel important. He was used to be handled as if he would never break, with screams, punches and loneliness.

It made sense now, the way the other looked at him, the way everything had clicked together when they were talking, the way the smaller man had helped him, as if he didn't want him to go away.

He smiled a little, looking at the other eyes, shining softly in the dark room, the people still entering the train outside.

"Ok... Let's give it a chance" Third nodded, smiling widely.

They separated when people started entering the cubicle, but Third continued holding his soulmate's hand.

Soviet felt his heart fluttering, already feeling a strong bond forming with the other.

As the train started moving, their watches continued working again.

A whole new life awaited for the both of them.

A/N:

I am dying of cuteness, ah, I love fluffy stories ('∩｡• ᵕ •｡∩')

I was planning on posting the second part of the North x south OneShot, but I didn't get to finish it for today. So I decided to post this one instead :D

I hope you enjoyed it and you're having a super nice week!

Bye!~

Our safe place in the middle of the dark (North x South Korea pt 2)

Disclaimer: This story contains the North Korea x South Korea ship, but they are NOT brothers. Also, the war mentioned for the sake of the story is completely fictional and doesn't intent to portray any real one. This is just an AU. But if you still don't feel comfortable with this I suggest you to skip this chapter.

On the other hand, I do NOT support any kind of dictatorship, this is just a fictional story with fictional characters.

Btw, this is the second part of the story. If you haven't read the first one. What are you doing here?

North's POV

He watched into the distance, the sun slowly falling into the horizon, bathing the hills with warm light. He smiled, closing his eyes and breathing in the pure air.

Five years had passed since they'd found this little piece of land and decided to turn it into their home.

It had been rough to get there. Crossing the forest had been pure hell and for a moment they really believed they were going to die. He could almost see South's tired and skinny form finally collapsing when they had passed that place, breathing heavily and with an awful fever. He hadn't been too well, he himself had been sweating profusely, a horrifying pain spreading from the still healing wound on his side.

But they had made it, together.

After some months recovering, they had decided to look for a peaceful place, far away from the borders, crossing the country until they found the perfect little town.

They had told people they were normal citizens scaping the war, and they had helped them, giving them jobs and a room with low rent. They had saved enough money to buy this little piece of land, and after some research they had started to build their own house.

He could remember South excited face when they finished, his eyes shining with happiness.

Then he had proposed.

He laughed remembering the surprised face of the white country, tears falling from his eyes as he smiled that beautiful smile of his, jumping into his arms and screaming yes a thousand times.

He lowered his gaze to the silver ring on his hand.

It had been so worth it.

They were still afraid of someone finding them and reporting them as traitors. The war had ended two years ago, leaving only devastation on its way, just as it always did. And even now they were still in danger. They were still people who believed anyone who had scaped should be punished, even if they didn't want to be there in the first place. People that, generally, hadn't even seen the horrors of the war with their own eyes, rich or accommodated people that had never received a gunshot and believed patriotism was about killing others in a the name of a flag, of fake honor, of fake values. But their lives would never be on the line.

He growled, trying to shake the creeping feeling of disgust that climbed up his throat.

He sighed.

But for now, they were okay.

A voice coming from the house made him jump. South laughed at his reaction from the door, a spatula on his hand.

"The dinner is ready love" he said before a teasing smile appeared on his face. "Did I scare you?"

North huffed, smiling soon. "Oh, are you trying to pick up a fight?"

"Maybe"

North smiled mischievously, before running after his husband, both of them screaming like little kids and chasing between the furniture. North finally reached the other, hugging the white flag country and lifting him into the air, spinning while they laughed.

He lowered South slowly before kissing him.

"I love you North"

He sighed, burying his head on the other's neck and breathing in. There was not smell of gun powder, or death, or blood, just the smell of grass, food, flowers and home.

"Ok tough guy, dinner is going to get cold and Korea is going to wake up at any moment"

He laughed giving a peck into the other's lips.

"Fine, fine. Let's go"

They ate, turning on the TV and watching some weird comedy show they had never heard about.

They chatted, ignoring the television and laying in the sofa.

North washed the dishes, and when he came back to the living room he found South watching at the framed map on the wall. It was a precious memory, the memory of freedom.

The map had been partially damaged in their long way here, but it was a memory of what they had endured, of how strong their bond was, how much they loved each other.

And love was stronger than war.

North smiled, remembering the hardships that still haunted them some times.

The far away memory from a book he had read in school make him doze off. The odyssey. Yeah, they had their own odyssey, a long way home. There were a lot of differences of course. They hadn't had a home to return to, but one to look for. There hadn't fought mermaids, or goddesses, or sea storms, or giant cyclops. No. They had fought against the fear, the cold, the hunger, the pain, against the night predators and the far away rumble of tanks.

He came back to reality when he heard something.

South started humming a little song and he got up too, hugging him from behind, closing his eye and enjoying the little tune. He was a little bit startled when South pulled away, but he smiled when he turned around putting his hands on his shoulders and smiling happily. He put his hands around the other's waist and they moved slowly at the rhythm of South's song

Their eyes met and North felt his heart swelling in happiness.

He couldn't wish for anything more.

He had his whole world in his arms, and he couldn't be happier.

A little noise coming from the stairs made them smile and turn around. South walked to the little girl who looked drowsily at her parents, carrying her and walking to the sofa.

"Kore, how did you sleep baby?"

The girl just laid her head on South's chest, looking for a comfortable position, closing her eyes and starting to snore softly.

North laughed, pinching softly the cheek of his daughter.

"Hey, you can't just take a double nap! I demand to have my husband back!"

The girl just mumbled some words in her sleep, hiding her face on South's neck and relaxing again.

"Aw, she's just a little tired" whispered the white country with a smile full of love and happiness, his cheeks almost making his eyes close."Let her sleep with us tonight. She had a busy day at school."

North rolled his eyes, but kept the smile on his face. Yeah... He didn't need anything else.

"Hey North?"

The blue country nodded waiting for his husband to continue while admiring their little daughter, her eyelashes trembling as she rolled her eyes on her sleep, a little action she made when dreaming too deeply.

"I've been thinking... Do you think we should tell Korea about... The war?"

North took his eye off his daughter, looking for South's. The white country just looked at the ground, worried. North put his arm around South's shoulders, pulling him softly to his chest.

"Everything is going to be alright. When the time comes we'll tell her."

"What if they find us?"

"Then we'll scape... Together."

"I think we would miss this house... We would have to leave it behind..."

The blue country used his free hand to pull South's chin softly so he could look at him.

"Then we would make another one... We would let Kori choose the painting for her room and she would probably try to help us even if she's too little to do it... But it would be ok... You know why?"

South shook his head, his eyes confused.

"Because it doesn't matter were we end up living, or how many houses we have to make... As long as we are together it would be

home... And we will be fine"

South looked at him, his eyes shining and a little smile on his face.

"Do you know how much I love you North?"

The blue country smiled giving his partner a small kiss on the forehead.

"As much as I do, I hope"

They got up and walked to their room, their daughter in the middle of the bed completely unaware.

It didn't matter what the future had in plan, because in little moments like this all that mattered was that they were together... In their little safe place.

A/N:

I know this was short, but I wanted to make a little happy ending for these two. I just think they are adorable.

How have you been? I hope you and your families are fine and healthy.

Me? I'm alive, in this moment that's a lot, I guess.

We're still in a mess right now in my country and some of my older friends have been getting more involved in the protests, so I'm praying they don't die. Also, I've grown a deep towards the Police, the ESMAD and rich people, a disgust that is just a step away from hate. In other news I've found out getting angry and ranting about unrelated stuff is nice (it distracts me), so I'll be posting a lot on my Rant book.

Anyways, please take care.

Bye.

I lost a train and I found you (Thirdunion soulmates AU pt 2)

This is the part two of the story, if you haven't read the first one please do it before continuing. Also...

Warning: slight mention of past domestic abuse... Nothing explicit.

Disclaimer: I do not support nazism or fascism (that's disgusting) *This is just a cute fictional story with fictional characters. If you feel uncomfortable about this, please skip this chapter.*

Now to the story...

Soviet's POV

He opened the door tiredly, the keys on his hand clunking against each other as he entered the little house. Today had been a busy day at work, a couple had asked for thousands of white and blue roses for their wedding and the flower shop had been closed for the entire day just to make the request in time.

Finding a job in the city had been harder than he thought, specially with his new disability. He had tried a couple jobs, but his lost eye had made almost impossible to work, the lack of deepness perception almost costing him a hand at a clothing factory. At the end, luckily, he had found a job in a flower shop. It was similar to what he used to do back with his father, but a lot easier. At the end, he had decided to stay there.

He sat on the comfy sofa in the living room, taking out his shoes and sighing in relief when his back touched the furniture. It had been a long day.

He continued his train of thoughts, allowing his mind to wander.

Third had tried to convince him to let him pay for everything, after all he was a personal physician and had assure him that he could pay for everything without any problem.

He had refused.

He had been working hard from a very young age, forced to leave school too early to help around on his father's farm, he had grown up with an strict schedule of heavy labor and no free time at all. He couldn't just stop suddenly. Working was a part of him, without it he could loose the sense of himself. He didn't know anything else.

The sound of steps walking down the stairs made him jump from his spot on the sofa, and he relaxed when he saw Third.

"Hi there Sov"

"Hi Third"

"How was today?" Asked Third sitting in front of him with a smile.

"A wedding request, and they needed it for tomorrow" He said huffing rolling his eye at the lack of preparation of the couple. "I swear if I get married, I'll ask for the flowers with enough time for the workers to get everything ready"

Third laughed shaking his head with a faint blush on his face, before reaching for his face. Soviet got silent when he touched the bandages on his face.

"Do you want me to change them?" Asked Third carefully with a smile. "There's a little bit of dirt on them"

Soviet shuffled nervously under the other's gaze.

The good thing about your soulmate being a physician was that you didn't have to go to a hospital for simple things like changing bandages , the bad thing was that they had to see your missing eye every single time.

"Ok" He said in a whisper.

Third was a wonderful partner. He knew Soviet was self conscious about his eye, so he tried to make conversation when he changed the bandages, making little jokes and talking about their days. Soviet could feel something inside of him melting with the care the other had while treating him, the way Third looked at him even when he was seeing his empty eye socket. It made him feel loved... Something he wasn't used to.

"Are you blushing?" Asked Third with his sharp smile and teasing eyes.

Soviet just growled, laying his head on the other's shoulder and hiding his expression. Third just laughed, kissing his head. Soviet could feel his heart beating as crazy.

"It's not my fault... I don't know how to react"

Third patted his back lovingly, teasing him about his shyness while he just murmured profanities trying to hide even more.

After a few moments the other got serious, a sad expression replacing his playful one.

"Hey Sov?"

"Hm?"

"Are you going to tell me what happened sometime? I think I can recognize a stab wound when I see one... And I'm just... Worried"

Soviet sat straight slowly, looking at his soulmate. Third was perfect. He came from a good family, his father and brother were nice, he had a wonderful job and was a loving partner. What I could he offer? He had nothing to give. Telling the other his past was confirming that he was a nobody, that Destiny had given Third a broken half, someone who didn't deserve him, someone that wasn't worthy.

He lowered his face.

"Is not that I don't trust you. I really do. You have been so nice to me this past months that I don't even know how to thank you."

Third tried to interrupt, probably to tell him he didn't need to say thank you, but Soviet stopped him. "It's just that... I don't want you to regret having me as a soulmate... After you know everything.."

He looked at the watch on his wrist... It was synchronized with Third's, as their heartbeats. He didn't want this to be over. He was finally happy, he had never smiled so much in his entire life, as long as he could remember.

"I would never regret having you as my soulmate... You are even more than I ever wanted Soviet..." Third said, interrupting his mind.

He raised his gaze, wishing to find any sign of a lie, something that told him no one could love him that much... It would be easier to let go if he had saw hate, or cautiousness... But all he could see in Third's eyes was love and admiration.

He tried to weight his options, thinking carefully. The feeling of Third's hands taking his own made him stop suddenly.

He could hear the faint ticking of the watches. Right. They were soulmates. Destiny had united them and if they decided to stay together they would form an unbreakable bond, share feelings, time and life forever. He could only wish the other wouldn't turn him away, that Destiny had been right to put them together, to cross their paths.

He looked at Third again before sighing.

"Ok... I'll... I'll tell you..."

So he did. Between whispers he told him everything.

About his drunk father and the painful beatings he had to bear. About leaving school early, barely knowing some letters just so he could stay at the farm all day to help. About the hard work from the rise of the sun to the fall of it. About the day he was punished being left outside in the cold night in winter when he stole a loaf of bread. About the night he decided to scape when he had enough of the abuse after one of the worst beatings of his life. About the stab wound on his eye when his father found out. About running

without food for days, trying to remember where was the train station he had visited sometimes. About the despair and hopelessness when the train disappeared into the fog... About the almost painful feeling of relief when he finally met him.

Third listened silently, holding Soviet's hands with the same care, not letting go. For the first time Soviet felt free, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. When he stopped, he was crying, something he used to think he couldn't do anymore. Third pulled him into a hug, kissing his tears softly. There was no regret, no shame, just love, just soft hands against his rough ones, just reassuring words and the ticking of the watches.

So he laughed, embracing the lightness of his heart.

"You know? I'm so happy I lost that train... I used to think I would never find my soulmate, that I was too broken to have someone, that they would hate me. But then I found you... All because of a stupid train"

Third smiled, caressing his cheek.

"I love you... I'm proud to be your soulmate, I'm proud of you..."

Soviet could feel his heart rushing, his stomach jumped in happiness and his smile grew.

"I love you too" he finally said, in a whisper. He wasn't ready to be as open as Third about love, but this was enough for the other. It was a step closer to happiness, to freedom.

He closed his eyes when Third got close to him, their breaths intertwining in the air between them. The other waited, and the one eyed male finally decided to take a step further. He closed the distance between them, enjoying the bubbly feeling on his stomach when the other put his hands around his waist.

A kiss gave way to another, and as their bodies met for the first time, slowly, carefully, something finally clicked in its place inside of him, a long lost wish to meet his other half, to left the past behind, to be happy.

And for the first time, he felt complete.

He woke up slowly, opening his only eye when the light passed through the window shining over his face. He could feel Third's breathing on his neck, his arm secured around his waist and their legs intertwined under the covers.

He yawned, turning around and hiding his face on his soulmate chest. This felt so nice, to call someone your soulmate openly, to hold them this close. The other male started to wake up too, his eyes fluttering open.

"Good morning love"

"Morning Third"

"Do you have work today?"

He shook his head, closing his eyes again.

"You?"

"Nope"

Third kissed his shoulder and Soviet just sighed. This was perfect.

The sound of the busy sound of the city could be heard outside, cars running through the streets, the newspaper seller screaming the last big news, sellers screaming prices in the market and the far away whistling of the train calling for the passengers to enter.

But nothing mattered for Soviet, not when the sun shined over them as ray of hope for the future, not when he could hear their hearts and their breaths.

"Can I keep sleeping here?" He asked, not wanting to ever sleep in the guest room never again. Not after this.

Third just smiled, bringing him closer and sighing deeply.

"Of course... I won't be able to sleep without you anymore"

The world continued to run outside, but today they would just stay like this, cuddling together and dozing to the ticking sound of their watches.

After all, they had all the time in the world to be together.

A/N:

Yeah. Oh, this Soviet barely knows how to read. It's kind of sad, considering I like to put Soviet as someone who enjoys reading. Well, I'm sure Third can teach him and read him little stories in the meantime. Aw, that sounds cute... Maybe I'll write a little story like that, who knows. I'm sure it would be short but cute, what do you think?

Anyways.

I hope you're ok, healthy, happy. And that everything is ok wherever you live. I send you the few positive vibes I have. (つ;w;)つ

Me?

Well... I'm depressed.

(WARNINGS: I'll mention something horrible I saw yesterday that is happening in my country. It can be disturbing)

So... A lot of people have disappeared in our protests here in Colombia right? The number goes from 300 to 500. Well, a lot of people have been reappearing dead on the rivers, in awful ways... Also, there's at least two dismembered bodies that were found out this week. I saw the pictures and now I wish I hadn't. So yeah, now my people is not only being killed by the police (from 43 to 50 victims right now) but also dismembered and thrown into the rivers (at least 10 other victims) I mean, it's not new. It's almost a "classic" in all the conflicts of colombian history, but I didn't expect to live through something like this. So yeah... What else can I say about it? I'm depressed and sick.

At least I'm finding strength in continuing Forward. It's all that is left... Writing cute things is difficult, but also relaxing and distracting. It's almost like swimming in an alternative universe where the conflicts are "normal" and there's a happy ending almost all the time. I hope our story can have a happy ending. I wish it with all my heart.

Pray for us... I beg you.

CO

Stay safe, take care of your loved ones, be happy... I'll see you next week with a new chapter. Love you...

Bye~

Alcohol only speaks truth (Amerus pt 1)

Warnings: Small mention of suicidal ideas- just some sentences, nothing big- Also, Russia being drunk and a dummy...

It was a mess.

It all had started as a reunion made by UN in order to lower the tensions between some countries and probably evading another world war. The invitations had been clear. It was mandatory to assist.

Of course America had tried everything to avoid the meeting. Offering more money for UN hadn't worked and threatening him neither. UN seemed so tired of his attempts of evading the party, that he had sent his husband EU to deal with him. Of course the European Union had just sent him home with a scowl.

So, at the end, America had decided to come, sit with his family and ignore every country he hated.

At the beginning everything had been ok... Even boring... But in a matter of two hours the calm reunion had been turned into a god-damn party.

The lights were almost turned off, there was music blasting from one side of the room and someone had discovered the entrance to EU's wine cellar. He had tried to look for the two organizations and tell them about their house being completely wrecked, but they were nowhere in sight.

He sighed, getting up and trying to avoid a drunk Canada obviously trying to flirt with a smaller country.

He rolled his eyes, adjusting his sunglasses and trying to find the balcony. He really needed to breathe a little bit. He finally walked outside when he found it, taking out his phone and trying to send a text to the organizations couple.

He got no response.

He groaned, loosening his tie and opening the jacket of his dark blue suit. He looked at the watch on his wrist, cursing when he saw that he had two more hours until he was allowed to leave.

He jumped when someone made his way in the balcony, obviously drunk. He turned around and rolled his eyes. He could recognize the tall country everywhere, Russia.

"What the hell are you doing here?" He said with a threatening voice.

Russia just walked, stumbling to his side.

America almost had a heart attack when the other tripped over the Balcony, grabbing him immediately by his coat and pulling him back.

"What the-?!? Did you walk here to commit suicide or what?!?" The american almost screamed.

"I wouldn't kill maself like that... too messy" Russia said, his accent strong because of the alcohol and his words mixing together.

"What?" America said at a loss of words.

Russia smiled as if he wasn't talking about a pretty dark subject.

"I've thought 'bout it... I'd drown maself, r something like that"

America groaned.

"Your drunk"

"And you're hot" the Russian retorted with no shame on his voice.

"Wha-"

"But you're dumb" Russia continued without a care in the world.

America just took a step on his side making distance between his sworn enemy and him.

"First you talk about suicide, then about me being hot and now you're insulting me. What the heck is wrong with you?"

Russia just laughed, something light on his voice. "I would say list is long..."

"You really are drunk"

"I like bein drunk. It makes me light n happy"

America had to admit he never thought Russia would be this calm when drunk, he seemed more like the type to get into fights. The tall country was almost always frowning, evading everyone and sitting silently in the meetings, his eyes cold and his posture rigid, as if ready to attack. But here he was, just relaxing on the balcony with a big smile, talking nonsense and opening up so easily that it should be a crime for countries to do so.

It was almost tempting to collect information.

"I didn't know you could smile" he just said.

That was kind of a lie tho'. He had met Russia when he was little, just as he had met Soviet when he was just a child. They were pretty different. Soviet had hated him immediately, hiding behind his father and frowning at him aggressively. Russia on the other hand had been quite the opposite. Even if the USSR didn't want his son anywhere close to the USA, the kid always found a way of sneaking and saying hi from a distance... Russia had changed so much.

Wow, that had been a long time ago. It made him feel old.

"Of cours I smile idiot! What u think I'm?" Responded Russia with an offended tone. "There's lot of stuff u don know of me"

America rolled his eyes. He didn't know if this drunk Russia was funny, adorable or just annoying.

"Tell me then."

"M favorite season is spring"

"I thought it was winter?"

Russia turned around with a look of disbelief.

"U know I have seasons. Right? not just winter"

America scratched his neck nervously. No he didn't. He knew a lot of stuff about Russia, but just 'useful' stuff like his militar bases, or reports of his technology. He was kind of ashamed of not knowing something this simple (and honestly, kind of obvious).

"I never thought you would be the kind of man to like flowers" he answered, trying to embarrass the other too.

"I like flower. They nice and pretty. Wish I knew to grow them" said the other instead, his smile softer than ever. "Also I like tea, coffee too bitter for me. I don like bitter stuff"

America looked at the ground below them. The sound the music inside was muted by the door and the windows trembled with it. Outside, on the other hand, everything was calm, the sounds of the night murmuring from the distance.

"You don't like bitter stuff? I thought you were the strong man who can stand anything..." He joked, but apparently the taller country didn't like the comment.

"Maybe I'd do for bet... But I don't like it, if is too bitter I couldn't... I'm not fuckin monster"

America turned around to see him.

"Then... Do you think I am one?" He said as a joke, but deep inside he wanted to know the answer.

"No" said Russia with a shrug. "You just dumb, selfish and egomaniac"

"Auch"

"But I like you anyway" said Russia with a little smile.

"You keep saying I'm hot and you like me... What would your dad say?" Said the american, looking at the grass below the balcony.

Russia just erupted in laughter, as if he had said the most funny thing in the world.

"He could say nothin, he was gay too"

America almost choked on air, coughing violently while Russia just laughed louder.

"Your face!" Said the taller country trying to breathe between laughs.

"You're lying!"

"Not. Didn't like his boyfriend, but not lying"

America was surprised. He couldn't believe he was getting so much information from this weird version of Russia. It was completely useless info but it felt somehow as a new perspective into everything he thought he knew.

He sighed.

"You are very weird Russia" he said with a more relaxed smile. If Russia was so drunk to openly admit his father was gay, he was probably harmless.

"Why am weird? I'm nice" the other said with a sad frown.

"We are enemies, you're supposed to hide your life from me and evade me." America said as a matter of fact before drunk Russia destroyed his argument in a second.

"There's no war, u just paranoic"

America frowned. It was kind of true, but the tensions were obviously there. Sober Russia looked at him as if he wanted to kill him, and now he knew it wasn't just because he had a 'bitch resting face'.

"Then why do you evade me so much?"

"U make me feel feelings... Don't like it."

America looked at the other. Did Russia really like him that much? That was... unexpected... He was kind of cute though. He decided to tease a little, what could go wrong? The other would probably forget everything the next day.

"Are you sure your not just too drunk?" He said getting closer, making the taller country straighten with surprise almost falling. He took him by the waist, surprised to have caught him before just smiling smugly.

"Stop, u make me nervous" the other said lowly, evading his face and turning his head to the side so his ushanka covered his expression.

America blinked, he could feel Russia's fast heartbeat and from where he was he could see the red skin of his neck getting even more red. Russia did like him. The feeling of knowing someone liked him was weird, after all, it had been literal centuries since the last time he had dated someone. Now he had too much power, too much to lose to even think about being with anyone, let alone the country before him.

But here he was, pinning the taller country against the railing of a balcony, holding his waist and acting as if he was a teenager again. Was he making a mistake?

"This is all dream. Right?" Whispered Russia.

America pondered his answer for a moment. A small part of him was trying to warn him about how dangerous it could be to do this, but the bigger part wanted to know what would happen next.

"Maybe it is." He decided to say.

Russia turned around, his face red and his eyes half closed. One of his hands abandoned the railing, caressing his face and America was surprised when his heart jumped inside his chest. The taller country just got closer, and America could feel a magnetic pull begging him to close the distance.

He hesitated.

Did he really want to do this? After a few seconds he decided to throw his cautiousness through a metaphorical window.

He closed the distance. When their lips met America could feel something inside of him melting. This was nice, to share a kiss with someone was really nice. Russia got closer to him, their chests touching and their hearts rushing.

He deepened the kiss, tightening his grip on Russia's waist, surprised to find the other male submitting completely and sighing contently. He wondered how many times had Russia dreamt about this if he was kissing him without putting too much mind into it. Something in the idea made the air a little hotter.

They separated, breathing heavily. He admired the sight in front of him. Russia's coat was hanging from his shoulders, his black turtleneck hugging his chest while breathing quickly and his face was completely flushed. America decided he was going to make this happen again, when Russia was not drunk at all. Maybe it would take a lot of time, but when he wanted something, he always got it. No matter what.

The sound of UN screaming from inside the building made them separate quickly.

Well, it was time to go.

America walked into the meeting room, sitting on his respective seat and looking for Russia. He found him coming out of the bathroom, a frown on his face and a hand on his lips.

Maybe he had gotten a little excited and had bit the other's lip. Just maybe. He wondered what was Russia thinking at the moment. It was obvious through his facade of coldness that he was completely confused about what had happened the day before. He wondered if he remembered flashes of their kiss, maybe even thinking it had all been a dream.

When the taller country met his gaze and blushed, trying to hide his face, the answer was obvious.

America didn't put attention to the angry rambling of the UN. Something about them paying for what they had destroyed. It was ok, he could pay. His mind was completely focused on Russia, who could obviously feel his stare but was choosing to ignore it.

When the meeting ended they were the last ones to get up and Russia was quick to walk to him, a cold expression on his face.

"What's your problem, you've been looking at me the whole meeting"

Usually America would have been sarcastic and aggressive, but he knew he needed to get closer to the country. And he couldn't be angry when now he could finally see that Russia was trying really hard to be intimidating. That wasn't even his real tone of voice.

"Hey there flower guy" He just answered, looking for something on his bag.

"Wha-" Russia seemed like he could kill someone right now.

"Yesterday, you were drunk and you told me you like flowers." America explained easily. On the sides of his vision he could see Russia taking a step back with an ashamed Expression. "You also were talking about wanting to grow them, so I remembered this old book in my Library." He took an old book from his bag and he suppressed his smile when Russia blinked in a mix of shame and curiosity. It was the first time he saw him making so much expressions.

"Um... Thank you?" Russia murmured while taking the book,

evading America's gaze. He was clearly at a loss of words.

"Welp, I have to go. See ya" said America walking. When he was close to the exit he turned around and decided to tease a little. "Oh! You also told me I was hot"

He laughed, running to his car when Russia started throwing all kind of insults towards him, clearly embarrassed.

He started driving.

This feeling of lightness was nice, it made him feel free and young again, ready for an adventure, ready for mischief and trouble. He sighed. He was going to give himself this chance again, the chance to like someone, maybe even love him, who knows? He just hoped everything would turn out ok.

Russia laid on his bed, completely confused and embarrassed. There was a reason he never drinks alcohol in public. He had too many stuff he wanted to hide, it could be dangerous. He had scarred arms, a broken past and a secret love, things he kept locked in the back of his head, away from prying eyes and hurtful people.

He held the book into his chest, the golden details on the cover making reflections over the walls and ceiling of his house. There was something inside of him that jumped at the sight of the small gift, something that wanted to hope for something impossible.

He sighed.

What the hell did he do yesterday? He closed his eyes and the feeling of hands pressing on his waist made him jump, his heart beating faster and the ghost sensation of a ghost mouth against his own making him shiver. He shook his Head in disbelief. What was that dream?

He got up, walking to the shower. He couldn't get one this morning, too late because of a hangover to care. But now he entered the rain of warm water with a happy sound. He lowered his head and looked at the almost invisible bruises on his waist. There were four

little marks, in the shape of a crescent moon. Almost like... Finger nails. The 'dream' got back to him and he finally remembered the weird taste on his mouth when he woke up. It was the faint taste of american coffee. He didn't like coffee, but there was someone who had been drinking coffee that day.

He dressed quickly, sending a text to his sister.

'What the heck did I do yesterday?'

'I don't know... You just disappeared into a balcony and spent a lot of time there... maybe you were fighting with America? He was there too'

He lowered the phone, trying to evade the obvious answer, raising a hand to touch the bruise on his lips...

Oh shit...

He kissed America... And god knows what else he did or said...

A/N:

I have no idea where did thia come from, but I hope you liked it. I just wanted to make a little Amerus , I've been looking for some fics about it but they're kind of impossible to find (why do I like ships in a way that is so hard to find?!? Like, Thirdunion and Bracol... Bracol!!! There's nothing about it!!! TnT) So instead I decided to write a OneShot myself. ¯_(ಥ □ ಥ)_/¯

I've been trying to read cute stories to distract myself from the news in my country... A little break from it, you can say. So yeah, I'm doing fine.

Anyways, I hope you and your loved ones are healthy and happy. Please take care.

Bye.

It all started with a gun shot (Thirdunion Criminal AU)

Warning: A little bit of blood, nothing too bad. Also, disclaimer, I don't support any kind of fascism, that shit is awful and disgusting. This is just a fictional story with fictional characters. If you don't want to read this, is ok, you can skip this chapter.

Ok... Let's go.

Third's POV

It was over.

He ran as fast as he could, trying to put pressure into the gun shot wound on his arm. The pouring rain made almost impossible to stop the bleeding, the vital liquid escaping his body with the water, causing black circles to dance on his vision.

He could hear the screams behind him start to disappear, but he wasn't sure if it was because he had lost his enemies or because he was loosing consciousness.

He turned around a corner, finding a small alleyway filled with empty wood boxes and large trash containers. It was a dead end, apparently the back of a grocery store.

He let himself fall on a dry spot, sitting against a wall and breathing heavily.

Was this really the end?

He was one of the most wanted criminals over the country, one of the most amazing bank and museum robbers of the decade, if not the best. His life had looked just like a movie, running from enemies, making plans with his allies, stealing precious gems and

unique antiques. Even his elegant clothes made him look like a character of a book, always clean and perfect even when scaping with a new great trophy.

But now he was dying in the back of a god-damn store, damped and freezing cold. His white shirt was stained with blood, mud, rain and grass marks, no detergent was going to take that out.

Not like it mattered if he was going to die anyway.

He jumped when a series of steps came at his direction running. He raised his eyes, meeting a unknown male in front of him. He didn't look like one of his chasers, but he didn't lower his defenses.

The guy approached trying to get a look at his arm. He was quick to take the revolver from his waist, immobilizing the other against the wall. He flinched when a sharp pain ran through his injured arm, his strength failing him and making him release the gun.

The taller male took the gun away, getting close to him once again.

Third growled.

"Hey, I won't hurt you, ok? But you need to have that wound treated."

He was about to say no when his gaze started to get blurry.

'shit'

He felt the other screaming, trying to shake him before he lost consciousness.

Soviet's POV

He decided he couldn't waste more time, the guy was clearly in danger and he wouldn't let him die. He decided to not think too much about the gun by his side, ripping a sleeve of his shirt and tying it up the wound, making pressure.

He lifted the limp body of the stranger, entering the back door that faced the grocery store and exiting through the front door, grateful that the owner wasn't in the establishment today.

He opened his pickup truck, putting the male on the copilot seat and securing the belt. He started the vehicle and speed up.

There was a good distance between the city and the farm, so he broke some traffic rules to get on time. He had done it some times, when he got late for some deliveries, and knew how to evade the regulation posts perfectly, so he made it home without problems.

He screamed for his father while carrying the man, entering the wooden house and laying him on the couch.

"What took you so-" his father stopped in the middle of the stairs, looking at the stranger with wide eyes. "Oh my God, what happened?!?"

He came rushing to the man and Soviet went for some bandages, a pair of tweezers, some needle, thread and water. His father cut the stranger's clothes, getting access to the wound and pressing it, asking him for the tweezers.

"Soviet, I need you to hold him. If he moves unconsciously, we could damage his arm permanently. Ok?" His father said and rolling up his sleeves, his eyes focused on the wound.

Soviet nodded, holding the man down.

He hoped the stranger could make it through the night.

No one deserved to die like that.

Third's POV

He opened his eyes, the world spinning around him and his head pounding. He tried to get up, noticing he had no longer his shirt, vest and blazer. The memories of the rain, the stranger man and the chase made him jump, getting out of the bed and running to the

door.

He was met by two males drinking tea in a small living room. He tried to take his gun out, before remembering he had lost it. Damn it.

"Why are you up? You should be resting" said the older one, getting up. "You are still recovering!"

Third walked back, ready to fight.

The other male, the one with red skin, stopped the first one, talking softly to Third, as if he was a scared animal.

"We are not trying to hurt you. You were wounded, so I brought you here and my father treated the gunshot."

"Where is my stuff" He growled.

"We had to ruin your upper clothes to treat the wound. Your gun is hidden for our own safety and the bag you were carrying is also hidden." Responded de first male who looked older.

"We'll give you everything as soon as you recover" added the younger stranger.

Third nodded, still not trusting this people.

Ok, maybe they weren't that bad.

He had been staying in the farm for almost a month or so (maybe more, time was weird when you had a strict routine) helping here and there in the daily chores of these people and apparently they were grateful for that.

The older male, Tsarist was his name, was the father of the younger, Soviet. They were kind, and seemed completely unaware of his identity as one of the most wanted criminals of the country. He had grown to appreciate the company of those two, specially Soviet's, considering they had almost the same age.

He sighed, helping Soviet to carry some potatoes to the house were Tsarist was going to prepare them for sale. His back cracked when he raised his arms above his head, his shirt lifting a little and he saw the other blushing and turning to see something else.

Soviet was... Interesting to say the least.

He decided to tease the other a little bit.

"Like what you see?" He said getting closer to the other, breathing on his neck.

The other stayed quiet, but he could see his face burning from his position. Yeah, maybe he had started to enjoy teasing the man. The guy seemed to not have a lot of social life outside of work related people -like the people of the market-, but at the same time he seemed to really enjoy Third's company.

He knew he had charisma, but this was kind of different.

"You two! Lunch is ready!" Tsarist called from the house.

They entered the place, sweaty from the work.

"Go wash your hands first" The man scolded them, just like an angry mother would do.

He smiled.

The lunch was ok, normal food that could fill their stomachs for work. It wasn't a delicacy, but it was ok.

After that, they continued working. Same routine.

"Don't you have a break sometimes?" Third asked Soviet, who had a sickle on his hand and was cutting the grain.

"We rest in winter, when the harvest is done and we can't sow anything else" the other answered, focused on the work, his shirt sticking to his chest.

"Isn't it kind of boring?" Continued Third, deciding not to stare at

the man.

Soviet stopped, eyeing the sky.

"Yeah... It is... But we need to keep working." He stayed silent for a moment. "What about you? How's your life normally? I mean, how did you end up receiving a gunshot"

Third held his healing arm in deep thought.

"I have a few enemies out there."

"In the town?"

"Oh no" said Third laughing ba little. "I don't work in any specific town... You can say I travel a lot"

Soviet's eyes shined with amaze and Third wondered if he had ever leave the small town.

"Have you visited other places aside of the town and this farm?"

Soviet shrugged.

"I know the hills and the forest from memory... That's enough for me"

Third smiled.

"Maybe someday I'll take you somewhere... As a thank you"

Soviet nodded with a big smile, getting back to work.

It had been a few months and he was almost healed. He sighed sadly, looking at the sunset. He could see Soviet's shape in the distance, carrying some boxes to the shed.

He was starting to like the place.

Ok, if he had to be honest with himself, he had started to like the other male.

There was something that pulled him towards Soviet, something that shined through their conversations, the small touches while they worked, the jokes and the games they ended up making through the day and the way their eyes crossed paths from time to time.

It felt.... Stable... It made his heart jump a little.

He blinked when the other moved his hand in front of his eyes.

"You were staring into nothing." Soviet said smiling.

"Oh, I was staring at something very specific" he replied with a big grin, watching amused how the other evaded his gaze. "You know? You have a nice ass"

The other turned around violently, his face as red as it could get and a big scowl on his expression. Third laughed and ran a few meters into the tall grass before shouting again.

"It's true tho'"

The other started chasing him, screaming incoherent stuff while trying to get him. Third just laughed, scaping easily.

"Why are you embarrassed? I'm giving you a compliment"

Third decided to tease the other a little bit more, running before stopping suddenly. The other crashed against him, making the both of them fall into the ground.

"You're already falling for me?" Third said with a grin.

Soviet went to respond, but as soon as he noticed their positions he rolled to the side, covering his face with his hands and groaning.

"Why are you like that Third?"

Third put the weight on his elbow, looking with a smile at the other.

"Like what?"

Soviet stayed silent before saying something lowly.

"You flirt with me as a joke"

Third frowned.

"I just flirt with you"

"But you don't mean it"

"Are you really sure about that?"

The red country uncovered his face, looking at the sky.

"You know? I really like you... Like.... Like you" Soviet whispered.

Third felt his heart beating faster, his face catching fire.

"What if I told you I also like you? A lot?"

The slavic country looked at him, apparently looking for a trace of a lie. When he didn't find any he evaded Third's gaze, again.

"I would tell you that you have bad taste in men" Soviet said in a whisper.

"I completely disagree with you, gorgeous"

Soviet rolled his eyes with a smile and Third just laughed, closing the distance between their faces and locking eyes with the other.

Third felt he could lost himself in the eyes of the taller male, in the way the sun reflected on his skin, his eyes shining slightly in the shadow that he was causing. Soviet's eyes lowered to his lips and he knew what he was thinking.

He could feel the magnetic trance that made them get closer and closer, his eyes almost closing when their breaths intertwined in the small distance between their mouths.

He decided to take the first step, their lips joining in a simple kiss. The other didn't even jump at the contact so he had probably been thinking about this, just as him. The thought made him smile.

They separated looking into each other, their faces red and big smiles on their faces.

"Promise you'll never leave me" whispered the red country.

"I promise" he said with the happiest smile ever.

He watched the colorful colors of the city in the streets below, the smell of concrete and dust filling his nostrils.

"I just think I want to..." He weighted is words, careful about his two allies who looked at him with questioning eyes "...settle"

Japan jumped, her eyes wide open.

"Why? Are you not having fun with us? We are rich! We could be even more rich, and famous! What the hell happened to you in that mission?" She spat with incredibility.

He moved uncomfortably under her gaze.

"I met someone"

Japan shook her head, her eyes filled with pain. Italy just watched silently.

"No! Who would mean that much to you? You're a criminal, they won't love you back. Just me-"

Third interrupted.

" I don't like you Jap... This person loves me, and I want to reciprocate, to live a normal life. I don't care too much about money or fame. I mean, I have enough money and... It would be nice to walk the streets without fear. Don't you think?"

Japan groaned, rubbing her face in anger.

"Who's that country?"

"I won't tell you"

Italy stood silent, his eyes looking at his two 'allies' bickering before finally saying something.

"I think this is for the best" he murmured.

Japan stormed into the building, an expression of pure betrayal on her face.

"She really likes you" Italy said, looking at the door behind them.

"I know... But I don't. I love someone, and I want them to be safe, to spend time with them..."

Italy smiled patting his back and saying goodbye, wishing him the best. When he walked out of the building he called the police station.

"I think we won't have to worry about them anymore, sir"

His boss asked for more information, but he decided to keep it for himself.

If Third's life at crime was over, so was his job.

Soviet's POV

He looked at the bag on his hands, filled with Jewelry so expensive he could almost bet one of them costed all the things he had own in is entire life.

He frowned, his chest stinging with sadness as the memory of the news a few months ago came into his mind.

The description of the stolen stuff was identical to this. The robbery had been the same day he had found Third. It all made sense now.

'What do I do? What do I do?'

He walked from one side of his room to another, biting his already short nails.

'Should I tell dad?'

He stopped.

No, even if Third had lied to him, he couldn't just ditch him so easily. Maybe it was all a big misunderstanding, maybe there was an explanation.

He let himself fall into his bed, sighing heavily.

"Please don't break your promise" he whispered into the nothing, the falling sun shining through his window making him feel tired.

After their first kiss they had been a couple for almost half a year. Third was completely healed, so he left the farm, coming twice a week from wherever he was 'working'. Everything had been perfect... Until today.

He felt himself starting to drift to sleep and he decided it was better if he stopped thinking about this mess for now.

The feeling of a pair of hands hugging his waist and the warm presence by his side woke him up in an instant. He turned around just to find a smiling Third, so he relaxed for a moment before remembering what he had found out today.

He sat up straight, evading Third's gaze.

"We need to talk"

"Did I-"

"Let's go outside so my dad doesn't hear us" he interrupted when he looked through the window, the sky still dark at this hour.

The other nodded, following him outside and far from the house.

"What do you want to talk about, Sov" Third started.

"I..." Soviet hesitated. He wanted answers, but he was kind of afraid

of them. "I found something in the house... From the day I brought you here"

Third opened his eyes, waiting silently for the other to continue.

"What were you doing with that... Stolen stuff"

Third moved his weight from one leg to the other uncomfortably before sighing.

"I was part of 'The axis', you know, the robbers... But today I talked with the team about leaving. I don't want to do that stuff anymore"

Soviet took a step back a look of betrayal on his face.

"Are you going to turn me to the police? It would be fair..."

The red country stood silent for a pair of minutes.

"I... I couldn't. I love you"

Third relaxed walking slowly towards the other.

"I promise you I'll return those... And then I'll start a normal work."

"Why would you change your mind?" Soviet asked with doubt on his eyes. "I can't... I don't see a reason"

"You changed me... I want to be with you, I want you to be safe, I want to settle... You are my reason"

Soviet looked at his face, looking for traces of a lie. There were none.

"Promise me you'll come back to me when you return those things"

Third nodded, closing the distance and giving him a sweet kiss.

"Of course I'll do... I love you."

"I love you too"

Third looked at the police station in deep thought. He needed to enter the place and leave the bag somewhere, hoping it would reach good hands. He sighed. Everything would be easier if he still had contact with the other two, but here he was, completely alone and trying to think about a plan.

He almost jumped in surprise when he saw a known face coming out of the station.

Italy.

He tried to close his mouth when he saw the police uniform. Well.... It didn't matter right now. He sneaked behind his old partner, taking his hand and pulling him to an alleyway. Before he could take out his gun, he revealed his face.

"Hey there Ita"

"Third? What are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same question... Were you a police officer all this time?"

"Maybe... What brings you here?"

Third sighed, trying to explain his problem.

"I was trying to see how could I sneak into the building, but if you are an officer I won't have to go through that... You know? I don't want to get myself killed."

Italy smiled at him.

"There's someone waiting for you... Right?"

Third nodded, a warm feeling spreading trough his chest.

"Ok... I'll do this last thing for you. Promise me you won't come back."

"Don't worry, I'll stay out of your nose... Officer"

They said their goodbyes and Third walked away. He wondered what path was going to choose Japan now. She seemed really mad the last time he saw her. Well, it was her choose to make, not his.

He paid for the bus ticket, sitting in the last row of seats.
He sighed happily, watching the world outside moving as the bus started driving.

There was a long way in front of him until he reached his lovers house, but it was worth it.

He was going back... And this time, he was going to stay forever.

A/N:

I Know this story seemed kind of rushed. I'm sorry. Maybe this would be better if it was divided into two parts, but I didn't want to edit this too much (I'm happy I wrote this before the protests, cause I wanted Italy to be a good, nice and kind police officer.... So thank you, past me who didn't hate cops :'v).

Anyways, I hope you liked this little story either way, and I apologize for the overuse of time skips (〒□〒)

I hope you and your loved ones stay happy and healthy. Take care.

I'm sending you a few positive energies I have right now (I saw two people from the protests getting married with the hoods, shields and everything and Gosh they were adorable. So I'm happy rn. Now I want to make a Bracol OneShot about that.... God damnit! (≧Д≦) that would be so cute)

Anyways... Stay safe.

Bye~

(; ∀ ;)/

A familiar face (Reichpol bus AU)

Warning: This can get a little bit boring at parts XD idk why, I'm sorry.

Poland's POV

He waited on the bus stop, playing with the threads of his scarf and tapping his foot impatiently. He raised the sleeve of his sweater looking at the watch on his wrist. How much time did he have?

He sighed, his breath forming a white cloud in the cold air that dissipated almost immediately. He rubbed his hands together, wishing that he hadn't lost the bus he wanted to take. His prayers were answered when the far away sound of a motor getting closer made him raise his head.

When the bus stopped in front of him, he climbed the stairs and looked for his favorite seat. He walked carefully to the back of the bus and opened the window.

It didn't matter if it was too cold, he always liked to feel the air on his face, even if that meant bringing a scarf with him everytime. He relaxed with the movement of the bus, starting to fall asleep as the minutes passed.

The sound of heavy steps climbing up the stairs of the bus made him wake up.

A tall country with a black, white and red rectangular flag was walking down the hallway, lowering his head and trying to sit in the other side of the row comfortably.

The face of the stranger was familiar at this point. They always took the same bus to their respective works, sometimes their gazes

would cross paths and they would smile politely at each other.

Poland wouldn't admit it out loud, but he always made sure to take the bus at time to see the stranger. There was something in the elegant way the other carried himself that made him kind of attractive, always mysterious and silent. He had even started to seat in the last row of seats just to be able to see the other (after all, it was the only seats where the rather tall country could really sit comfortably).

Poland sighed, hiding half of his face on the scarf and looking out of the window. The city passed rapidly, the cold streets slowly wakening as the day started.

He got up when the bus neared his stop, taking a last look on the stranger. The man raised his head and smiled at him and Poland could feel his whole face blushing. He ran out of the bus, groaning in shame before shaking his head and walking to work.

He took off his circular glasses, raising his arms over his head and flinching at the cracking sound of his bones getting back into their places after the long day. His shift was finally over and all he wanted was to go home and lay on his bed, put a boring movie on the TV and sleep until the next day. But he couldn't do that, it wasn't that late yet and he needed to go to the bank.

Apparently the payment of the mortgage on his house didn't appear on the system and he needed to take some papers to the bank. And they were going to be opened just a few hours more.

He sighed, changing the job uniform to his normal clothes and walking down the street. He had looked for the location on Google maps, and now all he needed was to walk a few blocks and turn left. Easy.

He got there in a few minutes and he entered the enormous building with caution. After almost half an hour of waiting and almost falling asleep, he finally was called to a cubicle.

He jumped at the person in front of him. It was the stranger of the bus.

"Oh, it's you" the other said before smiling. "So, your name is Poland right?"

Poland nodded, sitting and opening his bag, trying to ignore the deep voice of his almost crush.

"What can I help you with?" The tall man in a suit finally said.

He explained the problem and soon the other was looking into papers and typing in the computer. Honestly, he had hoped their first conversation was going to be something interesting -romantic- not some kind of boring bank stuff about his mortgage.

He sighed.

After a few minutes the tall man sighed.

"I'm sorry Poland... I can't find the transaction"

He sighed, rubbing his eyes in defeat. He felt the other moving, so he raised his eyes. The stranger was looking from one side to another over the walls of the cubicle. When he saw nobody was listening at them he got close to Poland and whispered.

"I'm not supposed to do this but since I trust you are an honest person I'll make this... just... Don't tell anybody"

Poland nodded quickly, but when the male started making something In the computer, he couldn't help but ask.

"Wait... What are you doing?"

"I'm inputting the number you said you paid into the system"

"Wha- Wait, that could put you in trouble! Stop, I can find another way... I mean, we've just seen each other in the bus. You shouldn't risk for a stranger!"

The man just laughed softly.

"It's done. Now I'm trusting in your honesty, so I can keep my job"

Poland gave the other a soft punch on the arm while the other just laughed more, trying to stay silent.

"Ok, ok, you can trust me. But don't risk your job never again! Geez!"

"Ok, ok. Have a nice afternoon Poland" the other said with a big smile, something like sadness shining on his eyes.

Poland thanked the man but stopped before leaving.

"You never told you your name, Mr Stranger"

"I'm Reichtangle"

"Ok Reichtangle, see you around?"

"Of course"

They smiled at each other.

It was the next day and Poland entered the bus happily. He had received a call of the bank saying they had found his transaction on the system and saying sorry for the problem. That meant he didn't have to worry about his house anymore. It was the last payment. The house was his and all he had to do was fill some papers and it would be done.

He sat on his favorite seat and tried opening the window, but it didn't move an inch. He groaned. His day had started so good, but now his mood was sour because of a damn window. He could feel the claustrophobic feeling of the bus pushing over him, the smell of heavy colognes and hygiene products mixing into the air of the enclosed space. He sighed trying to open the window with all his strength and failing miserably.

An arm passed in front of him and he recognized the person immediately. He felt his face warming as the chest of the tall male

got closer to him. Some seconds later the window was open and he sighed happily when the air touched his face.

"Thank you" he said to the stran-, no, Reichtangle.

"It's nothing, I've seen you like to keep your window open..."

"Yeah, the bus can get quite cramped sometimes... I can't even imagine how it is for you, being so tall" he added with a smile.

"Don't even get me started. My neck hurts so much everytime!"

They laughed and continued the conversation for the next few minutes.

"Hey, um... I was wondering if after I finish my shift, just if you want to of course, you would want to take a coffee with me?" Reichtangle said with a smile, scratching nervously the back of his neck.

"Of course" said Poland, trying not to die of happiness right there. "Do you want to exchange numbers?" He added with a smile.

"Sure"

Poland Sighed happily while waiting for customers to enter the shop. He couldn't believe it had been almost four months since the whole "bank incident". He had been seeing Reichtangle -as a friend, of course- and it seemed like everyday he just fell deeper for the tall male.

He was just so nice to have close. Both of them enjoyed their little meetings, and now the rides on the bus to the job seemed brighter. He had a reason to start the day with a smile and walk with excitement to the bus stop.

He looked at the clock on the wall. He smiled, remembering he had a date with Reich (it wasn't a date, but how much he wanted it to be). He ran to the lockers and to the changing room, putting on his clothes and trying to look as nice as possible.

"Are you seeing your boyfriend again?" Teased one of his co-workers.

"What are you talking about, I don't have a boyfriend." He said rolling his eyes.

"Yeah? Then who's the man at the door with flowers?"

Poland jumped, his face flushing as he ran to the door with shining eyes.

"Not my boyfriend... Sure" he listened his coworker murmur as he said his goodbyes a little bit too quickly.

He walked out of the shop and there he was. Reich, with a bouquet of flowers and a cute smile.

"Hi Poland..." Said the tall man, a shy smile on his face while lending him the little gift. "I just saw them on my way here and I thought you would like them. Of course if you don't want them it's ok, I ca-"

"They're beautiful, thank you" Poland interrupted the taller male rant, taking the flowers and smiling sweetly. The other sighed, like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"For a moment I was afraid you were not going to take them." Reichtangle admitted. "So... Do you want to go for that coffee?"

Poland nodded.

The sun was starting to disappear into the horizon, the warm air slowly turning cooler. The smaller country tried to hid his content smile into his scarf and after a few minutes of comfortable silence, walking through the busy streets, he finally intertwined his hand with the other's.

Reich jumped a little before smiling and letting his bigger hand curl around the smaller one.

They entered the little shop and Poland sat close to a window, Reich following soon. A waiter took their orders, tea and hot

chocolate, and after a few minutes the steamy beverages were in the table.

They talked about their day, the book Reich had been reading, about those annoying coworkers both of them had. The sun finally touched the horizon, its warm light bathing the usually cold city, announcing the end of the day.

They ignored their intertwining hands between them, too focused on the simple conversation, too comfortable with whatever this feeling between them was.

When the sky started turning a dark shade of blue, they both knew it was time to go. They got up, paying and walking outside. Their hands stayed intertwined and they walked to the bus stop.

"Hey, I remember you said something about not having work on weekends"started the taller male when the bus stopped and they climbed up the stairs.

"Yeah, I'm free tomorrow" Poland answered, taking his favorite spot.

"I was wondering if you had any plans?"

"Nop, just stay in my apartment. Do you want to do something?"

Reich nodded, playing with the buttons of his sleeves (a little tic Poland had started to notice the other did when he was nervous) "yeah, there's a little fair and it seems nice. I wanted to go with you."

"I would love to" Poland responded with a big smile.

When Reichtangle saw his stop getting closer, he decided to be bold.

"It's a date, then"

The taller male opened his eyes in surprise before smiling.

"It's a date"

Poland waved from the window when the other finally got out of the bus and turned around to say goodbye. He sighed happily, closing his eyes and enjoying the cold air that rushed through the window.

"It's a date" he whispered, holding the flowers against his chest with a warm feeling spreading trough his heart, something tingling inside his stomach and his head feeling light.

Ah, maybe he was starting to fall in love.

He walked out of the bus when it stopped in front of his neighborhood, almost jumping all the way home. He opened the door and entered, flinching at the warm air that welcomed him.

He put the flowers on a vase and walked to his room, falling into the bed and looking at his ceiling.

He couldn't wait for tomorrow.

A/N:

Ah, wholesome Reichpol is my favorite thing when I'm stressed n depressed. I swear this two have the potential to be such a cute couple (□□□).

Honestly, I don't know where the boring bank stuff came from jajajaja, I think is because I've been listening to my parents talking about mortgages and stuff like that, and it made me remember the times I've go to the bank with my dad. It's booooriiiiiing as heeell !!!

Anyways, this is the last story I have written in the moment, I mean... I have a lot of ideas, but I haven't started writing them (u know why (; ∀ ;)) But don't worry y'all! I'll try to write them as soon as I have a little bit of motivation.

So yeah, I hope you and your loved ones are Happy, healthy and safe. If not, please don't loose hope, we'll get through this.

Anyway, Bye~
(~￣▽￣)~

The moon chose you for me (Amerus Omegaverse AU)

Warning: This chapter is placed in an Omegaverse werewolf context (the characters do not transform into wolves, but they have half-animal features). Also, there's mpreg and it's a big part of the story... Also Thirdunion appears briefly. So... If you don't like this stuff please just skip this chapter. Thank u!

Russia's POV

He looked around, trying to figure out where he was. The trees around him seemed all the same, and wherever he turned around, all he could see was an endless maze of vegetation and rocks.

He sighed, trying to calm himself.

Today was his first mating season and his first full moon. He had been so happy to run along with the rest of the pack, feeling the fresh air hitting his skin, following the light of the moon and embracing the feeling of freedom and the excitement of, maybe, finally finding his soulmate.

He had been raised waiting for this very night, believing in the idea that it would be magical. He would run along with the pack, following the blue moon, howling freely into the night and feeling the ground flying under his bare feet. Then, he would feel the connection, a small but constant pull towards his destined one. He would separate from the others, following the invisible string that united his heart with his soulmate's and when he saw them, everything would click in the perfect place.

He had dreamt about it for years, but now it was over.

He growled, walking in circles. It was dangerous to be here on his own, being an Omega far away from his pack. But everything had happened so fast. He had walked out of the path, too mesmerized with the sight of the shining blue moon on the sky to notice it at first. The lack of a solid floor had made him gasp, and then he had found himself rolling harshly against rocks and dirt.

Everything had gone dark.

He didn't know how much time he had been unconscious, but given the fact that the moon was still high in the sky, shining beautifully, it was obvious it had been just a few minutes. He could even hear the howls of his pack getting further away with each passing second. Calling them would be useless, after all they would be too entranced to hear his voice.

He sighed, turning around to face the steep wall of stones he had fell through. There was no way to climb it, and even trying could injure him badly. Also, he could imagine what falling in the middle of the way up could do to him... He had been lucky to have just a few bruises from the first fall, but that wouldn't happen a second time.

"Ok Russia. Just breathe. Everything is going to be ok, you just need to look for another way to get home." He mumbled, trying to give himself some courage. "Yeah! That's fine! Just follow their scents. Your soulmate can wait another year." He said louder, taking off his hat and shaking his head, trying to focus onto his pack smell.

The sinking feeling of panic returned when he noticed he couldn't catch the well known smell of the pack.. Something was blocking it.

He walked into the forest, sniffing the air and trying to suppress the instinct to flatten his ears against his skull. The sound of leaves on the ground and the wind blowing through the branches made him more and more nervous as the minutes passed.

Then, he caught it. The unfamiliar scent of another pack.

He could feel his heart racing in fear.

He had to get away from there. If he was found here they would kill him without questioning or maybe even worse.

His body reacted before his mind and, in a matter of seconds, he found himself dashing through the unknown territory blindly, scurrying through it by mere instinct, just trying to get away from the smell.

After a good time running, his legs finally started slowing down, his muscles screaming for some rest and his chest begging for air. He spotted a clearing with a small lake and, close to it, a cavern that seemed comfy enough to spend the night in.

He made himself comfortable, catching his breath and laying on the floor. The night was still young and he could only wish it would pass fast. He hugged his knees and wrapped his tail around him, trying to keep warm.

Slowly, he fell asleep.

Something woke him up.

He sat still in the cavern, his ears moving, trying to catch any kind of sound that could be the cause of his sudden awakening. Everything was silent, just the sounds of the night echoing through the forest and filling it with life. He got up, walking outside of the cave carefully, following... Something he couldn't quite point out.

He looked around, cautiously entering the woods again, hesitant to leave the clearing with the lake and the cave.

The feeling of something pulling him made him stop dead on his tracks. It couldn't be.

A thousand different thoughts raced through his head. Was his soulmate near? Why were they so far away from his pack? Were they also looking for him?

The last question was answered when a silhouette emerged from the trees, too far away to discern any features.

He stood still. Paralyzed.

The figure seemed to turn around on his general direction and their eyes locked.

His heart started beating faster, the strange pulling urging him to run towards the stranger, to meet the one that the moon had chose for him. Yet his feet stayed frozen.

The stranger alpha, no, his *soulmate,* walked closer, slowly, as if they were afraid to scare him away. He almost laughed. Why would he run away from them? He finally gathered all his courage and also started walking, taking a step forward, and then another.

The time seemed to slow down when they met. His breath was caught in his throat and he could hear the other gasping as well, extending a hand and softly touching his cheek.

"You're perfect" Said the other male in a whisper, almost making Russia jump. "What's your name?"

"Russia" He answered, slowly starting to calm down, the feeling of euphoria getting replaced with a feeling of wholeness. "What's yours?" he also whispered.

"America" The other murmured, before laughing softly. "Wow. I was sure the moon had forgot about me when I couldn't find you last year. But here you are." America said with a smile.

"Maybe it's because I was kind of far? Or maybe because this is my first moon." He tried to think.

"Oh. So I'm a year older than you!" The other said amused. "Well, it doesn't matter. Do you want to know each other?"

Russia nodded, letting the other hold his hand and walking towards the clearing.

And everything felt right.

The week passed quickly, between meeting his soulmate and slowly falling in love with him. He had grown used to wake up surrounded

by the warm feeling of America's embrace, to his comforting yet strong scent, to the small kisses and the comfortable conversations, to the bubbly feeling in his stomach when his newly found partner went out hunting for him, or bringing him little gifts.

He hadn't even thought about trying to get back home, feeling whole in the company of his destined one.

This was home.

He knew he would have to get back to his pack when the week ended, but for now he could only focus on today's night. He knew when the sun disappeared into the horizon and the moon raised into the sky, he would be at the mercy of his own instincts. The thought had made him nervous, but after getting to know and live with his soulmate, he was finally ready to accept him as his partner, the one he would spend the rest of his life with.

He felt butterflies on his stomach at the idea, his face warming as a small smile made its way up to his mouth.

The sound of America's steps entering the clearing made him turn around to meet the other country a big smile on his face. He could see the orange that started to paint the sky and immediately knew the reason.

The night was falling and he had stayed. The alpha knew what it meant.

Russia had chose to stay with him.

He almost jumped when a pair of arms hugged his waist, the feeling of America's breath on his neck making him shiver. He closed his eyes, sighing in happiness.

The blue moon raised slowly into the sky.

He woke up with the feeling of soft kisses on his face. He opened his eyes, smiling at the sight of America showering with affection to wake him up.

"Good morning Rus. How are you feeling?"

He rolled his eyes, sitting and flinching at the sharp pain that crawled up his lower back.

"Well, as fine as I can after last night" he murmured, stretching his arms over his head and yawning.

"Did I hurt you?" America was quick to worry, so Russia just decided to stop him right there, successfully shutting him up with a kiss.

"Stop there dummy. You would never hurt me. I'm fine" that seemed to calm the other. "Besides, if you'd hurt me, I would have gave you at least a purple eye already."

"Well, then I'll be sure to never hurt you! Geez, you can be scary Rus!"

Russia laughed, shoving him softly on the shoulder. "Watch your words Meri. I can be a dangerous though cookie. Do you need proof?"

"I think I'll take your word on this one"

They both laughed, laying down again on the blankets America had brought a few days ago. Russia closed his eyes, laying his head on America's arm.

"Meri?" He finally said after a few minutes dozing off.

The other hummed, making him know he was listening.

"After... What happened yesterday, now that we're together... Were are we going to live? I mean, we're from different packs, right?"

The alpha seemed to ponder for a minute. "Well, I'm supposed to take the leadership of my pack in a few years. So maybe you could move with us?" He finally responded.

Russia's ears raised in surprise.

"Oh? Well, that's curious. My dad also wanted me to become the next leader of the pack. This is a little complicated now. Ain't it?"

America looked at him for a few seconds, before talking what was on his head.

"The leader? Russ, I don't want to make you angry, I'm just genuinely curious. Aren't you an Omega? I mean..." He seemed to try to find the right words.

Russia just laughed.

"Oh, I'm not mad. I Know it's a little bit weird. You see, my dad is also an Omega, but he defeated my grandpa in a fight a long time ago. He's the one in charge in our pack and he's always telling me he would love for me to be the next leader."

"Well, I think I've heard something about it... But I can't remember. That's cool"

Russia smiled. "We can talk about this later, but now I want to take a bath and I can't walk"

"Ok, ok. I'll take you to that lake and then I'll go for breakfast. Is that ok?"

Russia nodded, laughing when the other lifted him and kissed his neck affectionately.

He felt complete.

He relaxed in the cold water, touching softly the scar on his neck and smiling for what seemed like the thousand time in the morning. He was confused about what would they do, now that the mating season was over, but he was happy with living in the moment for now.

He got out of the water, shaking a little bit of the water and sitting on a blanket to let the sun dry his skin.

He jumped when he heard someone entering the clearing, relaxing when he saw America. He had taken a lot of time, he tried to talk to him when he passed by his side, but the alpha just ignored him, walking to the fire pit and started to prepare the meat.

"Meri?" He talked cautiously, wondering if there was something wrong.

"Give me a sec, I'll give you your food soon" the other said, his mind completely on other place.

Russia nodded and the next hour was filled with an awkward silence. He had put on his clothes again, and now he was just sitting on the grass, waiting for his soulmate to speak his mind.

The american finished, lending him a good portion and starting eating his own. After a few more minutes he finally talked.

"Does your father have an eye patch and red skin?" He said slowly.

Russia raised an eyebrow. After almost a complete hour of silence, this was the thing on his mind?

"Yeah, he has one. The leader of an enemy pack made him loose that eye." He said eating.

America stood silent.

"Meri, what's wron-"

"Russia" The alpha interrupted him with a serious voice. "I'm the son of UK."

What? No. That was impossible. He couldn't be.

"Your lying"

"No, I'm not. Our packs are at war. This can't be."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Russia finally snapped.

America turned around, his eyes angry but desperate "If you put a

foot on my pack, they're going to kill you! And I bet your pack will do the same to me. This was a mistake!" He said, rubbing his hands anxiously against his ears.

Russia shook his head, getting up and forgetting completely about his breakfast. "No! The moon chos-"

"The moon was wrong!" America raised his voice, getting up and trying to get closer to him but Russia just took a step back, shaking his head and trying to contain his tears.

"Don't say that" he finally choked out, a sob breaking through his throat and the tears finally falling down. He covered his face, trying to hide behind the sleeves of his sweater.

America hugged him, bringing close and burying his face on his neck. The omega tried fighting back, but finally gave up and hugged his soulmate too.

"I love you" he said in between sobs. "Please don't leave me. Please" he begged. It wasn't like him to be like this, but he couldn't phantom the idea of living the rest of his life alone. He had found his soulmate, he had found his other half, he had fell in love with the alpha and had decided to stay by his side. And now he had to face that all of this was a mistake?

"I love you too" America murmured, his voice also broken. "I'll take you home tomorrow, ok?"

They spent the rest of the day into each other's arms, trying to hold onto the moment for dear life, to memorize every little detail they would have to forget the next day.

And that night it rained.

Soviet's POV

(Shocking, I know XP)

Russia had changed since he came back after that dreadful week.

He could still remember the panic raising up his throat when, after Russia's first full moon, he hadn't come back home. He had hoped he was with his soulmate, but after seeing everyone slowly coming back to the town he had ruled out the possibility.

The days had passed painfully slow, and with every raising of the moon he could feel the fear crawling up his heart. At the fourth day he had started to stay awake at night, suppressing the need to howl to the moon to try and guide his son back home.

When the mating season had ended, with the sun raising into the sky and his son still missing, he had started to form an enormous searching party to look for him, ready to sweep all the forest if it was necessary.

Third had told him to wait some hours more and, against all his wishes, he had accepted.

Just as the sun was starting to fall, Russia had walked out of the treeline, his head low and eyes empty. At first he had been happy, but as the weeks progressed he could only grew more and more concerned.

Russia hadn't talked about his time in the forest, just ignoring the subject anytime someone tried to bring it up. Well... He didn't talk a lot, always in a depressive mood that nobody was able to get him out of. He spent the days looking at the window, or just sleeping under a pile of blankets and he had caught him crying on his sleep from time to time.

And now he had starting to disappear into the forest.

Ukraine had told him as soon as it happened for the first time, following her older brother and then running to him with worried little eyes. Apparently Russia had took some things from his room and just walked into the forest, not too far away. That had been the only thing keeping him calm, the scent of his sad son still perceivable inside their territory. The next day he had just walked back home, as if nothing had happened, same as always.

Now it happened almost twice a week, always the same.

He didn't know what to do. No matter what he did Russia seemed to shut him out, trying to stay polite, but evading everyone like the plague.

What had happened that week he had been gone?

Russia's POV

Four months had passed ever since the day he had to part ways with America and he felt completely lost on what to do.

At the beginning he had been trying to deal with the storm cloud of sadness that seemed to hang over his head ever since America had left him on the borders of his pack territory. He had felt the newly formed bond between them slowly fading as the other country walked away. The feeling of wholeness had disappeared, leaving just an empty spot on his heart that threatened to swallow him whole, and as the days had turned into weeks he had felt his energy draining from him at the idea of expending the rest of his life like this.

He knew he could learn to live with the constant pain, trying to forget the existence of his other half and hiding the scar on his neck from his family forever.

But he couldn't hide *this*.

It had started with the constant nausea in the mornings but he had payed no mind, blaming his depression for it. Then new symptoms had appeared one by one and a little bump had grown in his abdomen. He had evaded the idea over and over again, trying not to think about the terrifying scenario that could be, but now it was undeniable.

What could he do? He couldn't see himself loosing the baby, not at this stage, but the idea of facing his family was unbearable, the mere thought of their disappointed faces too much for him.

So he had decided to hide.

When he was at home he was sure to keep himself locked in his room, under a layer of thick clothes or sleeping under a pile of blankets. When he felt tired of everything, he just escaped when no one was watching and spent the time alone in a little cave he had found.

It had worked for now. He just needed to think of a plan later, maybe when things got a little bit better.

He ran as fast as he could, trying to ignore the screams of his family behind him, begging him to return.

The weeks had continued passing without him noticing and slowly he had started to get over his depression. Sure, the sadness was still there, the empty bond of his other half a constant reminder of a soulmate that wasn't meant to be, but the idea of his little baby had gave him enough strength to try to continue with his life as well as he could.

Hiding the pregnancy had become more and more difficult as the time progressed, but he had made a good job with it.

Until that very day.

That morning Belarus had brought him breakfast with her usual happiness, but when he had opened the door he had seen her eyes opening, wide as plates. He had thought nothing of it, letting it pass until he had walked down the stairs with his oversized jacket and had heard a hushed discussion.

Both of his parents were fighting, and in a matter of minutes he had understood why. His baby's scent was now noticeable for everyone, a small detail he hadn't even think about, too busy hiding the physical effects to consider something like that.

The plate on his hands had fell to the ground, interrupting the discussion, and when all the eyes had turned to him, he hadn't been

able to stand it anymore.

And now be was escaping. Or trying to escape, at least.

He could feel his breath catching on his throat as he pushed himself to continuing running, his legs getting numb with every step, and his lungs burning with the effort. He knew his dads would catch to him soon if he faltered for a moment, so his only hope was to go through an unknown territory for them, somewhere they would get lost or will not dare to enter.

He tried remembering the path that America had guided him through to take him home, following the few landmarks that he could remember from the sad memory, hoping his family would stop chasing him soon.

A stabbing pain on his belly made him stop suddenly, his tired legs giving up under him and making him crumble to the ground while he gasped in fear. He could feel his heart racing in terror when the pain grew stronger, his mind fogging with tears and desperation as he clawed at the dirt, trying to hold onto anything.

He could feel his family catching up with him, trying to talk to him and make him say something, to tell them what was wrong. But all he could focus on was on the dark spots dancing on his vision.

The world around him started to become darker. As his head fell to the side, he catched a glimpse of a red and white flag that disappeared into the forest.

And then everything went dark.

America's POV

(Finally!)

He jumped far away from the window when the door crashed open and Canada entered the house almost gasping for air.

"Canada! What have we told you about-" his father started

screaming before being interrupted.

"Brother! You need to come. Quick!" The red and white young country tried to speak, pulling him towards the door and almost making him trip.

"Can! Stop! What are you talking about?" He tried reasoning, pulling his arm away from his little brother.

"Come on! There's no time to loose! He was hurt!" Canada whisper yelled, trying to take his brother to the forest.

"Who was hurt?" Their father interrupted, his expression growing impatient. "Speak clearly kid"

"He's right Can. I can't understand a thing you're saying"

Canada groaned, ruffling his small ears with his hands before blurting the information.

"I found your soulmate! Ok? He had a baby on his belly and was on the ground and-"

America grabbed him by the shoulders, a frown deepening on his face as he tried to suppress his anger.

"Don't joke with those things Canada. Did you heard me?" He almost growled, but his little brother just screamed louder, seemingly unfazed by his dangerous aura.

"I know he's your soulmate. That's why you've been so sad right? And his baby smells like you!"

America froze, his heart thumping as he listened at his father raising slowly from his chair.

"How was your brother's soulmate Canada?" The blue country spoke with caution.

America didn't stop the young country. He would deal with his father later, but he needed to know if Russia was hurt. Was it really him? What had happened? Did he have a child? The thoughts raced

through his head.

"White, blue and red... Why? That doesn't matter, he's hurt!"

"America. Care to explain?" UK said, his voice dripping venom.

The american felt dizzy and he released Canada, falling into the sofa and holding his head.

"You hid your soulmate from us America? answer!"

He got up. Rus was hurt, he needed to see him, to be with him. He had left his other half alone in one of the most difficult moments of anyone's life, and he needed to mend that as soon as possible.

His father closed the door, looking at him with raging eyes.

"You're not going anywhere! You're going to explain yourself right now!"

"I have no time for this! I need to-" he started, trying to open the door, but the other alpha just pushed him, making him fall.

He growled before finally snapping.

"Ok! Do you want to know? I found my soulmate, yes! And he accepted me! But when I found out he was from the Soviet pack, I knew you would prefer killing him in the spot that forgetting your stupid war! I have no time for this!"

His father stood silent and he went for the door, pushing him out of the way and calling Canada. Before he started running, however, he could hear his father's last words to him.

"If you go there, forget about coming back to this pack."

He swallowed the pain and asked his little brother to take him to the last place where he had seen Russia.

He could only hope the moon could forgive his idiocy while he prayed for his soulmate's life.

He held Canada's smaller hand when they got to the last place the younger brother had seen Russia. He felt his heart clenching when he catched the scent of the taller omega, bitter with fear and panic, and another fainter one pretty similar to his own.

He followed the smell, trying nor to think of the worst possibility as he got deeper and deeper into enemy territory.

He could feel Can pressing against him, scared but still stubborn to stay by his side. He hid behind some bushes when the town finally appeared in front of them, wood cottages raising from the ground and dirt roads buzzing with activity.

The sight was beautiful, but he knew as soon as he was spotted, he would be taken as a threat.

He could feel the soulmate bond slowly awakening again, pulling him against his other half. That calmed his heart, he could still feel Russia's life pulsing from the other end, weak, but present.

He turned around, facing his younger brother and talking softly to him.

"Listen Canada, I need you to get back home. This can be really dangerous and I really need you to be safe. Ok?"

Canada shook his head, frowned brows and arms crossed.

"No! I can help you Ame, please!"

Before he could explain the red and white country why he couldn't follow him, a voice made them jump.

"Intruders! There are intruders!"

He tried to walk back with his brother, but soon they were surrounded.

"Take them to the leader" Someone said, and soon they were being pulled to the center of the town with their hands tied.

After a few minutes, the crowd stopped in front of a bigger building, where two men stood hugging. The people took a moment, apparently hesitant to break the moment.

"Leader" Someone finally dared to talk. "We found two intruders in the treeline"

The taller male turned around and America froze in place. It was the first time he saw his father's enemy, and he had to admit the man was intimidating.

"Why did you tie a kid?" Was the first thing the other said, clearly focusing on Canada. After a second without any response, the red country crouched in front of Can and untied the rope. "Are you ok boy?" He whispered smiling.

"Yes sir... Um, can you untie my brother too?" Canada spoke and America gulped when the man looked at him for a moment before something dangerous shined on his eyes.

"You" the male said through his teeth, all trace of kindness gone, his only eye filling with pure hatred.

The other man, approached, whispering something to the other, who turned around and looked at Canada before sighing.

"Hey kid, what's your name?"

"Canada! My brother has something very important to do, are you going to untie him too?"

"Me and your brother need to have a little talk. Ok?" The man talked kindly. "So meanwhile, you can play with our children! I'm sure you'll get along very well! One of the girls is almost your age"

Canada looked at him, waiting for permission.

"Go Can" he said, forcing a smile. "I'll go for you when I finish, ok? Don't wander too far away"

"Well, is decided then! Third, why don't you take him home so they can play?" The man with an eye patch told the other who smiled

and took his brother's hand, taking him away.

When they were alone the man pulled him to an empty storage building, throwing him to the ground and closing the door.

"Speak. What did you do to my son?" The man talked, looking down at him with a snarl.

"Wha- what are you talking about?" America responded.

"Don't you dare lie to me!" The man lowered his voice dangerously and America had a hard moment believing the guy was an omega at all.

"I don't know what you're talking about! I came to check on him after my brother saw him hurt." He paused for a moment. "How is he?"

The other looked at him, staring at his eyes as if he was trying to dig deep into his soul. Then he sighed.

"Who are you?"

"Name's America, and Russia's my soulmate"

The man blinked, rubbing his face and sighing.

"If you're his soulmate, why did you leave him?"

America gulped, evading the look of the older man.

"I'm the next in line to take the leadership of the UK's clan" he laughed bitterly. "Well, I was... My father disowned me this morning when I decided to come here"

The other stayed silent before suddenly asking.

"Do you really love my son?"

"Yes I do!" The younger male answered immediately, no doubt on his voice.

The man nodded before untying him.

"Ok, America. I'll trust you on that. But if you ever hurt Russia again, I'm going to make sure you regret ever being born"

America blinked, looking at the ropes on the ground.

"You're going to let me go?"

"No, you're coming with me to see Russia. Wasn't that the reason you came in the first place?"

America nodded following him to the door.

"Um... So my brother isn't a hostage or something?"

The man smiled at him, rolling his eyes.

"I wouldn't be able to hurt a child. I was being honest when I told him he could play with my children"

America smiled, walking to the building with the man.

"Thank you, um... Sir"

"Please don't call me that. It makes me feel old. The name's Soviet"

Russia's POV

He opened his eyes, trying to focus on his surroundings. He sat up, his eyes trailing down to his belly, the memories rushing back to him as soon as he did so. He sighed in relief when he felt a small movement from his little pup.

He raised his gaze when the door opened, both of his parents walking slowly towards him. He tried to find any sign of disgust or disappointment, but he found none. Instead of that, as soon as they saw he was awake they ran to him, hugging him and laughing in relief.

"Dad, father?" He whispered, his voice rough after some time without using it.

"How are you feeling Rus" talked his father Third with a smile, ruffling his ears lovingly.

"Tired" he answered honestly.

"Don't worry. A few days resting and I'm sure you'll be as good as new" said his dad resting his hand against his cheek.

He swallowed, scared to ask, but finding the need to. "Aren't you... Mad at me?"

"Why would we be mad with you?" His father asked, raising his eyebrows, clearly confused.

"Well. I didn't told you about..." he stopped, looking at his belly. "This"

His dad just shook his head with a smile.

"It's ok. Besides, we already met your soulmate."

"He's a good worker" added his father.

Russia just looked at them completely dumbfounded.

"And you aren't mad?" He repeated without believing it.

His dad sighed, holding his hand and smiling sadly. "We would never get mad at you for finding love. You are more important to us than any petty fight will ever be."

His father smiled, his sharp teeth showing. "And that would make us hypocrites, don't you think?"

His dad rolled gis only eye.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well..." The taller male started. "Our packs were also enemies when I met Third. I actually defeated my father when he asked me to get rid of you" He said bitterly.

"So you... Accept America?" He said, trying to hold back the tears of

happiness.

"Of course we do. And about that, look who's here?" His father said with a sharp smile directed towards the door.

He felt his heart racing when he saw his long lost soulmate standing in the door, his eyes wide and his mouth half open. He barely registered his parents leaving the room when the other male ran to him and hugged him softly, a sob breaking through his throat.

"Rus I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" He said with a whisper. "I was so scared to lost you. You seemed fine, but you wouldn't wake up and... I was starting to loose hope"

"What are you talking about Meri?" He said, confused. "How much time was I asleep?"

"A week" America said, tightening the hug and burying his face on his neck.

Russia blinked for a few seconds before kissing the other's cheek.

"It's ok Meri. I'm here, I'm not going anywhere. Ok?" He said, feeling the alpha melting in his arms and nodding.

"I love you" America said and he could feel a smile growing on his face, the feeling of his destined one close to him filling the gap in his heart.

"I love you too"

They spent the afternoon together, not daring to break the warm hug, giving all the kisses they hadn't been able to in those long and cold months, talking softly about the future and watching as the sun went down.

Russia watched as the moon raised into the sky, its silver light watching over them carefully. He turned to his side, were America had fallen asleep, his face pressing softly against his belly in a loosen embrace.

He looked through the window sighing in content and pure Bliss.

He knew the blue satellite had decided to intertwine their destinies together, but the future ahead of them was still a mystery... And he couldn't wait to discover it.

A/N:

Oof! That took longer than expected! But here ya' go! My longest OneShot until now ((ヽ(　˚∀˚　)ノ)) around 5500 words of theses two being angsty jajaj .

I don't know if this was what you were expecting but I really hope you liked it! And remember, communication is key in all relationships!

Anyways, I hope you're having an magnificent week and that all your loved ones are Happy and healthy! Please take care!

ʚ⋈ᵕ₀ᵕɞ₊*Bye~*♡

Snowstorm (Thirdunion Vampire AU pt 1)

Disclaimer: I don't support nazism (Ew, gosh, no, that's disgusting!!!). This is just a story of fictional characters in a little fictional world. If you don't feel comfortable with this, just skip this chapter. Thank u!

I finally got a little bit of inspiration to think of this, and the energy to do it. So, let's get started!

Third's POV

Being a vampire wasn't an easy life at all.

He had been born condemned, cursed because of the actions of some far away relative that had angered the wrong witch. That long forgotten ancestor had been too focused on spreading a reign of horror, of fulfilling his (metaphorical) thirst of blood to understand that there were creatures far more powerful than him. In result, he had ended up killing the loved one of a powerful woman, and she had used every drop of power inside of her destroyed heart to curse him and the rest of his bloodline.

'You will not have the pleasure of touching the sun once again, you will suffer the pain of watching your children rot away in despair, everyone you love will perish by your hands and your desire of blood will become your only source of life, yet you'll still live for ages, you will suffer the pain of the immortality you've been longing for.'

The woman had spoke, condemning her own soul just to make her terrible revenge reality.

He sighed.

He had learnt about the curse too many ages ago, when he was still a little kid. He remembered the somber expression of his father while he cried asking why did the sun hated him so much. Then his father had crouched, bandaging the little hand and responding him with a voice filled with sorrow.

'It's time you learn about the curse' The man had spoke and then he had told him the story.

'But we didn't do anything dad. Maybe we can tell Miss Witch that we're sorry? What that man did was wrong, and maybe all she wants is for us to say sorry!' he had retorted innocently and his father had laughed, tears on his eyes.

'It's not that easy Third, a curse cannot be undone, but I'm sure Miss Witch would be grateful to hear that. Why don't we go and lit some candles for her?' His father had said wishing for his son to keep his heart intact, uncorrupted and optimistic.

That had been a long time ago tho' and the world had made sure to strip his heart from all positive things, leaving just pain.

It had started with his father's death, when he had stopped drinking blood completely. He was sure it had something to do with a lovely young man called Poland that had conquered his father's heart. Unable to let the other know he was a 'monster' and refusing to end up killing him -like he had done with his and Weimar's mother- he had decided to die peacefully on his loved one's arms, letting the weakness of hunger and the rays of sun end finally with his life.

He could still remember the sound of the screams of the poor human when the man he had loved for a few years, had started dissolving into his lap.

But at least he had died happily.

In a way, he wished Weimar's death had been something similar to his father. His baby brother hadn't even had the opportunity of discovering life when he had been captured. After a whole week of what had been, most likely, pure pain and torture, he had been burned in the plaza of the little town, screaming and squirming to

get away from the fire until all that was left was a pile of ashes and half burned bones.

The smell was impossible to forget.

He had lost it all, and all that had been left of him was a carcass fighting to survive. His 'life' had been reduced to stay in the old family mansion in the middle of the woods, go outside to feed at night and sleep when the sun was up. The routine had become a bothersome constant on his life, but it had been the only thing keeping him together...

Until that day.

It had been just a few months ago, a mere glimpse of time on his long life on Earth, but it had been enough to shake his quiet heart, to fill it with curiosity and give him a reason to wake up every night.

It had been a pure coincidence, really, to find the human male walking on the forest. The man seemed to be desperate, anxious, or something around the lines. It was clear by the way he walked with his head low, biting his short nails and going deeper and deeper inside the forest, too close to his family's mansion to comfort.

He had been taking an early walk when he had sensed the human, immediately hiding behind a tree. It had been then when the male had looked up, finally noticing how lost he really was.

Third had almost lunged at the 'free meal' before finally deciding he wasn't that hungry anyway. The hours had passed and he'd continued to follow the man around, anxiously wanting to help him as he continued to get more and more lost on the woods.

By the time the human had starting to choke on air, trying not to cry in desperation, he had finally gave up.

He had turned his oil lantern on, stepping into the clearing just enough to let the human see the light. As soon as the other had walked near, he had started to walk to the town, making sure to always stay far enough so just the light could be seen.

He had smiled when the man had ran to the treeline, almost laughing in relief.

"Thank y-"

He had turned around and Third had panicked, turning off the lantern and fleeing home. And that had been the end of it.

Or so he had thought at the time.

Until the guy had returned, of course.

Why would a human that had almost got lost in the middle of the forest had came back the next week? Honestly, he had not idea. But there he was, standing in the same clearing with a bag filled with stuff, a smile on his face while he accommodated the things on the ground.

With the moon finally starting to shine again, the clouds letting the light into the forest, he had been able to finally see the male in detail. He had been almost pulled to get closer to those golden eyes, but the sound of the human's voice had -thankfully - stopped him.

"I don't know who you are, or what you are. But you protected me that night. Allow me to give you a little gratitude gift, spirit"

And then the male had walked back to the town, following a small trail of stones he had put this time, trying not to get lost again.

He had, for the first time in centuries, felt a small warm feeling spreading through his chest.

The gift -even if, for a part, was useless for him- had been the first true connection he had made with another living being in ages. (was he allowed to call himself a living being?) The humans he had used to feed on didn't really count, after all, how could attacking someone, biting them, drinking part of their blood and then erasing their memories before leaving them free, be called a connection?

No, but while he collected the human food and the small trinket that probably had costed the human a lot, he felt recognized for the first time. It didn't really matter if he wasn't the forest spirit the guy

believed he was, he was happy with the gift.

The next week, the man had came back, in the middle of the night too. As soon as he had felt his presence he had decided to make a little gift in return, wishing for *something,* for *anything* to happen.

The human was probably just looking if the 'spirit' had accepted his gift, but when he found that, not only his gift had disappeared, but there was also a small Ring in the same place he had left it, he had gasped in amazement.

And just like that, it had started.

Every week the human ('Soviet', Third had to remember himself) came back to the same clearing, left a little gift and started conversation. The next week there would always be a small response on paper, along with another gift Third thought the human would like.

He had started to wait impatiently for every meeting, wishing for the days to pass swiftly so he could see the other, eager for their small conversations and the exchange of gifts.

He sighed, pressing his forehead on the cold glass of the window.

The snow was falling quickly outside, the light of the last rays of sun touching the white blanket that was starting to cover the trees around the mansion. He had just woke up, excited to see the other soon, but when he had opened the curtains he felt his hopes shatter.

There was going to be a snowstorm.

There was no way Soviet could walk so deep into the forest with this weather. Not in the middle of the night, with the clouds starting to cover the sky in darkness.

He walked to his closet, pulling out his clothes slowly.

But while he got ready to spend the night alone in the mansion, he couldn't shake the bad feeling creeping on his spine.

Soviet's POV

Of course a little Storm couldn't stop him from visiting his supernatural friend. (Was he allowed to call Third a friend? Was it disrespectful?). Yes, the snow seemed to start covering everything slowly, but he was sure he would be alright.

And, of course, he didn't want to stay home with his father.

He shuddered, packing his new gift -a basket with some slices of pie, a pendant with the shape of a crescent moon and a nice bottle of wine- opening the window to his room, jumping outside with experience and running to the the treeline.

He turned on his oil lamp when he was finally sure nobody would follow him and started the long way to their usual spot. He raised his scarf so it could cover half of his face, facing the chilling air that blew against him.

The ground slowly started to get covered with white snow and the path seemed longer than ever. He was starting to question if this had been the right decision but decided to shake the idea off, focusing on the task at hand.

After a whole hour walking, his feet started getting numb, getting buried in the snow with every step, the water slowly seeping through his old shoes. He shivered, trying to wrap his cape tighter around him and holding into the basket filled with presents for dear life. It was ok. He had survived the freezing winter nights when his father had left him locked out of the house, using the dirty crawlspace under the house as shelter. He had survived and now he was older, stronger.

Though it still hurt.

He wished he had stole his father's winter clothes, but he had been too afraid of the consequences and now he was paying the price. He laughed, knowing his father's weird perspective on punishment, he would be in the same situation, trying to fight the elements alone (stealing was a sin, it didn't matter if it was to survive, would say the old man with a disgusted glare).

He cursed when he almost fell to the cold snow, straightening again and continuing his way to the place he had ended up memorizing after all that time.

He blinked, trying to shake off the Snowflakes that were accumulating on his eyelashes. He walked to the small clearing, his teeth chattering while he tried to hold onto his light cape while he looked around. There was no one. He put the basket on the usual rock, sighing when he didn't saw anything on it. Maybe even the spirits knew to avoid a snowstorm when it approached, maybe just stupid humans like him would do something as reckless as this.

The howling wind made him tremble even more, and he tried to rub his arms while he started the long way back. It would be at least another two hours, if not more, but it would be alright.

The next step made him fall face first into the cold blanket of snow and he was almost surprised when the cold feeling didn't came when he touched the ground. He tried to move his numb hand in front of his face without avail, finally noticing after a few seconds the purple discoloration on his fingertips.

His thoughts started to mix into an unrecognizable mush, not letting him even process what was happening, his teeth stopped clinking against each other and the shivering that made his body shake also ceased, finally he started to feel the warm pull of sleep bringing him out of consciousness.

He was too tired to fight the feeling anyway.

And so, he closed his eyes.

Third's POV

He tried to fight the anxiety that crawled up his spine while he read a book, his eyes constantly drifting to the cold storm outside of the window.

There was no way he could concentrate today, was it? He closed the book on his lap sighing heavily, having already tried to read the

same paragraph over a thousand times. It was useless.

He got up from the old chair, walking to the library and putting the volume back to its respective place.

The sound of the wind making the old windows rattle made him grow more and more worried. There REALLY was no way the human was out there right?

He navigated through the echoing halls of the mansion, stopping in front of the main door.

"It's impossible. Not even that human would be that reckless. Right?" He mumbled to himself, bit saying it out loud only make him even more nervous.

He rubbed his face, groaning before finally giving up.

"A little look won't hurt."

He dressed quickly, changing into thicker clothes, putting on a cape with a hood, winter boots and some black gloves and finally taking his trusted oil lamp, opening the enormous mahogany doors and stepping into the freezing night.

It wasn't like the cold would do something to him, after all he was immune to the damn thing. The blood was already still on his veins, his heart unmoving and his temperature null, the most that could happen was that his muscles would freeze and he wouldn't be able to move until it was warmer. But he wouldn't die at all.

Still, he preferred to evade that, it was a bad sensation.

He walked through the snow, walking to the usual spot were he would met the human and to the rock they exchanged gifts in.

There was nothing. He sighed in relief.

He took another step and stepped on something buried in the snow. The crawling fear came back and he crouched down to dig the snow a little. His heart jumped in fear when he recognized Soviet's basket.

He took it up, quickly trying to see were the man could have gone. That human had to be crazy, coming all the way there just to leave a gift for him.

He tried to sharpen his hearing, looking for any sign of the mortal, for any call for help, for any whimper of pain, for any breath, for any heartbeat.

But he only heard the whistling wind shaking the trees.

He shook his head, focusing on the path to the town and starting his search once again. There was no way Soviet could have made it back home with this weather. It was already a miracle he had got to the clearing.

The sight of a brown spot on the snow made him stop and when he got close he recognized the thing. It was his ushanka. He put the basket aside and started digging, panic raising when he noticed he couldn't hear a thing from the man below.

After a few minutes of work he was finally able to get to the male, unburying him and turning him around. He gasped at the sight. Soviet's usually red and lively skin was pale, purple shadows forming on his lips and under his eyes.

Third put his head against the human's ribcage, holding his breath for a moment, and releasing it when he finally catched an almost inaudible heartbeat. It wasn't late.

Taking off his cape, he wrapped the other, lifting him on his back and making the way to the mansion as fast as he could with the extra weight. He could come back later for the oil lamp and the basket, for now his main priority was to save Soviet.

He entered the building, rushing to one of the unused bedrooms and laying the mortal on the bed, running around the place to get as many sheets and covers as he could find. When he entered the room again he finally noticed the wet clothes and not wasting any time in tearing them apart.

The time stopped when he saw the deep scars that ran all over the

man's chest and back, a deep anger bubbling on his empty stomach as he swore he would kill whoever had done this.

The immortal shook his head, quickly putting the covers over the now naked human and rushing to light the chimney on the room.

He wondered if that would be enough and, for the first time, took the moment to really process the situation, walking to his own room and changing once again.

"I'll have to face him when he wakes up" he thought bitterly, looking at the dusty mirror that looked at him from the interior of the closet. He raised his trembling hand, wiping the clear surface.

There was nothing in the reflection.

He knew what he would see if he looked at himself. He had catched glimpses of his reflection on the water. His red skin was dimmer than Soviet's, no shine of life on his cheeks, eyes hollow and empty that, sometimes, glowed in the dark and the sharp fangs that every human could recognize easily as belonging to a vampire.

He was a monster, an abomination that nature hadn't created, the result of a curse that condemned him and his far away relatives until it ended with everyone of them.

How could he show himself to Soviet?

The empty mirror looked at him, a constant reminder that there was no life on his chest and no soul on his heart.

He shook his head, walking back to the room were the other male laid still.

That was the other thing that had him worried. He couldn't be sure that the human would survive through the night. Hypothermia was a dangerous thing, and even if he could close his eyes and looked for the small and now steady heartbeat of the mortal, he couldn't be sure if his body hadn't been damaged beyond repair.

Humans were so frail.

He sat in the chair he had put close to the bed. Soviet looked as if he was just sleeping, the paleness and discoloration hidden by the shadows that the fire projected on the walls. He extended his hand towards the other's fingers, touching them softly. They were still too cool.

The hours passed between him keeping the fire still and checking the pulse of the mortal, making sure he was getting warmer. The storm started subsiding after some time and, when he was sure Soviet wouldn't die without his constant watch, he decided to go outside and look for his poor lantern and the gift that had caused all of this.

He left the mansion, coming back just when the sunrise started shining in the horizon.

Soviet's POV

He opened his eyes, confusedly trying to figure out where he was. He scanned the room trying to sit up but falling against the mattress once again. He groaned when a headache started spreading from the back of his skull and towards his eyes.

The distinctive sound of steps made him look up again, forcing himself to try and sit once again.

"Don't force yourself" the man's voice came from the door, the person still hiding on the shadow of the door. "You almost died back there, is obvious your body is still weak"

Soviet blinked, trying to remember how he had get here. "What happened to me?"

"You tried to walk into the forest in the middle of a Snowstorm. Hypothermia almost claimed you to the other side. You know? You were out for almost a week. I was starting to think you wouldn't wake up" the man responded, his back towards him while putting a metal tray on a little table close to the bed.

He relaxed when he catched the smell of food, his stomach growling

loudly and making him blush in embarrassment.

"Here" the other said before turning around and helping him sit correctly, putting some pillows behind his back to support him. Finally he put the tray on Soviet's legs, and helping to feed him.

How could this man be so kind? He wasn't used to this, and the patient smile on the other's face did nothing to answer his question.

When he finally finished he tried asking.

"Why are you helping me? I'm just a random stranger that got lost around here."

The stranger took the tray, walking to the door and finally giving an answer after a few minutes.

"Well, I guess there's no point in hiding that. My name's Third Reich. So we aren't total strangers"

Soviet blinked in surprise, his mouth slightly open. "So the spirit was just a guy all this time?"

The other laughed softly. "What? Are you disappointed?"

The golden eyes male just smiled, relaxing against the bed. "Nah, if something I'm happy to finally meet you"

When he looked at the window he finally noticed the heavy curtains that let the moonlight into the room.

That was interesting.

A/N:

Off! I was planning to make this one in a single chapter but this is kinda long. I'm sorry for letting a little bit of a cliffhanger, but I pinkie promise the next chapter is going to be the second part of this story ｡:ﾟ (;ʘ̆∩ʘ̆;)ﾟ:｡.

Anyways, I hope you're doing fine, and all your loved ones are ok too. Please stay happy and healthy.

If you're not at your best remember that everything goes, the sun will shine upon us once again. Stay strong, you're not alone. 🤍

Love you!!!

(´∩。• ᵕ •。∩') Bye!~

Snowstorm (Thirdunion Vampire AU pt 2)

Disclaimer: I don't support nazism (Ew, gosh, no, that's disgusting!!!). This is just a story of fictional characters in a little fictional world. If you don't feel comfortable with this, just skip this chapter. Thank u!

Soviet's POV

He walked around the halls, touching carefully the soft carvings of wooden doors, standing in front of enormous paintings and humming as his feet echoed on the lonely space.

A few weeks had passed since the day he had woken up on his friend's mansion, and he had been recovering quite nicely.

Third had taken good care of him until he had been able to move on his own, and now he tried helping the other in everything he could, trying to stay another day more. He knew he would have to go soon, but neither of them seemed really happy with the idea, always evading the subject and contently spending the day together.

Or should he say night?

That was something he had been noticing just now that he could roam freely out of the bed. Third would always wake up after sunset, starting his routine when the sun disappeared into the horizon and the moon started raising. Not even once had they have a "normal" day and the curtains of the place were always drawn at day.

Of course Third had told him he worked at night, so he had gotten used to the weird schedule, but he hadn't seen him get out of the

house too much, just a few nights a week.

Like this one.

He sighed, wondering what his "not so supernatural friend" could be doing right now. The guy was a strange mix of weird and wonderful, and he was having a hard time processing all of it.

They had been building their day to day slowly, getting to know each other in the middle of silences and conversations -now that he thought about it, he had never *seen* Third talking-, they passed the time together, dividing chores, and making the other company.

Some days they had spent the night cleaning the enormous house, dusting shelves and mopping floors, even if they knew the place was too big to ever finish it with just the two of them. Other days they just sat at the library, reading under the light of candles and sometimes sharing the plot of their respective novels, with dramatic voices and all.

He continued walking, entering rooms and passing halls, sometimes recognizing places he had already seen, and sometimes just getting lost. The minutes passed, and he soon found himself in front a flight of stairs he had never seen before. Curious, he entered what seemed like a new floor that guided to another wing of the mansion.

The air was thick in here, the smell of humidity and old stuff reaching his face in the form of cold but heavy fumes.

He entered a long hallway that ended in an enormous door, the walls filled with new portraits, seemingly a lot older than the ones he had seen before. The clothes of the people in the paintings was one he had only seen in some of the paintings of the antique church, paintings that had belonged to another church in other place, before the construction of the town itself.

He wondered for a minute how old this place really was.

If the mansion had been here even before the town, it had probably been completely isolated from the rest of the world. Why would Third's ancestors choose such a lonely place to live?

He sighed and continued walking, approaching the black door at the end of the hallway. He pushed it with all his strength, but it didn't move an inch. He took a few steps back before running to the door and pushing it with his shoulder, but it stood still.

He huffed. He considered himself a strong man, but this door had to be made of something awfully heavy to not even tremble under his weight.

He walked back to the stairs, making his way to the main wing of the building and slowly finding the way to his room. Just as he was about to open it, the sound of the main door made him stop.

Third was back.

He looked at the window, seeing the first rays of sun and deciding to go find the other to welcome him home.

"You're back from work, how was it?" He said, smiling to his friend as he took off his cape and jacket, his back towards him.

"It was fine, same as always. I bought you some clothes your size on the way back." The man said, turning around and giving him a package before starting to walk to the stairs.

Soviet looked at the gift, warmth spreading through his chest and face. "You shouldn't have. Clothes are expensive."

The other laughed, shaking his head and the taller male wondered how was his face when he did.

"Nonsense. You've helped me a lot and I'm sure you're tired of using those old clothes everyday. Besides, I can afford it. Don't worry about that."

Soviet smiled. "Thank you. Do you want me to close the curtains?"

Third turned around with a surprised face before smiling and nodding, entering his room. "You already know me that much?"

"I don't think so, I just know is your time to sleep. Did you already ate?" He responded, closing the curtains and looking out of the

window as the other changed into his pajamas and sat on the bed.

"Yes. Did you?"

Soviet nodded, remembering the kitchen. It was almost empty, just enough food for him. He had never seen Third eating. Did he?

They talked for a few minutes before Soviet walked out of the room, closing the door and walking around the place, closing all the curtains he had opened at the beginning of the night.

He walked to his room, changing and sitting on the soft mattress. He looked at the package that rested on the end of the bed, giving up and deciding to take a peek inside. He took the fabric between his hands, surprised at the quality.

"Isn't this too much for someone like me?" He murmured at the elegant clothes, but even thinking that, he couldn't fight the smile that spread through his face.

Now that he thought about that, Third had been almost the first person to ever give him a gift.

He fell asleep with a heart filled with warmth.

The days continued their course and Soviet could feel something strange changing in the air between them, the silences when they shared a room had grown more comfortable, the small touches of the man sent shivers up his spine, the sweet praises made his heart flutter inside his chest and as time progressed he found himself always expecting for their shared moments.

He sighed, trying to organize his feelings as he ate alone on the enormous but empty table of the mansion.

It was obvious that he felt a spark of comradeship with the other after they had started exchanging gifts, after all he had always been an outcast on the little town.

He could still remember the first time he had scaped home, excited

to play with other children his age. He had walked to a little group, wanting to join them on their game, but then they had looked at his eyes and screamed, throwing rocks at him until he couldn't move.

He had learned that he was different, and started cowering away from everyone ever since then, using the only cloak he possessed everytime he went to the town or walked through the streets.

But Third hadn't reacted weirdly at the golden color of his eyes, taking care of him and enjoying his company without even talking about it.

Maybe it was because Third was also different in a way, living in solitude away from everyone.

He finished the meal, walking to the kitchen, cleaning the plates and then walking outside, were the stars shined on the dark sky. He sat on the stairs in front of the enormous door, sighing heavily.

The point was that he had began to feel something different in the presence of the other, and he couldn't quite understand what it was.

He yawned. It was getting late and Third hadn't come back.

The first rays of sun hit his skin, the warm sensation almost alien at this point. He had almost forgotten how beautiful a sunrise could be. He smiled as he kept on watching the star raising into the sky, closing his eyes as the air around him filled with the energy of a new day, life slowly awakening around him in the form of birds singing.

The sound of hurried steps and a groaning voice he knew very well made him open his eyes surprised and the sight of figure running towards him made him jump.

"So- Soviet" the raspy voice of the stranger pleaded before falling into the ground and just then he finally noticed the well known clothes of the owner of the mansion.

He got up fastly, lifting the man in a panic and entering the building, running upstairs towards Third's room and putting the man on the bed.

He inspected the burnt body, almost crying as he cut the upper clothes and found solid and black skin, cracked like pieces of coal. He couldn't understand how Third was still alive, gasping in pain.

He had never seen something like that, and he had his good share of scars of that kind. Not even the cross that his father had imprinted on his back with a homemade branding iron had seemed like that.

He took a bucket of water and a piece of cloth, and when he softly touched Third's face the man finally relaxed a little.

He ignored the fangs of the man, focusing on taking care of him all night.

He walked into the town, filled with fear and adjusting the Cloak tighter around him.

He entered the store with the head lowered, collecting all the plants he would need and paying quickly before leaving.

He had learned some things about medicinal plants from when he was younger. A lovely granny had taught him a lot of stuff after seeing him trying to steal apples from her garden and finding about the torture he lived at home. She had taken him under her wing, golden eyes filled with care, telling him he had talent and being his only caretaker before passing away.

She was the reason he wasn't completely illiterate and knew how to take care of his wounds on his own.

He knew probably the rumors of the town would get worse if they found out he was still alive and was living with someone who was clearly not human. But even if it was dangerous to come back to the town, he needed to calm Third's pain.

He hadn't close an eye all the night before, but he had seen Third's pain worsening so he had decided to come back for the few things he needed.

He entered the building, walking to the kitchen and preparing the mix. He muttered the words the woman used to sing while she worked everytime he visited her with a new wound. He hoped it would with Third too.

He walked to the other man's room and felt his heart wrenching with pain as he saw his laboured breathing. He sat next to the bed with the bowl on his hands before slowly talking to the other male.

"I made something to calm the pain, I hope it works on you so you can sleep."

After a few minutes Third was sleeping peacefully, no more pained gasps leaving his mouth.

He sighed, walking to the library of the mansion, ignoring the tiredness that washed over him and looking for any clue of how to save the other.

He couldn't loose another loved one.

He stopped dead on his tracks, remembering the question he had been wondering before Third came stumbling out of the woods.

He shook his head, focusing on the task at hand once again. This was just another reason to keep on looking for a cure. He would tell Third when he woke up.

The hours passed as he rummaged through the library, growing more and more impatient as the time progressed.

He groaned, rubbing his tired eyes and huffing in desperation.

"Come on, come on. Were could he have a weird ass text talking about what the hell he is and what to do in these situations?" He murmured between his teeth.

For all he could remember, Third had said there was only one library on the whole building, something about 'keeping everything organized'. He pressed his temples, trying to force his brain to give him something else.

And it did.

He gasped at the idea. The room. The room at the end of the hallway and in the abandoned wing of the mansion.

He ran through the place, trying to remember how the hell he had ended up there and after almost half an hour he finally succeeded.

The long hallway stood in front of him, and he wondered how would he open the heavy door that stood in the darkness. He approached the thing, the black wood opaque from time and humidity and the handles filled with rust.

He tried to localize any kind of tool that could help him and, just as he almost gave up, he finally saw a long metal piece, probably part of the frame of a window or something.

He breathed in and out, holding the thing with both of his hands and charging against the door, plunging it on the space between the two doors and were the mechanism of the handles should be. He heard an echoing crack and he pulled the thing out and repeated the process, time after time.

He jumped when he finally felt the last bit of metal falling into the floor and he promised himself that he would say sorry to Third when he was completely ok. He pushed the door with all his strength, and slowly the door started moving, screeching as it moved.

Soviet stopped when the crack was enough for him to pass, huffing in exhaustion at the heavy door.

He entered a spacious room, the ceiling so far above that it melted with the darkness. Tall and narrow dusty windows let a few pale rays of light into the place, dust hanging in the air. On the floor, dozens of stone rectangular boxes made clear that the place was some kind of mausoleum, connected to the main building by the long hallway.

Soviet sighed in frustration, rubbing his face.

He had entered this place thinking about finding a solution, but all

he had done was enter a sacred space and disturbed the dead. He looked around, finally forcing himself to walk deeper into the spacious room, hoping to find anything that could be a clue.

A shiver ran up his spine as he passed by the hidden bodies of Third's family and he wondered when had all of this started. Was this the reason for their secluded mansion? He shook his head when he saw something on the distance.

He ran to the pedestal that was on the opposite side of the entrance of the room, mumbling furiously when he saw a metal box on the top of it. With a huff he used the metal rod to break the lock and found what he had been looking for all this time.

The book with Third's family story.

He opened the pages softly, wishing none of them would crumble on his hand, and just started reading.

Third's POV

He felt the darkness around him start to dissolve, a far away sound pulling him out of his deep slumber. After some minutes he finally identified the sound as an almost inaudibly voice, seemingly worried. He tried to concentrate, wanting to furrow his brows and open his eyes to see the owner of the distressed calling, but finding himself completely paralyzed.

A few moments passed and he felt a pull towards the light, the feeling of something dripping into his mouth being the first thing he felt before snapping his eyes open and inhaling air in a single gasp.

He started to come back to his senses, trying to understand what was going on.

His skin was sensitive and hurt, as if he had been submerged on boiling water for just a second before being pulled out. Also, he could feel the taste of blood on his mouth and a heaviness on his chest. He gazed down and recognized Soviet hugging him shaking in a weird mix of laughter and tears.

He tried talking, but all that came out was a raspy growl, his throat instantly hurting in defiance.

"Don't talk yet. You are still healing from that. Gosh, for a moment I thought I would loose you. I was so scared." The golden eyed male said in a hurry, getting up and rushing to stop him.

Maybe the look of confusion was too clear on his face, because the other started explaining.

Apparently the guy had entered the familiar mausoleum after breaking some stuff to do so, apparently, after all Third had locked up the thing after Weimar's awful death. Then, he had read the book that talked about the curse, and that every member of the family had filled with their own experiences to maybe help others. He had finally understood what he was -a vampire- and what he needed to recover -blood- from some of the things some of his ancestors had written, and decided to cut his hand deeply enough to save him.

The poor man turned pale suddenly.

"You were almost unrecognizable, all burnt and hroken and then, you started convulsing and I was so afraid you were going to die, or break or... I don't know"

Third smiled, holding the other's hand and trying to calm the other. He would have never imagined that there could be someone that would worry so much about him, even after finding about his horrid nature.

If his heart could beat he was sure it would be racing right now.

"I just." The human continued after a moment of silence. "I can't loose you."

Third tried his voice again, letting out a raspy whisper. "Why would you care about a monster like me?"

"Cause I love you dammit!" Soviet turned around before realizing he had just confessed and looking at the other side oof the room once again to hide his red face. "I don't care if you don't feel the same. I'll

help you, I won't let you alone. Maybe I can even break the curse. Who knows?"

Third smiled, reaching the other's face and pulling him closer, giving him a small peck on the lips before whispering a small "Thank you".

He pulled the mortal to the bed, and they passed the rest of the day cuddling and sleeping, too tired to go with their routine.

For the first time in centuries, Third was looking forward to see what tomorrow would bring, and even if it was impossible that Soviet could break the curse, he was sure he would finally find happiness.

What he didn't know is that, in the middle of his investigation, Soviet had found something really interesting. Something his father had mumbled in the middle of his painful beatings, something the old woman had said softly when she had met him, something the kids in town murmured when they met him and something he had always ignored, putting it aside with the other supernatural myths of the region like shape shifters, fairies, spirits, ghosts... and vampires.

But he couldn't ignore it now.

Cause the woman on the story used to have golden eyes.

A/N:

Ah yes, we finish this story with a mistery hahahha . I'm so sorry, this was getting too long, so maybe I'll do another part later, but for now I'll leave it here.

Also, yes, Soviet is a witch (I just found out that the term can be used

with males too, interesting). And his father was one of those fanatics that want to destroy everything they don't understand. So maybe they could break the curse together □(. ❛ ᴗ ❛.)□. But that's another story.

Anyways, I hope you're ok, and every person you love stays healthy. Please take care.

Bye!~

ლ(◕ω◕ლ)

A paradise far away from the city lights (Amerus AU pt 1)

America's POV

He walked down the street, eyes fixed on the gray concrete of the road. Small puddles from the last rain reflected the neon lights of the city turning them into a senseless blur of bright colors. He ignored the sound of the cars passing by, the murmur of the crowd that walked quickly to the metro station and the music that started to blast from one building or the other.

He was tired.

It had been a long day at work and his mind was still ringing with the sound of his boss's voice screaming for a report, the taste of bitter coffee still fresh on his tongue and the sound of the keyboard of his office still plaguing his mind.

This cycle had ended. Finally. After an insufferable long week, this cycle was finally over and he could go home for the night, sleep without a care in the world, and have a whole weekend for himself.

He sighed.

He should be happy with the idea to spend a weekend relaxing, but something was bothering him.

He raised his gaze, taking his time to look around him.

The city was buzzing with activity, people getting out of their works, bars opening for the night and cars rushing down the road. Just like any other Friday night in the never sleeping city. There wasn't anything particularly different about this, just the old sight he had always known.

The feeling was still there.

He walked to the bus station, to the back of the line, still trying to find the reason behind the alien feeling. He climbed the stairs without really paying attention, sitting in a free seat with a window.

He slowly drifted to sleep, his body tired and the same bugging feeling buzzing on his mind.

"Sir, excuse me"

The voice made him jolt awake, interrupting some weird dream he was having and making it dissolve into thin air as he opened his eyes.

"Sir, I have to return the bus now. You have to get down"

He didn't comprehend fully what was going on, so he just took his suitcase and mumbled an apology, getting off the bus and trying to see his surroundings.

He was in the middle of nowhere.

He shook his head, finally aware of his situation and jumping when the lights were turned down. He tried to run after the last man in the parking lot, almost tripping a few times.

"Hey! Wait!" He screamed, finally catching up with the other country, gasping for air.

"Sir. What do you need?" The man responded, clearly trying not to lash out at him. Apparently he wasn't the only one tired after a long day at work.

"Look, um... Finland" He read the name tag on the uniform of the driver hoping to reach for a feeling of familiarity. "Do you know if there's any way I can get back to the-"

The man just interrupted him.

"I'm going to be honest with you. There's no transport here around

this hour, that was the last bus of the day and I just want to go home with my wife and call it a day."

Finland seemed to catch his defeated expression because he was quick to add something, clearly trying to cheer him up a little.

"There's a house at the end of the town that rents rooms for a night sometimes. I could guide you there if you want. Is on my way home anyway."

America weighed his options, finally nodding and following the white and blue country through the lonely dirt roads. Had he been so tired? Clearly he hadn't noticed the bus literally leaving the city, and now he was trapped in a small town he hadn't even heard of.

"I'm sorry to bother you this late at night man." He whispered after the long moment of silence.

"Don't worry." The man said, stopping suddenly. "There it is. Just knock the door and they'll answer. Good luck." He said before disappearing into the silent streets, simply waving goodbye.

Now he was alone.

"What do I do?" He whispered into the night. He had accepted to come here, but he couldn't afford paying for a room. He had just money for the bus ticket and maybe a bag of chips.

He lessened his tie, walking for a little while and looking for a bench, a park or something. The air was warm so maybe he could pass sleeping outdoors for one night, but it could rain again at any moment. He almost groaned when the only working streetlight in the area started flickering, dying after a few seconds.

A sigh escaped his lips, the heaviness of exhaustion installing on his shoulders like a bird looking for a nest, which, ironically, was kind of what he was at the moment.

Well, at least it was Friday, so he wouldn't have to worry about work tomorrow.

He turned on the lantern on his phone, almost laughing in relief

when he saw the battery still at 90%. For the first time in ages he was kind of thankful of his boring life with almost no friends at all. No texts, no calls, no notifications meant he had a source of light in the middle of this mess of a day.

The minutes passed as he continued walking, trying to find any kind of comfortable place, but to not avail. Instead he found a very small dirt path that entered the surrounding forest.

He stood there for a few seconds before deciding he had nothing to loose. If he couldn't sleep the night away, at least he could try to find something to do.

A quiet laugh escaped his lips as he started following the path, the memories of a long forgotten childhood making their way to his brain as he skipped rocks and puddles. He could remember going to abandoned buildings and mystery paths with Canada after classes, always hoping to find a ghost or the proof of a cult in there.

Maybe they had never found anything, but the small adventures were something precious for him until his life had started to turn into a constant and boring routine.

He hadn't talked with Can in ages.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when the sound of music reached his ears. It was faint, sure, but perfectly discernible from the sound of the forest at night.

Maybe it was a bar or something, hidden in the middle of the forest.

He could go there, spent his little money on the cheapest beer of the place and, hopefully, stay there until morning.

It sounded like a plan.

He ran through the path, careful to not slip and following the music with relief.

The sound of a single voice singing along with the song made him stop suddenly. He paid more attention, trying to hear the sound of multiple people, but found nothing. He walked towards the place,

slowly, the voice of the male getting closer and closer, until he could finally see a light.

He turned off the light of his phone, stepping into a small clearing, were the light came from.

A cottage like house raised from the ground surrounded by an almost magical garden, filled with both decorative and edible plants. Here and there stood apple trees, squashes and tomatoes, vine grapes crawled up wood fences and flowers bloomed facing the sky. He could barely recognize the sunflowers and lavender among the mostly unknown plants.

The voice he had been following for quite some time made him jolt when it started singing again. Only then he finally noted the young male that was crouched on the ground, pulling some potatoes out of the dirt and putting them in a wooden basket while he sang along the music of an old radio.

He took a step forward and the sound of a stick breaking under his weight made the other get up quickly, turning around and facing him with a shocked face.

After a few seconds of silence the two tried to talk at the same time.

"I'm sorry I didn't intend-"

"I haven't seen you around-"

They looked at each other and then laughed at the awkwardness of the situation.

"Sorry, you go first" America said, putting the hands on his pockets sheepishly. The other nodded with a smile.

"Well, I think I've never seen you around here. Are you lost or something?" The man talked softly.

"Oh... Actually that's exactly what happened." America scratched the back of his neck nervously. "I fell asleep on the bus home, and when I woke up I was here. I have no money to pay for a room, so I just started walking to pass the time and... Here I am, I guess"

The guy opened his eyes in surprise.

"You had to be really tired to fall asleep all the way here. That bus takes hours to get here. You haven't sleep lately. Right?"

The american looked at the other in surprise, before sighing.

"I guess it's true. The boss had me and the others to the office all week. Haven't close an eye for three days." He said, laughing it off.

"Well..." The guy started, rubbing his arms and seemingly thinking about it. "I can't give you money, but maybe you could sleep on the free room in the house."

America blinked. "Are you sure? I don't want to bother you. I would prefer to be able to pay you something"

The other hummed for a second before his eyes shined and he smiled suddenly. He was kinda cute.

"Well, do you have work tomorrow?" He asked happily.

The white country shook his head.

"Then you could help me with this. " The strange guy signaled the garden in general. "I need a little bit of help and you could use a change of routine."

America thought it for a moment. It sounded nice.

"You're too kind. Doesn't it scare you to sleep with a stranger under the same roof, tho?" He said with a teasing smile.

"Pfft, you look like a classic workaholic that doesn't have the energy to even try and kill a bothersome mosquito." The guy laughed, signaling at him to follow inside of the house. "Besides, you'll stop being a stranger as soon as we present ourselves."

They stopped in a beautiful small kitchen and the guy turned around, lending a hand towards him. "My name's Russia. How are you called Mr. stranger-that's-gonna-sleep-under-my-roof?"

America laughed, shaking the hand formally. "The name's America Mr Russia. Such a pleasure to meet you."

Russia nodded, putting something on the stove for the two of them. "Oh, so You are a gentleman, I see I see." They continued playing around.

Soon, both of them were eating comfortably, just talking normally about random stuff.

Before the white country noticed, the strange feeling of anxiety had disappeared without trace.

America cleaned the sweat that dripped from his forehead with the back of his arm. He looked at his work and smiled when he saw the clean area, weeds gone and the ground ready to plant again.

He was proud.

"Hey there, I made us some lemonade!" Russia's voice came from the other side of the garden and he walked there sitting on the stairs of the house and taking the glass with a quick 'thank you'.

They drank in silence, looking at the immense and beautiful sight. The Russian finally talked.

"You know? Is good having some help. Usually this would take me days to do on my own."

"Well, it could be even faster, I'm a newbie in all this stuff." He said laughing a little.

"You're not bad, for a city guy, of course" the male said with a teasing smile.

America pushed him playfully.

"Ok, but really? I could grow used to this. It is nice. As you said, a good change of routine."

"Good to know. You should come and help me out sometimes then, I'll pay you with a bed to sleep and a meal to fill your stomach" Russia said, half joking.

America thought about it for a second.

"You know? That sounds good."

Russia smiled nodding.

"Well, better get back to work. I still have to prepare the marmalade and let some potatoes fermenting." He said getting up and taking America's glass and taking them to the kitchen.

"Wait, do you make those?"

"And other stuff. I sell them in the nearby towns. There's really no point in selling some of this stuff in a rural area, I wouldn't be able to survive" Russia answered from the kitchen.

The white country watched the garden with even more respect. To think this guy kept all of this by himself while he just followed orders in an office.

The nagging feeling came back to him, but he shrugged it off and got back to cleaning the ground as the taller country had showed him, following the steps carefully and focusing on the task.

And just like that the hours continued passing.

He woke up at the sound of birds chirping, branches rattling against each other and the faint sound of the shower down the hallway.

Opening his eyes he slowly sat on the comfy bed, yawning before finally deciding to get up. He walked down the stairs and outside, rubbing his arms as the slightly cold morning welcome him and walking were his clothes had been drying. They were a little humid from the recent dew, but nothing unusable.

He entered the house once again, walking to the second floor and

entering the shower when it was ready. He got ready ina matter of minutes and when he walked downstairs again he was met by the smell of breakfast.

"Good morning" came the calming voice of Russia from the kitchen and when he walked there he found the guy making pancakes.

"Morning" Responded the american with a smile, and for a moment he couldn't shake the warm domestic feeling of it all. He really missed living with another human being. How much time had he passed alone in a apartment getting sick with loneliness?

"Those are yours" said the taller male pointing at a plate filled with a little pile of golden pancakes. "You can put some marmalade or butter, they're on that cabinet" the guy continued before looking at him.

"Thank you, you shouldn't have" America answered with a sheepish smile.

They ate, making small conversation and America helped washing the dishes while the other packed a few things on his truck. Apparently, there was a dirt road on the back of the house and Russia was going to take him to the bus station on the way to the market.

He finished, walking back to the room he had used the past two nights and taking his suitcase. He walked out of the house and through the back door, sitting on the porch while he saw Russia finish some stuff.

"Ok. Ready to go?" Russia asked as he entered the vehicle.

"Meh, to be honest I'm not." America said laughing and the other smiled at him sadly.

The way to the bus station felt too short and the white country sighed, a heavy feeling installing back on his chest.

"Hey, I just wanted to say that it was cool to habe you in the house, so..." Russia started playing with the sleeves of his sweater. "So if you want to come here it would be nice, the house feels lonely

some times"

America looked at the red country with a smile. "I would love to. Can I have your number? That way I could call before coming."

"Oh! I don't really have a cellphone, but I could give you the number of the phone of the house." Russia said, while writing it down on a piece of paper. "Also, take this. Is a 'thank you for your work' little gift" The other added, putting the note over a jar of marmalade.

He thanked the other, taking a little bit of extra time looking at him before walking out of the car and waving goodbye.

He walked to the bus station, bought a ticket and waited.

He sighed.

He couldn't wait to come here again.

A/N:

How is it that the last stories I've been writing are longer than the first ones? Yeah, I had to separate this in two parts too (□□□). This is going to turn into a two shots book hahahha . Sorry.

Please bear with me and this newly found impulse to make long stories. (´-□-' ;)

Anyways, I hope you're having a beautiful week, please stay safe and take care.

Bye!~

(。・ω・。)ﾉ♡

To resign or to oppose (France x UK Royal AU)

He walked from one side of the room to the other, anxiety eating his brain as the time approached and all that he could think about was a certain blue, white and red country.

He sighed, sitting in front of the mirror and pulling a small brooch from the interior of his jacket. The thing was barely the size of a grape and had a painting of the eye of his beloved France. He had used it for years, a secret way of having her close to his heart when he couldn't hold her hand in public.

They had met a long time ago, when they were children.

His older brother England had decided to try to make amends with France's father and call for a reunion. In the meantime, the both of them had been left with some servants to play in the gardens.

He had always been shy and quiet and maybe that was destiny's reason to put his and France's path together. She was everything he didn't have, she was brave, adventurous and good with the sword and, being like that, she had approached him and pestered him until they became friends.

Ever since that day they had grown used to visit each other, to play together, running around the gardens and hiding from the servants together to steal cookies and when the lecturing came, France was always in front of him to take the blame. She had always protected him.

Then his moment to return the favor had come.

The tricolored country had always been a difficult student when it came to the formalities of royalty. She couldn't stay still for a four hour lesson and the angry spats of the teachers often made her snap.

He could still remember when the girl's father had invited almost every neighbor Kingdom to a magnificent ball. His carriage had entered the gates with all the usual trumpets and presentation of the occasion, and he had been the last one to get down. France had walked to him and, completely ignoring the etiquette, had lend her hand like a gentleman for him, just to pull him into a hug soon after.

He laughed at the memory, holding the brooch close to his face and giving it a little kiss. How much he wished he had kissed her at least one time.

The memory came to him once again.

They had walked into the garden, two days in front of them until the ball started, giving everyone time to travel there and take a night of rest. The taller girl was holding his hand, guiding him to her favorite new spot in the palace, which ended up being a tree.

He had sighed, before finally following her and sitting on a branch with her. Time had passed and they had watched the sunset together, shoulders touching and eyes focused on the far away horizon.

'I hate this, everything will be boring. The only thing I'm really excited is about the food' she had said with a cute pout.

'Oh, come on France, the most fun thing to do in a ball is to dance. Of course the food is also high on the list, specially the desserts, but you could give other things a try' he had tried to reason with her.

'Easy for you to say' she had huffed, but he had pointed at the tree in a silent *'Well,-I'm-climbing-a-bloody-tree-with-one-of-my-favorite-shirts-for-you'* look.

'ok, ok, I could try other stuff... But no dancing' she had said, covering her face with both of her hands.

And then he had understood, that France had never learnt how to dance.

He had make it his special mission to teach her, taking her to the

gardens and making it fun for her.

Her father had been in awe when they had entered the circle of dancing couples, and she had done it pretty well. They had actually have fun, dancing together closer than what was allowed, stealing lots of food (they had learnt that a crinoline was actually a pretty good hiding spot), going outside and skipping the boring part of the ball.

England had lectured him so much after that, but of course he would never tell that to France.

A knock on the door made him jolt, pulling him back to the present.

"Can I come in?" Said the well known voice of Scotland.

He nodded before remembering he couldn't be seen. "Yes, you can" he said, cringing at the slight tremble on his voice.

The blue country entered the room, completely ready for the ceremony. Sadness filled his eyes as he saw Britain haunched form.

He sighed.

"Come on brother. Cheer up a little, you can't have that long face on your own wedding."

UK frowned. "Ah, yes... 'my' wedding" he murmured.

Scot rubbed his shoulder understandingly. "It's not that bad. I promise you it gets better with time."

The blue country felt his voice breaking when he spoke again. "How? Tell me how it will get better?"

The older brother smiled sadly. "Well... I don't think you can fall in love with her, specially when you already seem to have someone you love... But you can become friends and respect each other."

Britain didn't said anything, but he could understand what this meant. 'You can just resign' was the well hidden message of the older male, one he had learnt in years of a loveless marriage made

for the sake of power.

He didn't want to live a life like that.

He closed his eyes, allowing a single tear to drop into the small brooch that rested on his hands.

"Please brother, don't cry over something that cannot be. It's not worth the tears and pain." His brother tried to persuade him, crouching slightly and giving him a hug, but he just broke down completely.

Ah, his dear France was worth every single tear inside of him. No. He would cry the seven seas for her. Loosing her was like loosing his own life, or at least it had to be, because he felt like he was dying.

And it was all because his brother had decided to break the alliance with France's dad. Now he would never confess to her, ask her to be his one and only, kiss her.

It was over and the time had come.

Scot helped him get rid of the signs that he had been crying, and as he accompanied him through the lonely halls of the palace, he whispered a single sentence.

"Just wait a little bit, ok?"

Britain sighed. Even if he waited, all that was there for him was a loveless union and a depressing life in front of him.

He was met by England, who took him down the aisle to wait for his future wife.

The sound of "here comes the bride" was played from the side of the place, as the enormous doors of the room opened to show the stranger that he was going to marry to.

The woman was beautiful and the dress was made with great expertise, he wouldn't deny that, but he couldn't feel a single thing as the noble girl walked towards him, taking the hand of her father

with a smile plastering her face.

He felt himself getting lost on memories as the priest talked for what seemed like hours.

"United Kingdom of Great Britain, do you take this woman to be your wife, to live together in holy matrimony, to love her, to honor her, to comfort her, and to keep her in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?"

How was he supposed to accept that? He couldn't love this woman, he couldn't swear to be hers. He sighed, looking towards England with a look of desperation on his eyes that the other either ignored or just didn't see.

He returned his face towards the stranger, gulping the knot on his throat.

"I do" he said in a neutral voice, but deep inside he could feel his heart echoing against the walls of his body, emptying all that he was and all he had wanted to be.

"Portuguese Republic, do you take this man to be your husband, to live together in holy matrimony, to love him, to honor him, to comfort him, and to keep him in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?" The priest continued, not reading into his empty eyes.

Britain looked at the woman, who seemed as troubled as him, even with her unmoving smile still intact.

"I do" she said, her eyes looking at him, but lost in a world completely different, maybe also thinking about an impossible love.

Guess nobody really a wanted this wedding to happen huh?

He sighed, closing his eyes as the priest opened his mouth to start the vows, but opened them suddenly when he heard a far away noise coming from outside, traveling over the sound of soft music.

He couldn't try and discover the sound, because in a matter of seconds the tall doors of the room were open with incredible force

and someone entered riding a bloody horse into the wedding.

"I oppose!" The person screamed, their silhouette contrasting darkly against the light outside.

A collective gasp was heard from the crowd as everyone's eyes got used to the light, finally recognizing the person that stood on the horse, sword drawn as she got down to face the marrying couple.

"France, darling" was all UK could force out of his mouth, his throat closing as the feelings poured into him like a storm.

"I'm here" she said with one of those sweet smiles of hers, before being rudely interrupted by the head of the Kingdom.

"What is going on in here? What kind of sick joke is this?" The white and red country spat, getting up and looking at his younger brother.

France moved in front of Britain, her posture relaxed but ready to attack.

"I won't allow you to put a finger on UK"

People started whispering, gossiping about the possible reasons behind the sudden interruption, and this only seemed to drive England even madder.

"What do you think you are doing Britain? Were you courting the daughter of the enemy all these years?" The man spoke with eyes filled with a mix of anger and betrayal.

UK stuttered, shaking his head and trying to explain.

"England, please stop. I- I wasn't courting her, there was no need for something like that! We've met for so long that it just happened!" He started hiccupping, his eyes filling with tears again. "I cannot help but to love her, brother!"

France looked at him, turning around and drying his tears with her free hand, eyes filled with all the love of the world.

"So you really love me too" she said with a little smile.

The voice of Portugal made the both of them turn around.

"I actually have something to say." The woman in the wedding dress said, her voice trembling. "I also do not wish to continue this wedding, for a love someone else already"

Everyone gasped and England walked to them with big steps, France raised her sword threateningly to make him stop.

"Come here right now United Kingdom! I will not allow you to betray us because of some stupid feelings! She's the daughter of the enemy!"

France looked at him, asking something in a whisper as the older man continued rambling.

"What do you want to do?"

The blue country looked at her, taking her hand and lowering his head. "I want to stay with you"

France nodded with a smile and interrupted England.

"Know this, England. The man you call your enemy died a week ago. I have decided, as the only heir to the throne, to not follow his steps of war and death. I can't change your mind, but I can promise you this: I love your brother, and together we can bring the peace that people hope for... We'll write you in a week to give you some time to think about it."

"A week? What are you-" The confused face of the red and white man was replaced by one of anger when France climbed back into the seat of the horse, helping the British male and riding out of the room.

"Chase them! Don't let her get out of this building!"

The smaller male watched as hell broke loose behind of them, guards appearing on the hallways, nobles standing up to gossip and see the scene better, England's angry screams and Scotland's proud

smile.

He turned around and hugged France, ignoring the sound of marching soldiers, taking a deep breath and relaxing immediately. His dear France smelled like flowers, sugar and freedom. It was fitting for someone like her.

After a few hours they finally lost the guards and soldiers.

Britain sighed in relief, a tear scaping his eyes, and soon another one followed.

"Are you ok?" Said France, worried when he heard the sobs of the smaller male. "If you want to we can go back and-"

"No" he said shaking his head. "I'm just so happy to see you again and to have you with me... I missed you so much I felt like dying"

France smiled, stopping the horse and turning around as best as she could.

"Hey, look at me" she whispered, taking UK's hands out if his face. "That's better."

He smiled at her, a small blush crawling up his face.

"I missed you too. But now we are together. Ok?"

He nodded, drying his tears and looking at her nervously.

"Can I- um... Can I kiss you?" He murmured, his face getting ever more red.

France felt her heart beating fast, her face warming.

She smiled, taking Britain's chin and tilting his head as she closed the distance between them.

They both melted as their lips connected, hearts fluttering and eyes closed.

It would be ok. As long as they were together.

Bonus!!!!:

UK smiled, sipping a cup of tea as their children sat on the ground around them, eyes in awe at the story.

"Mmm. Now that I think about it.... How did you know exactly when to appear to oppose the wedding? I thought you hated the formalities." The smaller male said, looking at his wife who just smiled.

"I didn't. Scotland told me to just interrupt the wedding screaming 'I oppose'. So I just did that" France said with an eyebrow raised. "Is there supposed to be a precise moment for it?"

UK sighed, rubbing his face with an unamused expression. "Yes, you're supposed to enter when the priest asks if anyone is against the wedding. Also... Don't you think it was a little over dramatic to ride a horse to the room?"

The tricolored country laughed. "Oh! My first idea was just to scream I opposed and then just pulling you into the horse like in those storybooks we used to read. But I figured I wouldn't be able to do that without it being a crime. What a shame."

The British groaned playfully, looking at their children. "Please don't be like your mom"

America pouted. "But dad, that sounds so romantic! I promise to break into Russia's wedding with a horse and then kidnap him!"

The blue country turned at his wife, pointing at their older son with a 'Look at what you've done' look and the woman just shrugged.

"I think it's adorable"

Before Britain could start rambling about it, she got up of her seat, pulling her husband's chin softly and kissing him. He immediately relaxed, sighing when they separated.

"Ok guys, story time is over and it's time for your classes." She told

the kids and they started mumbling about how boring it was. She laughed. "Oh come on! Don't you want to learn how to dance like in our story?"

That did the trick and soon the children were running to the ballroom to meet their teacher with an enormous smile on their faces.

She turned around to see her husband, taking his hand. "Now we have a meeting to attend. Are you ready? This is going to be tiring."

He nodded, getting up and smiling at the taller woman as they walked through the hallways.

Everything would be ok... Because they were together.

A/N:

Ah yes, finally another France x Britain story on this book!!! I had this idea from a long time ago, but finally felt the inspiration for this! (□∀□)

Also! Did you know there were a victorian (I think it was Victorian) tradition called the "lover's eye"? You basically git a small painting of your beloved's eye, made it into a brooch, a bracelet or a necklace, and then carried it around to keep them close. It was adorable, so I wanted to put it somewhere around here. (We should bring the "lover's eye" back to fashion (□□□), really)

I hope you enjoyed this little happy thing, cause I'm writing some Angsty and dramatic OneShot for the next one XD. I'm sorry.

Anyways, I hope you have a wonderful week, stay safe and take care!!!

(「'• ω•)「 Bye!~

To die of a broken heart (Amerus Omegaverse AU)

Warning: This chapter contains angsty angst, insinuations of cheating and a little bit of blood. Also, this is on an Omegaverse context.

If you're uncomfy with these, please skip this chapter.

Also, I'm sorry (。ŏ﹏ŏ)

Russia could tell there was something wrong.

It had all began almost a month ago, when America had came back from work late, silent and distant. He had thought nothing about it at the beginning, knowing the white country had a pretty exigent work under his father's company, but as the days had passed small details had started to be more and more noticeable.

It had begun with the smell of woman's perfume on his husband's shirts, the alcohol on the man's breath and the complete lack of affection. He couldn't count how many times he had tried to approach the white country, wanting to talk, or just needing a hug, just to be shoved aside.

He sighed, drinking a cup of tea, the TV lighting the living room as he waited another night alone. He Flinched when the program talked about another omega dying from a broken bond, buried memories coming back to him.

He shook his head and changed the channel, trying to focus on the present, besides even if America was really cheating on him, at least he wouldn't mark another person. Right? He wouldn't be that heartless.

He bit his nails, trying to ignore the clenching pain on his heart.

The sound of the door opening made him stop his train of thoughts and he decided to left the cup aside. He wouldn't allow America to evade him again, no, they were going to talk wether the other liked it or not.

He got up, crossing his arms and watching unamused as the alpha stumbled to turn on the lights. He huffed, walking there and turning them on himself.

"It's two in the morning America" he said, turning around and facing the slightly smaller male. "Are you finally going to talk to me?"

The clearly drunk country blinked before responding. "What are ya' talkin'bout? I'm tired, move"

Russia frowned even deeper. "What were you doing? And don't you dare tell me nothing cause I'm done with that."

"Was jus' drinkin with a friend, now lemme sleep" the other said again, this time effectively moving him out of the way.

"America! You can't keep doing this! Weren't you the one that told me we would face our problems together?" Russia tried to hold the other but was just ignored. "America!" The door was closed on his face.

And then he was alone in the hallway once again.

He let a sob finally break through his throat. What was he supposed to do now? Lowering his head he walked to the living room, laying on the couch and turning the T.V. on once again, the sound making him feel a little less alone.

He fell asleep crying.

America's POV

He jolted awake when his boss slammed a pile of documents on his desk, all his stuff stumbling and almost falling to the ground with the aggressive action. He watched as the man walked back to his

desk, glaring angrily at him.

Of course he knew the reason behind the other alpha's aggressive ways.

It had all started when he had been transferred here after a promotion and had quickly started to climb the corporative ladder. Everyone had started making rumors about it being because he was the alpha son of the CEO when, in reality, that wasn't even half true.

His dad, being a beta and knowing very well how unfair the system could be, had decided to not give him any advantage, just giving him feedback on how to get better. He had got here fair and square, just like everybody else, but his boss was one of those old school alphas that really thought they had to assert dominance everytime they could.

He sighed, rubbing his temples and getting back to work, a pounding headache shaking his brain from the night before.

Ok, he had to admit maybe he deserve today's attitude.

Taking another sip of bitter coffee to help his hangover, he continued with his job, inputting manually all the physical receipts piled on the uncomfortable desk.

He couldn't understand why he kept doing this. He wasn't even used to drinking that much, but everytime Spain offered to go and relax in a bar after work, he couldn't find it in himself to say no, even if the feeling the day after was awful, and he couldn't remember a single thing.

He guessed nothing good was happening, seeing how every morning he would find Russia, his dear husband, more and more silent and distant. He was always left with anxiety as he said goodbye.

'Did I say something wrong?'

'Did I got home too late?'

'Maybe I forgot an important date?'

The thoughts always ended up swirling around his head, mixing with the symptoms of the hangover, but he didn't know how to say sorry and ended up making the same mistake, over and over again.

He rubbed his neck in discomfort, getting up after finishing with the pile and walking to the bathroom. He washed his face, sighing after finishing it.

At least today was the last day of the cycle, and Friday. Everything would get better after this, and maybe he could even go home early tonight, talk with the taller omega and clear things up.

He smiled. That was a plan. Yeah, he would be finally be free, they could go somewhere nice. Hell! he could even ask for all the vacations he had skipped and they could plan the trip Russia was always talking about.

He wanted to hug him so bad.

He loosened the tie of his suit, getting back to his desk, almost ready to see another pile of stacked up receipts and documents, but all he found was an empty office.

"We're done. Pack your stuff and go home." The commanding voice of his boss said grumpily from the other side of the room.

"Yes, sir. Sorry for all the problems I caused today. I'll be sure it never happens again" he excused himself, ignoring his ego and recognizing his fault.

The other just nodded, grunting.

He walked to the elevator, taking out his phone and ready to call Russia. But suddenly a yellow hand snatched it out of his hands, a sweet female laugh following soon after.

"Hey there América!" Came the familiar voice of Spain.

"Hey, I was about to call my husband at home. He's probably worried." He replied, walking out of the elevator and trying to get

his phone back, just for the red and yellow country to take a step back, a pout on her face.

"Aw. But I thought we would celebrate today! We're finally free from that hell! I promise you this is the last time! After today I'll return you to your lovely husband, I promise!!!" The beta girl said with a smile.

He sighed.

"You said that yesterday too" he started, but the sad face of the girl made him stop. He knew she was going through some family problems right now, and her best friend had moved away with his child to another city. She was probably alone. "Ok, geez. But this is the last time!" He finally accepted.

The woman jumped into the air like a teenager after graduation and started pulling him towards a new bar.

What was he getting himself into.

He was completely drunk.

His mind was swimming in a pool of alcohol, and the thoughts were difficult to grasp as he tried talking to the female on his side.

"Do ya' think he doesn't love me nomore? He's been so cold to meh the past days..." He whined as he asked for another shot.

"I think ya' deserve better. He's such a wet blanket, not letting you have fun" she said with eyelids half closed. "If he doesn't know how to treat you, he should at least share you."

America laughed just drinking the thing that the bartender had put infront of him in a single gulp. "You're funny Spain"

The woman got closer to him, hugging his arm close to her chest and smiling at him with that weird but almost cute smile of hers.

"Why don't we go upstairs and have some fun? We deserved it! We

finished work two days before the limit!"

He smiled, laughing as the beta pulled him to the stairs, paying for the both of them and guiding him to the second floor (this thing had a second floor?) he just let her pull him, too lost to care.

Russia's POV

He passed from one side of the room to the other, stress piling up on him as the time passed.

He held the small ultrasound against his chest, wondering how the hell was he going to tell America about this. Yeah, they had been trying to have a baby for almost two years, but he didn't expect to have one after all this time, specially not right now.

Was that the reason he had ran after a woman? He hadn't catched the female's second gender, but maybe the white country had decided he wanted a cute female omega that could actually have pups.

He shook his head. No, Meri had told him that he was just drinking with a friend. Yeah, sure, his husband's boss had just called about them finishing work early, and the alpha wasn't anywhere to be seen, but he was probably just with his friend. It was ok, he couldn't be controlling, that wasn't healthy for any relationship.

He tried to bit his bails, just for his teeth to find nothing. Oh, if his father was alive, he would lecture him so bad. He laughed a little remembering the old days when he used to whine about his dad putting garlic on his fingernails just to make him stop.

He wished his papa was here. He felt so alone and vulnerable.

He raised the small picture of what would later become a little and beautiful baby, and caressed it with his thumb. Well, maybe he wasn't completely alone, after all, he had a little miracle right there with him.

It was going to be ok. Meri would love to finally have a child, and

everything would go back to normal.

America's POV

He came back to his senses when a deep pain erupted from his chest, making the fog of alcohol disappear from his system in a second.

He fell to the ground, gasping and holding the fabric over his heart in a trembling fist, trying to process what the hell was going on.

After a few minutes of almost thinking he was going to die, the pain finally subsided enough for him to try to catch his surroundings.

He raised his head, looking at his female coworker sitting on a bed, her face filled with worry as she looked at him. He frowned when he saw the beta holding her shirt closed and soon the smell of blood made him paralyze.

Just in the space between the neck and the shoulder, blood trailed from a wound that Spain tried to cover in panic, clearly sobering up too.

He looked at her for a second before she finally broke down.

"I'm sorry. God I'm so sorry!!! I promise you I didn't want this! I just wanted to get drunk and forget everything, and you were so nice to me-"

He stopped listening, getting up and putting on his jacket before storming off the building in fear, running faster than he ever thought he could.

'what have i done? What have i done?' his mind screamed as he ran through buildings, passing streets without looking and pushing anyone that stood on his way.

He had felt the bond ripping with every cell of his body, his whole being screaming at him for his betrayal towards his partner.

But omegas had it worse. Too much worse. He had heard the stories, he had promised never to do something like that, but here he was, begging for Russia to be part of that small percentage that survived.

He didn't care if the taller omega would rip him to shreds, or if he was going to be met with a knife on the throat, all he wanted was for the other to be alive when he entered the house.

He took his keys out of his pocket, his trembling hands making them fall into the ground at least two times before finally being able to open the door, loosing his balance when he did so.

He started screaming his husband's name, rushing through all the first floor, but not being able to find him. He ran to the second floor, checking all the rooms before finally getting to their room.

He felt his body froze for a moment.

"Rus? Honey, are you there?" He said in a whisper, wishing the tricolored country would just walk to the door and lecture him for being a mess and coming so late at night.

He jumped when a chocking sound came from the room, opening the wooden door in a single movement.

Russia's POV

He held his chest with both of his hands when a painful and invisible stab took him by surprise. He looked down, waiting to see a gunshot or something similar, just to find nothing.

What was going on?

His thoughts were interrupted by an ever deeper kind of pain, his breath getting caught on his throat as he fell into the floor, his legs unable to support him anymore.

The world around him started fading, and all he could focus on was on the ever growing pain inside of his chest, a ghost fire burning his

heart to ashes as he blinked in confusion.

He tried screaming, but the taste of iron on his tongue made him stop. Turning around, he tried to hold into the carpet, his lungs begging for air as he scratched at the floor helplessly.

He felt his thorax forcing him to gasp, only to break into a coughing fit when instead of air he was meet by blood filling his trachea.

Spasms started shaking his hole body when the oxygen stopped flowing through his system, the burning pain on his heart raising as he felt the well known presence of America being ripped off his mind.

And he finally understood.

His husband had cheated on him. No. His husband had broke the bond.

He was going to die just like his dad, wasn't he?

A far away sound made him try to stay awake as his body started to shut down, everything feeling like submerged under water.

All these years, all this time together, and at the end he was left alone, chocking on his own blood as his chosen one marked another person.

He felt the floor disappearing under him as something lifted him off the ground, making him sit straight and screaming something, but he couldn't understand a thing, the sound seemingly too far away.

He tried touching the person that held him, but as he raised his now heavier arm, his body finally decided to give up, weakness winning over his resolve.

He felt the air around him slowly getting colder, as he fell into unconsciousness for the last time on his life.

And all he could feel was the cold and painful grasp of betrayal on his heart.

America's POV

He tried desperately to keep the taller male conscious, begging for him to hold on for a few more minutes, the ambulance was almost there!

He let a sob break through his pained chest as he saw Russia's eyes turning in, all the spasms and trembling slowly stopping at once as his head fell to one side weakly, blood trailing down his chin and to the ground as gravity claimed the now still body.

"No, no, no, no. It was a little mistake, please, please!" He whispered in shock, shaking the now unmoving body of his dear husband, his voice raising in volume as he received no answers. "Don't take him away from me! Please! I BEG YOU!"

His screaming voice was only met with cold silence, just the far away sound of sirens approaching breaking the heavy silence that threatened to swallow him whole.

The next minutes became a blur as a crew of people entered through the open door of the house, running towards him and pulling the cold omega away from him, restraining him when he tried to get up and get him back.

They couldn't take him away from him!

He tried to fight, but he was met by multiple police officers pushing him against the ground, letting him to watch helplessly as the paramedics tried to revive the russian without avail.

He felt his eyes trailing to a forgotten object in the floor in front of him.

All the tears came rushing at once when he saw the small ultrasound. He trashed around, screaming and kicking, before a sharp pain shot through the back of his neck as he was sedated.

And all he could feel was the destroying and unbearable feeling of guilt stabbing his heart.

He looked down at the male that had been his partner for over eight years, his soul clenching at the painful sight.

Even if the funerary had covered all the signs of Russia's distress during his death, America knew better than to trust the peaceful picture presented in front of him.

The russian omega laid on a casket, using the same suit he had used the day of their wedding all those years ago. Surrounded by flowers and with that calm face that made him look like an angel, Russia seemed as if he was just sleeping after a long day working from his computer at home, too tired to get out of his clothes.

The alpha knew perfectly this was just the careful work of a mortician. He had saw his partner distressed look and swollen eyes as the paramedics tried to bring him back to live with no success.

And it was all because of him.

He could feel Russia's brothers staring at him with hatred and he couldn't find it in himself to feel angry at them. No. He deserved every ounce of hate that came towards him, both from outsiders and from himself. Besides, he knew why they were mad.

Russia had been so careful during all their relationship, always wary about being marked too soon. They had waited a whole year after the marriage, talking about it and putting boundaries.

He could remember the tricolored country getting lost in memories, watching through the window as he finally told him the reason behind his cautious attitude, describing with detail the gory death of his father on the kitchen floor as he and his siblings watched in fear, not able to do a thing.

The ambulance had arrived too late. Just like his case.

But, adding to the awful crime, he had also killed their child in the process... He was even worse that Russia's alpha father, wasn't he?

The funeral was long and depressing, and as he walked back to an

empty home, he felt the last part of him dying inside of his chest. He opened the door to their bedroom, laying on the bed and silently turning into a ball on the empty side his husband used to occupy.

As tiredness washed over his body pulling him to a restless sleep, all he could think about was that he had no real reason to stay alive anymore.

He didn't deserve it.

A/N:

I don't know were all the drama came from, but I cried Everytime I returned to write and edit this chapter ｡:ﾟ (;⌒';)ﾟ:｡. So yeah, if yo excuse me, I'll go cry in a corner as I post this.

Anyways, please take care and have a nice week.

Bye!~

(. ❛ ᴗ ❛.)

Snowstorm (Thirdunion vampire AU pt 3)

Disclaimer: I don't support nazism (Ew, gosh, no, that's disgusting!!!). This is just a story of fictional characters in a little fictional world. If you don't feel comfortable with this, just skip this chapter. Thank u!

(Also, prepare to see the word 'witch' one thousand times, and brace yourself for some inaccurate magic (☞ﾟヮﾟ)☞.)

Soviet's POV

He walked carefully between the trees, his hooded cloak hiding his face from the sun that shone brightly through the leaves, casting shadows in the air of the forest and reflecting softly on the small particles of dust that hung in the air.

He had walked out of the mansion while Third slept, just like he had been doing for the past few days. Every day, when the sun raised in the middle of the sky, he would walk out carefully, smiling at the sleeping vampire with eyes filled with love, before finally walking to the house of the old woman that had taken care of him when he was a child.

Ever since the day he had accidentally learnt about his heritage, he had sworn to look for a way to break the awful curse that weighted over Third's family, even if that meant giving half of his soul in the process.

Walking in the abandoned cottage, he felt nostalgia washing over him as he touched the rotting wood of the once beautiful place that had been his real home for some time.

He sighed.

He knew there had to be something here that could guide him in

any way, after all, the golden eyed woman -now an obvious sign of a witch- had recognized the dormant power inside of him, and had taught him at least some things to connect with it before passing away.

She was the reason he could *feel* the world around him as he did, the *energy* that moved through the trees, the water and the dirt, the *ligh*t that came from the sun, the moon and the stars, and the *warmth* that came from inside of his heart. All the feelings that could explain why he had run into the woods every time he felt he was in danger, looking for the comforting sensation of the life buzzing around him, even if it could kill him.

But it hadn't been enough.

He was deeply grateful with the old woman, but he knew she had been forced to part too early, when he had still a long way to go. And now he didn't even know what to do.

He closed his eyes, trying to at least find any trace of the calming aura that the elderly woman used to have when she was alive, but he was only met by the sound of the little creatures that had made their home into the ruins of the house.

Now he was back at the beginning, without a clue about what to do next.

He felt lost and lonely once again.

He huffed, sitting on the ground, hugging his knees and resting his cheek against them, a mix of urgency, grief and loneliness swirling inside of him.

A little reflection hit one of his eyes, making him blink in confusion as he tried to look for the origin, just to find it was coming from a small compartment hidden between the steps of the small stairs of the house.

Extending one arm, he tried lifting the top of the step, raising his brows when it moved easily. Kneeling in front of the secret space, he opened a wooden chest that rested inside of it, just to find what

seemed to be a series of old notebooks.

He knew what it was as soon as he recognized his name on the covers.

His dear granny had left something there for him after all. He held the objects carefully close to his chest and let out tears of happiness.

She had remembered him.

He smiled as Third's cold lips kissed his own, the soft feeling of their intertwining fingers making his heart flutter in pure bliss. He wasn't exactly frozen cold, just room temperature, warm enough because of the covers to not make hugging him uncomfortable at all.

He laid on the bed as the other pulled him down, hugging his waist and whispering good night (or day?), spooning him with love. He closed his eyes, deciding to take the precious opportunity to sleep to regain his strength.

The next night would be when he would finally complete the initiation, finally unlocking the power inside of him and turning completely into the thing his father had feared the most.

He had to admit he was kind of nervous.

Following the notebooks of the kind old lady, he had slowly understood the world around him and the abilities that would come after the initiation, getting ready for a whole lunar cycle, and it was finally happening.

He felt his eyelids growing heavier, his breathing getting slower as he fell asleep.

His dreams were filled with weird signals and when he opened his eyes at sunset, he made a note to himself to be cautious.

Third and him made their usual routine, before the vampire went out to feed, giving him a sweet kiss.

He waited half an hour, writing a letter about going to the forest before finally stepping out and walking through the trees.

Following the pull from his chest, he walked to a clearing he knew would be the perfect place for the occasion. He sat, took the last notebook out of his bag and started making all the preparations.

Just as he finished, he shook as the trees started rustling against each other, a cold wind blowing out of nowhere and shaking the forest with force.

Even then the flame of his lantern stood still.

'You have finally found your way to us' came a distant voice suddenly. He felt his heart jumping with joy as he recognized the kind tone of the woman. *'I've been waiting for you.'*

He got up, turning around to see his non blood related granny, sitting behind him with one of her kind smiles. *'Do you finally know what you are?'*

He nodded, responding immediately. "A witch"

The wind blew once again, the leaves on the trees screaming at his affirmation in proud cheer.

'And do you know what you want to do?" She said, golden eyes closed, but he could almost feel them watching at his every move.

"I wish to heal... Will I have to give my soul to the devil?" He added, gulping in fear.

The woman shook her head laughing softly. *"Only terrible curses and damnations carry that awful price. Are you thinking on doing something of that nature?"*

He shook his head.

The older female smiled kindly at him, her eyes filled with pride as she rested her hand against his cheek softly. *"You always had a kind heart, even after all the horrors that idiot of a man put you through. Don't ever let the cold pain taint your soul, for that is a fate worse than*

death for any witch"

He comprehended then the real cost that the woman from the story of Third's family had payed for this curse.

Eternal torture.

"I promise to never do something like that granny." He said with conviction.

'Then brace yourself, my child, for only through pain will you be able to reach into the light to use its power. I promise I'll be here when you wake up" The woman said nodding.

He bit his lip, clenching his eyes closed when a feeling of electricity ran through his spine, pain spreading from his backbone to his whole body as he screamed in agony, his surroundings disappearing into darkness as his body trembled and fell to the ground, his vision getting engulfed by black as his ears ringed.

He woke up a few hours after, strange dreams of symbols and voices hanging in the back of his head, which felt groggy as it tried to soak in all the new information. He could feel the power rushing through his veins as he watched the world around him with new eyes. The feeling was almost overwhelming and he had to rest for a few more minutes before being able to get up.

He gave a hug to the old woman as she disappeared into the night, saying the goodbye that he had never been able to and walking back to the mansion with a new feeling of wholeness inside of him.

He was finally the person he was destined to be, and with this strength he could finally help the person he loved.

And for the first time in his life, he didn't felt weak and vulnerable.

As soon as he entered the mansion he saw the other turning around in surprise, his eyes opening wide as he scanned him, apparently trying to understand what was different with him.

Soviet smiled nervously, approaching the immortal before finally speaking.

"I have something to tell you Third." He started, taking the other's hand and pulling him towards one of the living rooms. They walked in silence, sitting on an elegant couch before he finally decided to continue. "Some time ago I discovered the nature of the curse that has haunted your family for generations... But I also discovered another thing. I kept it a secret until it was official, but tonight I finally made a decision."

Third held his hand before speaking. "I can feel something is different about you... What happened?"

"I'm a witch" Soviet said, lowering his head and biting his lip, looking at the candle on the table, its flame pointing at his direction like a magnet, a clear sign of the recent initiation.

The vampire stood silent for a few seconds, but finally talked in a trembling whisper. "Are you sure about that choice?"

Soviet turned around, surprised to find a scared look on the other male, who held his hand as if he was going to disappear at any moment.

"I'm scared to loose you" Third continued. "Do you know how's the life of any witch? Do you know what those bastards could do to you if they find out?"

Soviet smiled sadly, pulling his hand from Third's grasp and starting to opening his vest and white shirt.

"I know most of witches suffer horrible fates. But... I suffered pain even before the initiation. Third, I'm sure you've seen my scars, but I've never told you who made them..." He whispered, looking down at his bare chest, scars filling every corner as if he was a cutting board. His eyes filled with tears when some of the memories came back to his mind.

"My father knew I was going to be like my mom from the very moment I was born, when he saw the 'mark of the devil' upon my

eyes. She was hung soon after she gave birth to me, and I never really met her. He decided to punish me for the sins I hadn't committed. I-" He breathed in, drying a tear that scaped his eyes, staying silent for a few seconds before finally continuing. "I was so scared... So weak. And then you found me, and you saved me."

Third looked at him, sadness filling his eyes before he pulled him to a hug.

"You also saved me. And you're not weak Sov, I can assure you that."

Soviet relaxed on the hug, burying his face on the other's shoulder.

"Third, this is who I am, what I am... I've never felt this complete in my life. And now I want to try and save you, to finish that horrible curse once and for all."

"Thank you" the immortal whispered, his voice filled with emotions.

Soviet groaned, huffing as the final detail scaped his grasp once again.

They had spent weeks trying to understand the curse analyzing every word carefully while Soviet practiced his new abilities. In between books, potions, spells and conversations, time just seemed to pass restlessly and without a care.

He closed the old book of Third's family carefully, putting it on the metal box once again before laying his head against Third's shoulder.

"It's ok, this has been this way for centuries and, even if we don't find a way, I'll be happy to have met you nonetheless." The vampire said with a smile, his fangs slightly on view.

Soviet sighed.

He knew this was going to be hard, but he didn't want to give up. He didn't want to have to walk away from the smaller male, but if

they didn't break the curse, it would force him to kill his loved one.

He had read it multiple times on the book. If they loved someone, they would end up killing them after a few years, almost always in horrid ways. One of them had described it as being trapped inside his body while another thing killed the love of his life.

If it came to that, he would have to go away. But he wanted to break this thing before that.

Sighing he closed his eyes trying to check all they had discovered until now.

The 'thirst of blood' of Third's ancestor, had become literal with the curse, and the witch had used the blood of her lover as an conduct when drawing the symbols on the ground around her.

The darkness in which the cruel man used to hide to commit his crimes, was turned into a literal weakness against the sunlight, and she had used the symbols of fire and the sun to represent this.

Then, there was the immortality fact. Apparently vampires were hard to kill, but they weren't really immortal. They just had a pretty long life and ended up dying of external causes, but not from old age. The fact they could survive some pretty awful things was probably a cruel twist to the immortality that Third's antecessor had been looking for.

Things got complicated when it came to the death of everyone any of the descendants could love. She had probably connected her own love and grief for her lover, using her soul as a bargain. The cost of a life was another life, and the cost of a death was another death. Her soul had probably been suffering with every death, paying the price of the curse almost as painfully as the cursed family.

It sounded awful. Why would anyone go to those limits?

And finally their strength, some of their powers and abilities, were probably a side effect of the curse. You couldn't take so much from someone without paying a price, so the world had gave them these things as a kind of compensation for the too extreme damnation.

He sighed, closing the curtains with a little spell he had made just for that and laying his head against Third's shoulder.

He knew some things he could need to reverse the curse, but there was something still missing.

The price for a life was another life.

To get Third back to normal they could offer Third's own immortality, but that seemed to not be enough. No. Someone needed to actually die, a heart had to stop in order to make the vampire's heart beat for the first time.

They had made multiple attempts, trying new stuff, but nothing seemed good enough.

He felt the other giving him a kiss on the head.

"Hey, let's go to sleep. We'll think about it later"

He nodded, huffing as they walked upstairs, his mind still trying to look for an answer, but he came empty handed.

A/N:

I was hoping I could finish this story in this chapter, but I guess that won't be possible. I already have the last chapter of this series written, so don't worry the end is near (• ▽ •;)

I hope you enjoyed this even though my knowledge of true magic is pretty limited (□□□) . Ha ha ha, anyways, the last part will be a bumpy road of emotions, so be prepared.

I was supposed to post a Reichpol Soulmate AU OneShot today, but since I wasn't able to finish it, I decided to post this one.

Anywaaaays , please take care, I hope you're having a wonderful week!!!

ʕ´•ᴥ•ʔ *Bye!~*

Bruises and how to heal them (Reichpol Soulmate AU)

Reichtangle's POV

It had all started when Reichtangle was 8.

He had been eating with his family like any other day, when suddenly, a big bruise had appeared on his cheek and just a few minutes later on his knees and forearms. He had gasped at the feeling of pain and with a voice filled with panic had ran to his mother's seat to tell her what was going on.

His parents had looked at each other and, after a few minutes, had decided to let the food on the dinner table and talk in the living room. They had told him about his destined one then, explaining to him that any bruise or wound that any of them got, would show on the other side of the bond.

'That's the reason we tell you to be careful when you're playing or exploring. Your soulmate could end up hurt if you hurt yourself, and you wouldn't want that. Right?'

He had nodded, fascinated with the idea of being connected to someone like that, but as the time progressed, he and his parents had started to worry.

Almost everyday his other half would get hurt, purple and dark red spots filling his body, barely leaving space for them to heal.

The years had continued passing with bruises always spotting his body. He had grown used to the sudden pain that came with his other half and, saddened to think about his poor soulmate, he had always attended them with care. He had gotten used to kiss the pain goodbye, wishing that, through the bond, the other could feel that they weren't alone.

Now, there was something he had noticed ever since he was 15 about his soulmate. They had become stronger, the broken ribs and purple eyes turning into swollen knuckles and smaller bruises, so now he was sure that they weren't suffering some kind of domestic abuse. It was more likely that his other half just got into a lot of fights.

And he tended to win quite often.

Reichtangle sighed, watching with no surprise as his knuckles turn a deep shade of red, his skin trickling with pain. He waited until the pain stopped growing, washing the bruise and giving the area around a little kiss in a well memorized routine.

He walked out of the shower, putting on a shirt, a brown vest and brown elegant pants. He bandaged his knuckles before putting on some gloves. He was a rather big man, and he was sure if people caught him with bruised knuckles, they would scape his workplace and think he was a mafia leader or something on the matter.

Smiling in amusement, he got into the bus that would take him close to his small business, closing his eyes all the ride there and trying to ignore the pulsating pain.

He couldn't shrug the fear off, though.

It didn't matter how many times the person at the other side of the bond won, he couldn't shake the feeling of fear that came with every bruise. What if they stopped winning? What if they got beaten? Or stabbed? Or shot? They were not immortal, after all.

When the bus passed through his stop, he pressed the button close to the door, getting down and raising his arms into the sky as he stretched. The bus was really small for him... Another bad thing about his damn height.

He started walking towards the direction of his small bookstore, enjoying the faint breeze that blew against him, refreshing his mood immediately.

The sound of people screaming profanities at other person reached

him just before a painful jab on his stomach. He walked a few steps, finding about four guys surrounding a smaller one, who clutched his midsection with an expression of pure pain.

He froze, watching as the red and white male got up slowly, huffing. The others laughed, but soon one of them stopped when a fist collided against the side of his face, blood trailing down his mouth as he fell into the ground.

Reichtangle was sorry for this guy's soulmate.

He jumped when he felt the familiar burn on his knuckles, perfectly corresponding with the punch of the smaller male.

Wait...

His suspicion was confirmed when the stranger was thrown into the pavement, immediately feeling the scratch of the other's elbows. He flinched, finally deciding to stop the fight before they hurt his soulmate even more.

"Well, isn't this kind of unethical? Four guys against a smaller one, seeing that, I think it would only be fair that you fought me instead." He said, rolling his shoulders as he took one of his gloves off.

For once the stigma surrounding him would be of good use.

He watched amused as the men started running away, looking back to see if he was chasing them. He was happy they hadn't decided to fight him, he wasn't really good at that kind of stuff.

He turned his gaze back to the red and white country that was starting to get up, his body shaking seemingly too weak. He ran and helped the other, supporting his weight -which was alarmingly low- and asking a few questions.

"Hey, you don't seem good. Mind if I take you to my business? We could treat your wounds there." He said calmly, receiving a small nod from the man.

He walked slowly through the few blocks away from the small

local, his mind rushing with thoughts. What was he supposed to do now? The guy wasn't clearly in a good moment to realize they were soulmates and it was kind of obvious that he was in an environment were this type of situations were common.

After a few moments of thinking, Reich finally decided that he needed to help the smaller male first. He would think about the rest later.

They entered the bookshop and he put the other on his desk, closing the store for the day and focusing on bringing his first aid kit from the bathroom. It was a good thing he was always prepared for this kind of situations.

"Ok, let me check your ribs first, ok? I want to make sure nothing's broken inside there." He said, even though he could feel the pain on his own torso, no feeling of broken bones at all.

The other nodded slowly, opening his jacket and raising his shirt reluctantly.

The taller country tried not to flinch when he catched the signs of malnutrition on his other half, the bones of the ribs and pelvis clear against the red skin. He touched carefully around, asking if anything hurt too bad, and putting some unguent on the dark bruises to prevent infection and calm the pain on the area.

He proceeded to clean and bandage the other's knuckles, giving him a piece of cloth with ice inside to reduce the swelling on the wounds before going to the small kitchen on his office and preparing something basic to eat.

"Eat, it will help you recover strength." He said with a smile and the other lounged at the plate like a starving animal. "Hey, eat slow. There's no need to worry, you can stay here for as long as you want, and the food ain't going anywhere." He added quickly and the red and white country finally took a more normal speed to eat.

After almost fifteen minutes,the other finally emptied the plate and Reichtangle decided to ask some questions as he prepared a nice hot chocolate for the both of them.

"Well, you seemed a little bit hungry... I hope you enjoyed it! My name's Reichtangle, what's yours?" he started, mixing the beverage on the pot as he smiled at the stranger that was his soulmate.

The other responded reluctantly. "Poland."

He poured the chocolate into two cups and gave one to the other. "Nice to meet you Poland. Mind if I ask you some questions? You don't have to answer them if you don't want to."

The red and white country moved on his seat uncomfortably before finally nodding.

"Ok, what happened back there? Those guys seemed pretty angry. More than usual."

The other rubbed his cheek before talking, his voice as low as the buzzing fan on the other side of the room. "I stole something from them last week."

Reich raised his eyebrows, taking the tray to the desk and sitting in front of the other. "Stole? What did you stole from them?"

The guy named Poland looked at the mug with wide and shining eyes. "If I tell you, uh, will you give me the choco?" He finally asked after a few seconds.

The tricolored country blinked before answering quickly. "Oh, no, don't worry, One of them is for you, wether you answer the questions or not. Please take it and enjoy it."

The other took the mug happily, closing his eyes to smell the scent of the warm drink before sighing and answering.

"I stole some of their canned food. They got really mad after that. Had been chasing me down since" Poland took a sip of the chocolate, relaxing immediately before talking again, his gaze drifting to the window. "I know you are judging me right now"

The taller of the men felt sadness washing over his face before hiding it. He didn't want to make the other uncomfortable. "Hey, I'm sure you have your reasons. Can I ask about it?" He said, trying

not to bite his lips or scratch his neck in nervousness, for his soulmate's sake.

"I..."the bicolor country weighted his words before just giving up and talking."What else am I supposed to do? I didn't go to school, I have no home to go to, no clothes for an interview, even asking for some coins is difficult right now. There's no other life for me"

Reichtangle had to contain the urge to hold the other close and tell him everything was going to be ok. Instead, he looked around and smiled at Poland.

"Well, that's not true. You look like someone hardworking and this bookstore needs a lot of attention." The other looked at him with an expression of pure confusion. "Would you want to work for me?" He finally asked and the other froze for a few seconds.

"Wha-? But why? Huh?" The smaller male stuttered, his eyes wide and mouth gape open.

The owner of the bookshop laughed softly before lending a hand to shake. "What do you say?"

Poland's POV

Poland had never known kindness.

He had grown up in an orphanage at the outskirts of the enormous town, his mother leaving him on a garbage bin as soon as he was born. A stranger had found him, crying and screaming in the night, trembling like a leaf and almost at death's door.

The world had left him alone, abandoned, and he had learnt that the world was a cold place, were you had to survive on your own.

At age seven he had been beaten for the first time, and he had understood that the only way to not let it happen again was to fight back. And just like that, the fights and the bruises had become part of himself.

He had never known kindness, except for someone very special.

He could still remember the day he had been in bed, sick and filled with purple marks. He had felt the most alone and weak he had ever felt on his life, wondering if he would ever be loved. The people from the orphanage had left in on his small bed, just checking on him once or twice to give him medicines, not even a single word. He had cried, feeling abandoned and uncomfortable... Everything was too much.

And then it had happened.

A small feeling on his injured arm, like the touch of a butterfly. At the beginning he hadn't understood what it was, until the same feeling appeared on the bruises of his knuckles.

A small and tender kiss.

He had stopped crying, taking his hand close to his eyes. He had heard something like that for one of the other children, whose parents had died when he was old enough to remember some things.

"They used to kiss the pain to make it stop"

The feeling had continued appearing, invisible comfort from a stranger on the other side of a bond he had always thought was stupid. He still wondered if he was just crazy, imagining things to survive his awful environment. After all he was just a child.

The point is, he didn't know kindness. But now this stranger was offering him an opportunity to change, lending a hand to help him out of the painful darkness he had been in all of his life.

He nodded, raising his trembling hand to shake the other's, looking at the tricolored country that was still waiting for a response.

"Yeah, yeah. Sure! But how am I gonna-"

"Don't worry about it. Wanna come and see the house? I think I can close the shop for now."

As they made their way to the bus station, Poland could only hope everything would change.

He woke up, the sound of the city starting to waking up making him aware of his surroundings. He got out of bed, walking to the closet and picking out some clothes before heading to take a shower.

Almost a year had passed ever since 'the stranger' had helped him and now he had a routine and a reason to get out of bed everyday (a real bed).

He had decided from day one to be as hardworking as he could so Reichtangle wouldn't regret giving him a chance. With time he had saved enough money to start buying more stuff, helping more and more in the house, buying his own bed (the couch had been comfy enough for him, but having a bed was much better) and decorating the room that the other had gave him.

It felt like a dream. No more cold nights, painful hunger or fighting to survive.

He looked at the mirror, touching his face slightly before smiling. He looked much better now too, a healthy glow on his face and a body that could fill better his clothes.

He walked to the kitchen, peeking on Reich's room and seeing him still sleeping soundly, hugging a pillow and breathing heavily.

Well, he would make breakfast today.

Trying to stay silent he made some toasted bread and scrambled eggs along with some hot chocolate. Resisting the urge to eat it all alone, he put everything on a tray and walked to the other's room, letting the food on the desk and shaking the other softly.

"Hey, hey Reich. I made us breakfast" he murmured.

"Mmhnn" the other just mumbled something, moving a little before falling sleep again.

Rolling his eyes he proceeded to try to wake the giant once again. "Psst, hey, it's almost seven o'clock"

That seemed to work. With a grunt the taller male opened his eyes, blinking for a few seconds before offering a lazy smile.

"Good morning Pol"

Poland laughed, bringing the tray to the bed and started eating hos own food. "Huh, you can be lazy sometimes."

The other started eating too. "Hey, this is good! Thank you Poland, you didn't have to."

The red and white country felt himself blush, his heart racing at the compliment. No, he couldn't do this. Somewhere outside both of them had soulmates that cared for them. He had to stop this feelings before everything went south, even if it hurt.

"No problem, you know I enjoy making food." The other looked at him for a second before brushing a little crumb from his cheek, laughing softly in that deep voice of his. He tried to control his heart that wanted to explode. "Anyways, what are we going to do today?" He said, changing the topic.

Reich got up of the bed, taking a sip from his chocolate as he took out the clothes he would use today. Poland lowered his head to not stare at the bare back of the man.

"Well, actually today I have to go to some small publishing houses that want to start a partnership. Making events every now and then. Apparently oir clients are going up." The tall man turned around to look at him. "Wanna come? You can also stay home if you want"

Poland thought about it. Nah, he hated companies, always so clean and silent it gave him the chills. "Can I just open the bookstore? Closing all day is not a good idea."

Reich smiled at him nodding. "Sure! If you need help with anything just give me a call." He said, taking the plates to the sink and then entering the bathroom.

Poland took the keys and got everything ready. He was happy. Not only did he have a much better life now, but Reich also trusted him. His past was in the past, and he could finally enjoy the present.

They said their goodbyes, telling the other to be careful and taking different paths. He got in the bus and sat on the back seats, taking a look out the window and sighing in bliss.

The only thing he needed now to feel complete was to find his soulmate. He held his hand over his chest, were a heavy feeling had installed.

He would miss Reich... So much.

He bit his lip when the idea came to his mind. He was already in love with the man, wasn't he? Shaking his head he got up from the plastic chair and pressed the button to let the driver know he wanted to get down. After a few seconds the vehicle came to a stop and he walked down, reaching the bookstore and opening it with the keys.

Entering the cozy store he turned the sign from 'closed' to 'open', taking off his jacket and starting to dust the shelves.

As he started the well known routine of work, he continued thinking.

What was he going to do now? He had never thought too much about his soulmate, damn, sometimes he was sure he didn't have one, but the bond with another person was undeniable. He already knew a few things about his soulmate. They were caring, probably very calm, and they loved him, even if they didn't knew him.

It made him feel special.

But how was he supposed to suffocate the feelings that had started to bloom towards the other man he lived with? It was impossible, he would have to get away from him to do so and that on itself sounded horrible.

He sighed, organizing the new books that had arrived earlier that week into their respective sections. He put the last one on the

Romance bookshelf and rolled his eyes.

He wished life was as easy as in those stories.

He had started to learn how to read since the first week and, even if he couldn't do it as fast as Reich, he was proud of how good he could actually do it now. He had found all kinds of interesting stories, but had never really understood the thrill of Romance.

He went back to the counter, jumping when he heard a small sound coming from the desk. He reached for his phone and opened it, looking at the message the taller man had just sent him.

"*Don't forget to have lunch. It's almost 12 o'clock!"*

He laughed, his stomach filling with butterflies as he responded the message.

Getting out of the store and locking it, he walked to the nearest coffee shop, deciding to have something light for today. He ate quickly and walked back to the store, focused on opening soon, his mind still occupied with his dilemma.

He gasped when the feeling of someone pulling him to an alley made him aware of his surroundings once again, soon being pushed into the dirty wall, something sharp pressing against his neck.

"Long time no see." Said a well-known voice. He could tell it was filled with anger.

He stayed silent, trying to process what was happening.

"What? Are you too important now to give answers?" The man in front of him continued, pressing the blade harder against his neck.

"N-No. What are you doing? Why-" He started, but soon focused on the cold metal.

"It's not fair." The man said, almost growling. "It's not fair that you get a peaceful live while we starve."

Poland breathed in slowly, trying to buy more time.

"I'm sorry."

He stopped listening to the angry rambling of the other man. There was no point, he was obviously too blind with rage and what seemed like pain to listen to anything he said. Instead, he waited for the opportunity to get the other away from him.

After a few moments the other pulled the hand with the knife a little bit back and he took the opportunity to kick the man away from him, sending him crashing against the floor. He kicked the knife to the other side of the alley and took a few steps back.

The angry mam got up, fuming in anger, and ran towards him, punching him in the face before he could do anything. He stumbled back, composing himself quickly and ignoring the pounding that started to form in his head, pain spreading from his eye. He gave a punch back, making sure to hit the temple of the man with all the force he could muster.

That would give him enough time to run.

Just as he expected, the other fell into the floor, disoriented and at the verge of passing out.

He mumbled a single apology and ran the rest of the way to the bookshop, closing the door behind him and locking it.

He slid down the door holding his head as the pain worsened, the frantic beating of him heart echoing through his skull. Falling into his side, he curled in a ball.

Apparently his past was going to keep on chasing him.

What the other had said was true, it wasn't fair. He had gotten lucky to meet someone like Reich, but the rest wouldn't. Why had the other helped him at all? His thoughts mixed together with the pain, and the adrenaline rush started disappearing, leaving him tired on the ground.

He fell asleep.

He woke up with the feeling of a bed under him. He slowly started

to open his eyes, finding one of them completely swollen and impossible to open. He looked around, recognizing his room and jumping when he noticed Reich's silhouette in the darkness.

"Oh, you're awake?" Said the voice of the taller country, groggy from sleeping in that chair. "How are you feeling?"

Poland lowered his head. "I'm sorry, I don't why he did that. I didn't want to pass ou-"

Reich interrupted him, taking his hand. "I was just worry about you."

Poland opened his eyes. "How did you-" he trailed off as he raised his head, his eyes meeting Reich's, a perfect reflection of his swollen eye on the other.

He felt his mouth opening in surprise as he raised a hand, unable to believe it was true. He flinched when he touched the purple skin, feeling the pain irradiating immediately from his own face.

It was impossible.

"You knew this?" Was all he could say before another idea crossed his mind. "How can you help me when I caused you so much pain all theses years?" He said in a trembling whisper.

He had always been afraid of meeting his soulmate for that very reason. He felt shame eating him from the inside as he imagined all the other had been through because of him.

It would be better if he had never been born.

His mind went blank when he felt a kiss pressing softly against his forehead.

"U know you're thinking bad stuff. Stop. The only thing bothering me all theses years was to know you were hurt and I could do nothing to help you."

Poland felt his heart racing as his eyes started to water, a sob breaking through his bandaged throat as he looked up at the taller

country and found eyes filled with worry and love.

He had waited for this all his life,he had always hoped to find the one that would worry for him, taking care of his broken soul and disheveled heart.

And hear he was.

He cried in relief as the other held him close to his heart, the feeling of being actually loved being almost overwhelming.

He felt a trail of kisses landing on top of his head, the well known feeling he had met since he was a child finally clear as day.

The other held him all afternoon and he felt his worries slip away as the tears and kisses cleaned his soul.

The other murmured promises and sweet words all the time and as his sobs stopped he could feel the bond between them strengthening.

The bruises were going to heal, both the ones on his body as the ones on his heart.

And he finally felt everything click together as they both fell asleep.

A/N:

I made another Reichpol thingy and gosh! It was long! Hahaha. It was a little bit weird at the end, but I kind of liked it! (ᵕ̈ᴗᵕ̈) I worked on this for almost a month now uff! I missed writing Reichpol!!! (apart from my Reichpol gladiator book, of course) So here it goes, another cute little story with these two.

Anyways, I hope you're doing ok, please take care and remember to drink water and tell yourself something nice!

✧ ╮(⁰▿⁰)╭ ✧ Bye!~

A paradise far away from the city lights (Amerus AU pt 2)

America's POV

He groaned, trying to blink away de tiredness that weighted over him like a heavy blanket, his body stiff from being hunched over the desk for hours and his muscles screaming for him to get up.

The sound of telephones ringing mixed with the bright pale lights were the perfect recipe to worsen the migraine that had started spreading from his forehead to the rest of his head. He rubbed his eyes, huffing and getting back to work, ignoring the screams of his boss to the new intern and the smell of the bitter coffee (the fifth cup in a row) he had brewed to try and keep awake.

The numbers on his computer seemed endless, the stash of papers that piled by his side too.

He had entered this job because his parents had told him the pay was good, but ever since the day he had met Russia he had finally understood how depressing his life had really become.

What was he working for again? Ah, yes, to have money. For what? To save it for the future. For what? So he could live life when he was an old man.

The cycle now seemed stupid and he wondered how much time he could survive like this, knowing he was loosing his life just so he could live it later, when he had no energy inside of him.

On the good side, knowing that had helped him appreciate the little things more. He had started talking more often with his siblings, even making plans with them from time to time. Sadly, his parents were too busy with work to respond his texts. How ironic.

But at least he was making changes, and all because of a small coincidence that had lead him to Russia's house.

Russia...

It had been a few months since he had started visiting the countryside to see the taller male and he had learned to enjoy the work with him, even missing him at difficult times like these.

He jumped out of his daydreaming when a hand smashed against his desk, papers flying everywhere as the angry and disheveled face of his boss appeared in front of him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?! Those damn calculations aren't going to make themselves! We don't pay you to waste space on this stupid office taking precious time!" The man screamed, his voice echoing through the pounding head of the white country.

He tried to talk, his voice being immediately interrupted by the sound of his own phone ringing, the program on the computer failing to continue and the fight between the new intern and someone from a different area of the company.

The sound of his heart started ringing on his ears, its thumping feeling pulsating through his pained head like a fire alarm and the heavy feeling on his shoulders intensifying by the minute.

He got up, holding his head with one hand and scrambling out of the office, ignoring the angry calls of the man and the starting fight that broke on the door. Running to the closest bathroom, he locked himself in, breathing heavily and trembling like a leaf on autumn.

His hands looked for his phone immediately, pressing the number he had memorized ever since that day.

"Hello?" The calming voice of the Russian came from the other side of the line, his sight getting slowly better as he took in the presence of the other man. "Uh, hi? Who's this?"

Shaking his head to try to concentrate through the pain, he laughed without humor. "Hi there Rus. Long time no see" he said, cursing

under his breath as he listened to his trembling voice.

"America? I can't believe you're calling in the middle of the week! Are you ok?" The other voice responded from the device, kind and reassuring.

He considered lying but just gave up and proceeded to start rambling about his awful day, letting everything out of his chest in a mix of desperation and tiredness.

As the words made their way out of his mouth, the heaviness that weighted upon him started to lift a little.

Russia's POV

He frowned when the other man finished his desperate rant, breathing unevenly and with words half slurred. He was clearly tired and on the edge of breaking.

"America, I want you to listen to me. Get out of that building and go home right now. You're clearly tired and sick and you need to rest. When was the last time you slept?" He asked with concern.

"Five days. Rus, I can't do that. Everything will be a mess if I leave. I could get fired." The man responded. On the background Russia could hear someone starting to scream from what looked like the other side of a door.

"That doesn't matter. They can survive without you. Do you have anyone to call so they can be with you?" He asked, starting to pace around the room worried.

"I... Oh gosh, the boss is angry. I don't. They're all working." America stopped for a moment. "I have to go. They need me out there"

Russia sighed. "Ok. I don't care if you're supposed to continue working, come here tonight and we'll call your work telling them you're sick. Ok? I won't accept a no as an answer"

America stood silent for a moment, clearly too done with everything to fight back. "Ok... See ya' in a few hours?"

Russia smiled. "I'll go for you to the bus stop. See you later"

The call finished.

The tricolored country sighed, worry creeping up his spine. Shaking his head, he slapped his cheeks softly to shake the feeling away. There was no use in worrying for the american. Taking his favorite basket he decided to take some cherries and strawberries and start to make a pie to greet the other. It would be perfect both as a gift for the other man and to calm his nerves.

He walked outside, picking the best fruits before his gaze trailed to the wooden cottage. It felt so lonely ever since his father had passed away. He swallowed the knot that had formed on his throat and entered the house once again, taking the dough from the refrigerator and preparing the fruits before putting them to boil with some water and sugar.

He distracted himself, time flying as he made the house ready for his well known guest, taking recently washed covers out and cleaning as best as he could. He jumped when the alarm he had put on the bell clock told him it was time to leave.

Getting into his small truck, he drove to the bus station.

When he got out of the car to look for the white country, he was surprised to see Finland talking with him in front of the bus.

"Hi Fin, Ame" he greeted them.

Finland nodded at him. "Finally, I was getting tired of trying to keep him awake while he waited for you. Good luck." The driver said, patting his shoulder and walking away while he lit a cigarette. Russia shook his head. Estonia was probably going to kill him for that.

He took his gaze back to the american and bit his lip as the worry came back to his chest.

He had never seen the other in such a bad shape. Maybe this was the reason America never came when the work got heavy.

He had dark shadows under his eyes, his body rocking slightly from one side to the other as his tired body almost forced him to sleep. The blue shirt of the other was stained with coffee and he could see his jacket was buttoned in the wrong way.

Sighing, he took America's hand, guiding him to the truck and making small conversation with him until they got to the house.

He gave the other his most comfy sweatpants and a shirt and while he changed on the bathroom, he served two slices of pie.

As they ate, the other seemed to slowly get more aware of his surroundings, thanking him for the food and being grateful to be away of the office.

Russia put their plates in the sink, taking the other to the room as he started to fall asleep once again.

"Sleep Meri. You need it." He said as the other got into the bed of the guest room. He got up to leave, but a hand took his arm. He turned around to see America looking through the window, a troubled expression on his face as he watched the stars.

"Rus, I" he started, staying silent for a few seconds before continuing. "I don't know what to do anymore." Russia sat on the bed, listening to the tired male. "I'm tired of everything, nothing seems to make sense anymore. What am I working for? I'm loosing my life in this job and I don't even know why."

America put his free arm over his face, covering his eyes and sniffing. "I've been thinking about it. You know? There's always something missing. I feel empty as the days merge with each other and... I don't know how long I will be able to stand it. But what am I supposed to do? I can't just resign. I have bills to pay, I can't just throw everything through the window. What do I do?"

Russia laid on the bed, holding America's hand close to his chest. After a few minutes he finally decided to speak

"Hey, your life is not over just because you hate your job. A job is not your life and it's not something you have to stick with until you die." He looked at the window. "Life is too short to giving it up to something you hate this much. I mean, nothing is built upon stone and" he looked down at the mattress. "And you're not alone. Hey, you could even stay here if you want. We could buy a few acres of land and make a proper little farm, buy a cow and call her Clarabelle like in that cartoon and... Anyways, the point is that you don't HAVE to stay there."

America sighed deeply.

"You need to sleep. Tomorrow you can call in sick and we can have a calm day. Don't stress yourself over that for now. Ok?" Russia said, offering a smile.

America nodded and before the Russian could get up, he pulled him close, hugging his waist and burying his face on his shoulder. "Can we stay like this for tonight? I don't want to sleep alone."

Russia calmed his racing heart, nodding and relaxing against the other.

They fell asleep holding each other.

America's POV

He woke up by the sound of his phone ringing loudly. Cursing under his breath he opened his eyes just to be met by Russia's sleeping face a few inches away from his.

He gulped, trying to get up slowly to not wake the other. Making his way to the suitcase that laid on the floor, he looked for his cellphone, tapping on the green button. The voice of his angry boss screamed through the device and he rubbed his temple when a headache started to form.

"... It's almost eleven a.m.! What are you doing?!" The man asked in anger, finally stopping his rant. America looked at the clock in one of the shelves and cursed his luck.

Before he could respond, the phone was taken out of his hands and a just woken russian proceeded to speak.

"Excuse me Mister, but America is too sick to go to work today. He will be absent and I hope you can understand that the health of your workers is one the priorities of a company. Thank you for your time and have a nice day." He said politely but not giving space to disagree, before cutting the call.

America looked at him with his mouth wide open. "It's the first time I see someone talking like that to him"

Russia shrugged. "Well, I've never had an office job, so I guess I don't have anyone in a pedestal."

America laughed before seeing the clock again.

"Oh, sorry about last night... And for keeping you in bed for so long. I Know you like to have a routine."

The tricolored country shook his head with a smile. "It's ok, a day sleeping in hurts nobody. Besides, I missed doing this."

The other took his hand and walked downstairs. "Let's eat pie with ice cream for breakfast. What do you say?" Russia said, giving him a wink, as if he was making something prohibited by eating dessert as breakfast.

America laughed and nodded. "Sounds good for me".

He smiled as the other gave him a plate and a portion before serving for himself. They walked outside and sat in the stairs, enjoying the warm touch of the sun on their skin.

He never questioned why Russia held his hand while looking at the sky, never letting go, and he just relaxed enjoying the moment. He knew there was something happening between them, but there was no need to rush it.

Just then, he finally noticed that everytime he was here the hole on his heart seemed to fill.

This was his small paradise. Russia was his small paradise.

He smiled, taking the spoon to his mouth.

Everything was perfect.

A/N:

I had promised you to make a second part for this OneShot and here it is! Sorry for taking so much time to do it!

Anyways, I hope you're doing amazingly well, please take care of your health and remember to tell yourself something nice, you deserve it!

(✯◡✯) Bye!~

Airplane crash (Canada x Ukraine AU)

Warning: This story containers descriptions of an airplane almost crashing. Nothing happens, really, but it could be stressful or triggering to some people.

So yeah, leaving that out of the way, let's start!

Ukraine's POV

He walked to the waiting room where all the passengers of the flight were waiting to be called, sitting in one of the soft blue chairs and taking his passport, ticket and documents out so he could be ready at anytime.

Looking around he gazed at all the different people on the room.

He could see a couple sitting in the back of the room, the wife sleeping soundly on her husband's shoulder as he looked at his cellphone with a smile. The white country with a blue cross was holding the hand of the unconscious blue, black and white woman, tracing circles on her knuckles everytime she flinched in her sleep.

He wondered if he could ever have something like that. Maybe it sounded too corny, but he had always dreamt about meeting his soulmate, his other half.

He smiled and turned around, only to see a group of brothers with similar flags talking in loud whispers as they fought for the last chip on a package, trying not to bring to much attention, but failing miserably. They were speaking a language he could not recognize, and he had a hard time trying not to roll his eyes.

In a way, it made him miss his own siblings a little bit, but he was

sure they wouldn't make this kind of scene. No. Bel would probably make that cute face of hers and both he and Kaz would give up immediately. Russia would be probably sleeping with his headphones on, or something.

He shook his head. He would see them soon, this was going to be just for a few months.

Looking around he focused on seeing the other people.

A middle aged tricolored woman was sleeping using two seats, curling in a ball around her hand bag like a mother lion. He rolled his eyes. Close to her a young girl was playing with one of her parents bags, touching the back of the black suitcase of her father as if it was a control panel. It made him remember childhood memories.

He continued analyzing each person that sat around him, from tired passengers to energetic children, going through heartbroken and hopeful expressions. He tried imagining the life of everyone of them, something he enjoyed doing from time to time.

A man entered the small place, almost running through the door before being stopped by the guard.

"Ah! I'm sorry, here's my boarding ticket, this is the right one? Isn't it?" The guy started rambling and the tired guard just checked everything was right, letting him in without a word.

The guy, (who was white, with two red strips on the sides of his face and a red leaf in the middle), sighed, letting himself fall into the seat in front of the slav.

Ukraine looked at him with curiosity, hiding in his hoodie as he did so.

The man took out his headphones from his bag, looking for something specific before putting his phone on his lap, smiling and moving his head at the beat of the song.

Ukraine laughed a little. The guy was kind of cute.

The other opened his eyes, catching him staring, and he felt his face warming in embarrassment. Instead of frowning at him, the stranger just smiled and waved.

He waved back, a little bit confused but grateful the other hadn't thought he was a creep or something.

Almost half an hour later, they were finally called to get into the plane.

He hugged the file that contained all that he would need, getting up, taking his bag and walking to the forming line. He entered the long tunnel that lead to the airplane, walking quickly and verifying the number of his seat.

He smiled when he saw the window.

He jumped when someone touched his shoulder.

"Hey, you're the guy in the waiting room!" The man from before said with a happy smile. "My name's Canada, do you need help with those bags?" The guy continued, pointing at the bags on the floor.

"Nice to meet you" the blue and yellow country said, smiling. "My name's Ukraine. And sure! Thank you"

The two of them put their bags on the space above them, sitting when they finished.

Ukraine opened a book he had brought to try and distract himself, but soon, the Canadian started asking questions about the story, his excitement contagious as he explained the storyline.

In a matter of minutes they were talking about all kind of stuff, the book left forgotten. And as they laughed, the Ukrainian could only think about how he had never laughed so freely on his life.

Maybe this wouldn't be as bad as he thought.

"You really have so many siblings?!?" The man said with wide eyes,

almost screaming.

Ukraine shushed him and soon a woman came to tell them to keep it down. The Canadian apologized profusely and he almost laughed at his troubled face. When the woman walked as, he finally decided to respond.

"To answer your question, yeah, I have a ton of siblings, though most of them have already moved out" he explained.

"That's cool! Did you play with all of them?" Canada asked with a big smile.

Ukraine decided to humor him. "Sure, though we were a tiny bit aggressive when we did so." He said, remembering that time when they had broke Russia's arm. He flinched. That explained why he had stopped playing with them after that.

Canada opened his mouth to respond, but the lights were turned down. They looked around, confused, seeing most of the passengers getting ready to sleep. Kids were already laying drowsy on their parents laps, couples cuddled under a blanket and some lonely passengers watched stuff on the screens in front of them.

"Guess we better go to sleep, we wouldn't want to disturb anyone" said the red and white country, a guilty smile on his face.

Ukraine nodded taking his blanket out of his backpack. "Guess so". He watched amused as the other blinked, watching at him, before panicking.

"Oh shoot! I forgot to pack a blanket!"

The smaller country just laughed openly then, trying to cover his mouth when a loud shush came from the seats around. The canadian laughed softly, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"Here" the bicolored country said when he finally stopped laughing in his sweater.

"Aw! You don't have to, I don't want to make you uncomf-" the other started, but Ukraine just rolled his eyes, pulled the arm of the

seat back and wrapped the blanket around the two of them.

"You're too kind. Just accept my offer" he said, trying not to get too close to the other.

Canada smiled at him. "Ok, thank you."

As he closed his eyes, he found himself lying against the other, and with the sight of dark clouds outside, they fell asleep together.

---------- -

Canada's POV

He was awaken by a sudden shake. He opened his eyes quickly, looking around and trying to understand the origin of the movement.

Looking down, he found the guy from earlier between his arms, looking as confused and drowsy as him. He was about to apologize for hugging the other while sleeping, but was quickly interrupted by another shake.

He looked to the window, frowning when he saw the clouds moving erratically, just after a few seconds was he able to process what was happening.

As if on cue, the sound of the Captain's voice emerged from the speakers.

"Attention passengers, this is your captain. We are having some turbulences right now, remain calm. Please buckle your belts and stay in your seats at any given moment. We will be giving you further instructions soon."

He took the blanket off his shoulders, buckling his own belt before turning to see Ukraine, who was trying to do the same but failing.

"I- I can't!" The smaller country mumbled, his hands trembling to much to properly use them. The taller country was quick to help the other, before trying to calm him down.

"Hey, hey it's ok. Everything will be ok." He said, taking the other's hands and looking at him in the eyes.

The other nodded and the airplane shook once again, making some of the passengers almost hit the seat in front of them. The air was filled with whimpers and children's cries as the shaking continued, the rumbling of metal against wind filling the air.

He felt the other holding his hands for dear life, panic filling his eyes as the lights started to blink rapidly above them before completely shutting down.

"Oh Gosh, oh Gosh, oh Gosh!" He could hear the other's scared whimpers, mixing with the sound of screams and the raging storm that seemed to be the only source of light in the moment.

Flashes of light filled the interior of the plane, casting shadows in every direction, illuminating expressions of horror as the enormous metallic beast fell.

He held the other the best he could with the belts, murmuring reassuring words that faded into chaos.

"Attention! This is the first officer of this flight. We are being forced to crash land in water. Please brace for impact when we tell you so. Put your feet flat against the floor, hold your wrists, put them against the seat in front of you and lay your head against them. Passengers in the front rows, put your head between your knees and cover it with your hands. Keep calm and follow this instructions. I repeat-"

He tuned out the repetition of the message, focusing on trying to do so, but the smaller country didn't let go.

"Please" the yellow and blue country murmured in a whisper, his eyes watery and lips trembling.

Canada tried to smile. "Don't worry, we will do this together, ok?. I won't let you alone."

Ukraine stared at him, looking for any trace of a lie, but found none. "O-Okay" he finally said.

He held the Ukrainian with one hand in a half hug, getting ready to follow the instructions as soon as the flight crew said so. Sure, the risk of hitting his head was larger, but he wouldn't left this guy alone. No. There had been something on his eyes that made his heart melt when he saw it, a broken vulnerability that he knew the other didn't show on his daily life.

"Brace!" Came the roaring order from the speakers, and all of them followed the protocol.

"Brace!" He could hear the flight crew repeating all over the plane, screaming the orders to those places were the communication had been completely cut off.

He felt the shakes of the other against his arm, and he promised at that moment that he wouldn't allow anything to happen to the smaller one.

"Brace!" The loud repetitions continued, the plane shaking more and more, the feeling of nausea invading him as the air pressure dropped, numbing his hearing as the airplane collided with the water, a final rumble shaking the machine.

The energy went off completely, and he shook his head to try and be aware of his surroundings once again. Slowly, as if scared, he sat up straight again, looking at the other who started to do the same.

In a blur, one of the women of the flight crew, instructed them to take the lifejacket from down of their seats and evacuate to the closest door. They just nodded, still in shock, and the woman continued her work.

"Hey, are you ok?" Asked the red and white country after a few seconds, unbuckling his belt and trying to get up, getting slightly dizzy.

Ukraine opened and closed his mouth like a fish, still pale and gasping for air. "Don't know." Was the only thing he could muster, finally starting to blink.

Canada just nodded, softly guiding him in how to inflate the thing

before taking his hand and walking to the door. In the water, an orange lifeboat floated, a few people already in and starting to settle.

They got up and sat there, looking at the sky above, still roaring with a thunderstorm.

Canada jumped when he felt a squeeze in his hand, just remembering he was still holding it. He was about to say sorry, when the slav male talked.

"Thank you"

The taller country just turned around and smiled, opening his mouth to talk, but being interrupted once again.

"Oh my Gosh! You're bleeding! I'm so sorry! This is my fault." The Ukrainian started rambling, trying to find something to help him clean the now drying blood on his face.

After a few seconds Canada just laughed, relief filling his body as the adrenaline stopped flowing through his system, tiredness washing over him as the waves of the sea below moved the lifeboat softly.

"I'm happy to see you're fine. Don't worry about it." He said with a happy sigh.

"But-" Ukraine started, but he just laid his head against the other's shoulder.

"If you're feeling too sorry, what about you let me sleep here? It seems the coast guards are going to take some time to arrive."

The smaller country nodded, his scrapped face tinting red as he held his hand again.

"Ok... But just if you let me sleep like this when the boat arrives." The other said in a whisper and Canada just nodded.

Ukraine's POV

He laid his head on the taller man's arm, sighing when he saw the plane sinking slowly in the water. He bit his lip as his tired and stressed mind started to catch up with what this meant, now that he wasn't trying to survive.

He had nothing on his hands, and was in an unknown country.

Canada seemed to sense his change of mood, because he immediately pulled him closer.

"What's wrong? Aside from the whole 'we almost died' thing, of course" he tried to lighten the mood.

"Just... Well, I've just lost everything I had to be in here. And I'm trying to think about what I should do" he said, closing his eyes as the boat's motor started rumbling.

Canada seemed to think for a moment. "Well, how about you come with me? My home is not as big as you family's, but I'm sure it's better than nothing. You can stay with us as long as you need, while the airline pays for our stuff."

Ukraine blinked. "Wow, you really are too kind. I don't want to make you uncomf-"

This time, it was the Canadian's turn to interrupt the other. "What did you say earlier? Oh yes. Just accept my offer. Besides, if you want to pay me, how about you let me take you for a coffee tomorrow?"

Ukraine blinked, trying to process the fact that the guy that had basically saved his life, was now asking him on his date.

"But of course if you don't want to it is fine." The other started rambling when he didn't respond. "Geez, I'm really bad at this, sorry if I-"

Ukraine just smiled, feeling his cheeks warming as he took the other's hand, intertwining their fingers casually.

"I would love to... And thank you."

He closed his eyes, feeling his body begging for rest after everything that had happened.

As he fell asleep, he felt a soft kiss on the top of his head, and his mind went back to the couple he had seen on the waiting room of the airport.

And he could feel this was the beginning of something he had always waited for.

A/N:

*Honestly? I have no idea how this story came to my mind. I was just watching a gameplay and the beginning of the game had an airplane crash, and people held hands in the middle of the panic and I just thought: it's amazing how extreme situations make humans closer. Like, we **need** contact with others to feel safe, we need comfort, support. Even when we could be about to die, we look for the presence of others. We are social creatures, we would hate to be alone in that moment. And that's beautiful and terrifying at the same time. What if someone fell in love in a situation like that?*

Then I just started going through it and had to do this with Ukraine and Canada. Don't know why. (• ▽ •;)

Anyways, this was kind of weird? Ok... pretty weird. But I hope you enjoyed it anyway!

Please remember to take care and I really wish you a fantastic week.

(づ。◕□□◕。)づ Bye!~

Snowstorm (Thirdunion vampire AU pt 4)

Disclaimer: I don't support nazism (Ew, gosh, no, that's disgusting!!!). This is just a story of fictional characters in a little fictional world. If you don't feel comfortable with this, just skip this chapter. Thank u!

(Beware the angst. Ok no. Hahahaha. Uff, this ended up being a small book!! XP sorry, anyway this is the last chapter of this Vampire story)

He ran, ignoring the flinching pain of the bruises on his knees and hands, product of running through the forest without paying attention. It didn't matter, he had to get to the town soon.

His legs almost gave up a few times, but he pushed himself to continue forward. The silhouette of the village appeared in the distance, its dark shape contrasting against the setting sun, the greens and yellows of the landscape turning into oranges, reds and warmer colors.

Lowering his speed, he pulled up the hood of his cloak, trying to control his breathing as he started walking through the dirt path that was the main road.

He needed something.

Today they had tried to break the curse once again, but something had been different this time.

It had worked.

The symbols on the floors had started to shine, the blue and calming light illuminating Third's surprised face inside of the circle. In a matter of minutes, though, everything had went south. As Third's fangs had started getting smaller and the light on his eyes

disappeared to a normal set of eyes, the other had suddenly stopped moving as in pause.

He had understood then that there was something missing. The life. Third's skin continued being that ash and pale tone of red, his heart silent when he had approached horrified to check on him.

Plants hadn't been enough.

He lowered his head as he dashed through the paths, looking for an specific place.

A life for a life. The spell was going to fade away the next morning if he didn't find a way to fix this up.

He had read something about sacrificing animals as a good way to prolonging life for a small time. He tried to shake the feeling of sadness that came with the idea. Even if he had promised not to succumb to the dark magic, what else was he supposed to do?

As soon as the magic from the circle disappeared, Third was going to die. The only thing keeping him alive at this very moment was the magic around him, and he could feel his power draining as the time passed.

He had to do it. He had to break the promise of not using sacrifices if he wanted Third to survive, at least for enough time for him to figure out a definitive solution. Being so, he walked to a place close to the slaughter house, were he remembered his father buying some animals for the farm from time to time.

Suddenly he felt paralyzed as a well known gaze met with his. The man narrowed his eyes and instantly recognized him under the cloak, taking a few steps back shaking his head.

"You. How are you alive? You ran into the cursed forest. You should be dead!" the man started in a quiet voice, but soon his volume increased, people around them starting to turn around.

His father, the cruel man that he had feared his entire life, approached with large steps and he tried to keep the distance, but couldn't react fast enough.

"You could only inhabit that forest if you made a pact with the devil. I knew it! You've become just like your cursed mother!" The man screamed and soon multiple people started talking.

Someone pulled the hood from behind and his eyes were exposed from everyone to see. He turned around, trying to find a way to escape, but he was completely surrounded

"His eyes! His eyes shine, a witch!" A woman screamed and he panicked.

It was true, if his eyes had been golden before, after the initiation the color had gotten brighter, more vibrant and rich than before. If the people had noticed he was screwed.

He jumped when the man he called father took his hand harshly and, by pure instinct at this point, he accumulated power on his hand and pushed him away, sending him flying into the crowd, who gasped in shock.

He took the opportunity and tried running, making it just a few steps before he crashed against something, falling into the ground with a heavy thud.

He blinked.

"What?" He murmured, rubbing his face and trying to get up once again. He looked up, but didn't found the wall, person or object he had crashed against.

He looked down, to see a white line of something before finally realizing what it was.

Salt.

He turned around only to find the line surrounding him in a circle.

He tried running in any direction, but crashed against the invisible wall over and over again. More and more people started crowding around and he fell into his knees. They had trapped him and he hadn't even noticed.

Oh God, what was he going to do now? What were they going to do with him?

He felt as someone pulled him up, a few man entering the circle easily, chains on their hands as they quickly wrapped them around him. He could feel they had been rubbed with salt, as a way to prevent him scaping and then he was pushed to walk against his will.

He felt the world around him disappearing as he tried to process what was going to happen. The crowd around him screamed, spitting his face or throwing insults, but it all felt as if he was underwater.

This couldn't be happening. No. This had to be a nightmare.

He raised his head just to see the very well known plaza of the town, where a wood structure looked at him back, a noose prepared for him in the middle.

He tried to fight to get away from there, but a mix of the people's anger and his own weakness made it impossible.

He was pushed up the wooden stairs and into the platform and he felt a sob breaking through his ribcage as he felt someone putting the noose on his neck.

Of course they wouldn't even cover his face, of course they wouldn't even give him a proper trial.

A man started speaking at the multitude, talking about acts he had never committed to a horrified crowd of people.

He felt the tears stream down his face as he found the cold eyes of his father, not even a pinch of sadness or compassion on his eyes.

He looked at the sky, the moon slowly starting to raise in the distance. And then he remembered.

A life for a life. The reason he had come all the way here.

And the moon was there, the guardian that had watched his

initiation, and the symbol he had drawn in the circle that protected Third. A perfect connection.

"Do you have any last words" the man on his side asked with a trembling voice and everyone stayed silent, afraid.

He could condemn his soul right here and now to curse this town, but he knew better than to repeat history.

Besides, he would need his soul for this.

He opened his mouth and people started walking back, waiting for an awful set of prophecies for everyone who was born there, or something. But all that came out of his mouth was an inaudible whisper as he made a spell to connect his heart with Third's, using the moon to connect both sides of the bond.

That should be enough.

He laughed sadly, looking at the blue satellite. Maybe it had always been his fate to die, he had been at the edge of life so many times that he couldn't even count them all, but at least he was going to pass saving the person that he loved.

He could feel Third's still presence, and he closed his eyes to calm his racing heart.

He was scared, oh, he was so scared. He bit his lip and focused on the other's presence, breathing in and out.

He heard a lever being activated and soon the wooden floor under his feet disappeared.

And as he fell, the rope tightened around his neck.

Third's POV

He gasped, opening his eyes as he tried looking around frantically. Calming his breath, he slowly started to realize were he was. Yeah, Soviet had been trying to break the curse of his family, and

suddenly he had passed out.

A weird feeling made him stop his train of thoughts.

He lowered his hand, making it rest softly against his chest. A beat made him jump and his smile grew.

"Soviet you made it! How-" he stopped when he looked around and found no one around.

He got up slowly, using the wall as support and blinking when he felt the cold surface clearer than ever.

He walked through the mansion, amazed when he saw his reflection on a mirror on the hall. His cheeks were filled with life, eyes normal, fangs nowhere to be seen.

He smiled, but his worries came back.

Were was the other?

He frowned when he saw the main door wide open, remembering none of them liked that. He stepped out, walking to the treeline were a few branches were broken, clearly showing someone had ran through them.

It was on the direction of the town. A bad feeling crawled up his spine, and this time he decided not to ignore it.

He ran to the town, following the well known path he had walked for decades to feed on the humans.

Guess he could call himself human now.

The streets were silent and he felt the uneasiness growing as he walked the streets, trying to find the other male.

He entered the plaza and froze in place.

A silhouette hanged from a rope, moving from side to side as the wind blew.

He felt his hands trembling as he walked close to the figure, the features getting more discernible.

He ran to the wooden platform when he recognized the face of his lover, taking out the dagger he had put on his belt before walking out of the mansion and cutting the rope.

He ran back to the body, untying the noose and feeling a knot forming on his throat, a heavy feeling he had never experienced before making its way from his chest to his trachea.

He sobbed when he finally untied the thing from Soviet's neck, ignoring the purple skin around the mark and trying to hear any kind of heartbeat.

Soviet had survived a snowstorm, he had came back from hypothermia as if nothing. He could get over this, of course he would.

But he was so cold, colder than the night he had found him buried under snow in the middle of the forest, colder that cold.

He picked him up, giving him a soft kiss on the forehead.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine." He whispered, his voice trembling as he started the long way back home.

He finally let the first tears of his entire existence stream down his face, trying to ignore the almost unbearable pain that irradiated from his now beating heart.

He entered his empty mansion, walking to the circle that Soviet had drawn a few hours ago.

He looked up at the cold moon that had looked over him during all the centuries he had lived alone.

"Please, I beg you. Bring him back to me" he begged, shaking his head. "It is so unfair" he choked out when he received no response.

He hugged the unmoving body of the only being that had ever loved and understood him, the only one that had made his life

worth living.

A sudden presence made him turn around in fear and, sitting on the stairs, he watched in confusion as an almost transparent woman got up and made her way to them. He hugged Soviet's corpse protectively, he wouldn't let anyone take him away.

"Who are you?" He asked in a whisper.

"I'm the one you just call 'the Witch', for my name has been long forgotten by your family." The woman spoke, her eyes empty and her expression hollow.

"Why are you here?" He said, scared. "Please don't take him away from me. Haven't you already taken everything I have? Please don't take him too."

The woman looked at him, without blinking, then down at Soviet's cold body.

"I have become just like your antecessor, Haven't I?" The woman whispered, looking directly at Third's wet face. *"Everyone has suffered through this endless cycle... And now one of my own has died to stop this madness."* the witch almost sounded sad.

Third looked down at Soviet's face, tears dry on his face, and his golden eyes opaque and dark. "Is there no way to bring him back?" He said.

The woman looked at him for a second. *"I've been suffering for a thousand years, but his love towards you has freed me from the clutches of the devil. I just want to rest once and for all..."* She crouched and touched Soviet's heart softly, her hand disappearing into his chest."*The best thing I can do with the power I have left is this"*

She started disappearing as the wounds and bruises of the golden eyed male started healing, his skin taking color once again.

And then he gasped, opening his eyes and grasping his chest while coughing. Third hugged him, holding onto him for dear life as the woman's last words echoed in the air around them.

"Don't let hate take this away from you"

He nodded as he felt Soviet laying against him, seemingly tired and confused, his breath uneven and his eyes teary.

"What happened?" The man said, his voice hoarse from his hurt throat.

"Well, we can talk about that tomorrow. Do you want to go to sleep early?" He asked, and when the other nodded he helped him up the stairs and into his room, the both of them slipping under the covers.

Soviet got closer to him, drifting to sleep in a blink, clearly tired out of his mind, but not before mumbling something around the lines of 'him being so warm'

Third laughed, hugging the other and enjoying the moment.

They would have to move soon, probably selling the mansion to an outsider that didn't know the myths of the region. After that, they could sell part of the expensive stuff and find somewhere nice to live, in another country even.

He closed his eyes, feeling tiredness wash over him.

They could think about that tomorrow, for now he allowed himself to be lulled to sleep with the feeling of Soviet's heart beating at sync with his own.

And finally everything was in place.

A/N:

*Ah, yes, after millenia, I've finally brought to you the last chapter of this series. Sorry for taking do long, My vacations are over and now I have to deal with work and classes again *le cries*. I'm also battling with the next chapter of my Reichpol book, I'm almost done, but have been to busy to finish and edit it... (≥∩≤).*

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this small story of this cute couple.

Please take care and stay happy and healthy.

o((^▽^*))o Bye!~*

New family in town (Bracol AU pt 1)

A/N: I just wanted to write a cute story involving Brazil and Colombia. I hope if you read this (nobody will, but still) you can enjoy it! It's based on some stories from my grandparents and parents! (◠‿)-☆

Colombia's POV

He woke up slowly, the feeling of the covers and the cold on his feet being the first thing he noticed. The sound of someone walking outside of his room made him know it was time to get up. He groaned, opening his eyes and looking at the wooden ceiling, staring for a few seconds before getting up.

He put his feet in the cold floor, stretching his arms over his head and heading to the bathroom. The cold water made him awake in a few seconds and soon he was ready to start working.

The sun wasn't even up yet, barely 4:30 in the morning, but it was time to get ready to work. He walked downstairs were his father Gran Colombia greeted him.

"Buenos días Colo, I see you're finally awake. Vene was starting to complain about you being lazy. What did you say hijo?" He spoke with a smile looking at his second son.

"I said that since you are starting to take half an hour to get ready, maybe we should make your lunch smaller" responded Venezuela with a grin.

Colombia started bickering immediately, taking his breakfast with a frown while making a scene about 'his family wanting him to starve'. Gran watched amused as his sons fought playfully over the table, before the youngest of the tricolor brothers finally walked

down.

"Why the hell do you scream so loud?" Ecuador muttered with a huff.

"Maybe you should get up earlier instead of staying up so late at night" Colombia said while finishing, walking to the kitchen to wash the dishes. "And it's not like anyone will hear, our closest neighbors are miles away."

His father just got up smiling, walking to the door and signaling to follow.

It was just another normal day. In this little piece of world all the days were pretty much similar.

He sat on the horse following his dad, paying attention to the dirt road. He could feel the sun starting to shine behind them, slowly rising into the sky, its rays caressing the mountains, making the morning dew sparkle softly on the grass and trees.

He closed his eyes, breathing in the clean air and listening calmly to the birds singing from the distance, the sound of the horses walking slowly and his father humming softly.

He sighed.

"Hey papá. Can I go ahead and sell the coffee by myself?"

His father stopped humming, turning slightly to see him before laughing.

"What, are you already bored?"

"C'mon dad, I want to explore a little before the sun sets."

His father rolled his eyes, knowing perfectly what he meant.

"Ok, sure Col, sell the sacks to Costa Rica and meet me in front of the church. But you better don't loose track of time on something

else!"

Colo nodded, pulling the reins of the brown coated horse and starting to ride fast. He knew the way town from memory, like the back of his hand, so in about half an hour he was finally there.

The horse neighed happily when he jumped down and tied him to a post, feeding him some sugar cubes he had stole from the kitchen cabinet yesterday. He cut the ropes tying the sacks and pulled them into his shoulders, careful not to let them fall.

He walked through streets, the murmur of the plaza getting closer as he approached. The sound of sellers speaking with customers, horses walking down the streets and the light breeze that made the leaves of the trees rattle in a whisper, mixed in a constant melody of well known noises. A typical Saturday morning.

He walked to Costa Rica's spot, greeting her with a smile and asking for her siblings and how had the week been. They talked a few minutes before finally getting to business. After bickering a little about the quality of the coffee and how much it would cost, he finally decided it was a good sell.

"Oh! Before you walk away, maybe you and your dad should go see the new shoe store that it's opening around here. I've heard the family that runs it is from outside the country" The woman said with a mysterious grin.

"Will do!" The tricolored male said while waving goodbye.

A new family in town? That was something new... Even exciting. He had never been out of the region, let alone the country, so the idea of knowing some outsiders sounded cool.

He smiled, nodding to himself as he walked back to his horse.

"Hey there Pintado, how's it going?" He said, rubbing the horse's forehead with affection. "Have you heard the news already? Seems like we have new neighbors!" The horse huffed and Colombia rolled his eyes. "Bueno pues, not neighbors, but it's still cool."

He jumped when his father's voice surprised him from behind.

"What news are you talking about mijo?" The man said with a calm smile.

After a second holding his hand in a fist over his heart murmuring curses under his breath, the colombian finally responded. "You almost killed me! My poor heart can't deal with this."

The older man rolled his eyes and he changed the subject by repeating Costa Rica's words.

"Well, we won't be able to do that today, I have to sell the rest of the stuff... But you can take a look in the meantime if you want." He said with a knowing smile, giving him the reins of his own horse and walking away with the sacks on his shoulders.

Colombia tied the reins of his father's animal, taking the rest of the baskets to their usual spot and finally running to the streets to try to look for the new shop.

He ran through the streets, greeting everyone he saw with a quick 'buenas' and following the young woman's directions. He stopped suddenly on his tracks when he saw a group of people painting the front of a nice house with vibrant colors. Over the door hanged a sign that read 'Shoemaking and repairs' in beautiful black letters.

He looked at the family from afar, curious to see how they worked on the small business.

Suddenly, a guy that seemed his age came rushing from the house, saying something to the man who seemed like his father before rushing to take a few boxes that laid on the sidewalk and taking them inside.

He had green skin, strong arms, broad shoulders, big eyes with thick eyelashes and a smile as bright as the sun. Damn, the stranger was handsome.

The colombian shook his head, cursing under his breath at his intrusive thoughts. He raised his head only to find the green country looking at him with an eyebrow raised. In panic, he lowered his hat to cover his face and turned around, falling into the

floor. He got up, his cheeks burning as he tried to get out.

'keep walking, keep walking!' He told himself, but as soon as he was far enough, he started running to his father spot.

"Sorry pa', you'll have to bring Venezuela or Ecuador with you next time, I won't come back" He started rambling as soon as he got there, his face hot and eyes teary.

"What in God's name happened Colo?" His father said, concerned. "Did something happen?"

The tricolored country just shook his head profusely, but when the older man crossed his arms, he sighed. "I just... I just made a fool out of myself" he whispered, biting his lip.

The older man rolled his eyes. "You can't just hide everytime you do something dumb, hijo."

"But pa'-"

"Sin peros!"

Brazil's POV

He watched confused as the guy a few tables over looked at him intensely. He could see on the edges of his vision how the other stared at him everytime he wasn't looking and it was starting to worry him. Was it because they were outsiders? Maybe he had done something wrong to the local culture?

He played with the food, tossing the rice around while his family talked excitedly.

"Son, Why the long face?" Asked his father with a worried smile. "Is something bothering you?"

Brazil just shook his head, taking a sip of the coffee and flinching when he noticed it wasn't as strong as he usually liked it.

"Do you think we will fit in here?" He asked in a whisper to the older man. "I mean, we don't even speak Spanish that good." He said, uncomfortable.

His father seemed to ponder for a second before smiling. "Why are you saying that? Didn't you made a friend just a few days ago?"

The green country raised his gaze. "You mean Argentina? Well, yeah, he's cool. But-"

"Then what's making you feel so unsure now?" The man asked with an eyebrow raised.

The younger male shook his head, deciding not to say anything. He didn't want to make a scene. "Nothing"

His father bit his lip, talking in a whisper. "I'm sorry Brazil. I know this change is difficult for you, but I'm sure we'll fit in just right in a few months. Ok?"

He nodded and ate his lunch as quick as he could. "I just remembered I was going to meet Argi today. Bye dad!" He said, gulping the too light coffee and running out of the restaurant.

He sighed when he was finally away from that place.

"Ok, now what?" He said to himself, putting his hands in the pockets of his trousers. "Might as well go and see him" he said, making his way to the blue and white country's house.

"Oh! Brasil! Long time to see!" The guy said, pulling him to his living room were a big TV was playing some black and white movie. His family was one of the few in the town that had a television.

"Long time... Only a few days" he said, relaxing as they sat on the couch.

"Ok, ok, geez, can't I miss my friend?" Argi said, faking being hurt. "But, jokes aside, you look kinda uncomfortable. Did something happen?" He added and the green country opened his eyes in surprise.

"Actually yes..." He started, scratching the back of his neck nervously. "Someone was... Looking weird at me."

Argentina frowned and huffed. "Who was it? I'm going to teach them a lesson!"

Brazil laughed, thankful to have someone to trust in this new place. He started trying to describe the person and soon the blue country was trying to go over familiar faces. "I think I've seen him? Weird, I thought that family was nice the only time I met them." He mumbled.

Brazil just shrugged.

"Ok, here's what were going to do! We'll talk to Mex, the guy knows everyone around. He can speak to them and see what's their problem. What do you think?"

"Are you sure? I don't want to be in trouble..." The green country said, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Nah! Don't worry, it will be easy!"

Brazil was really hoping he wouldn't end up in a mess.

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He wondered how the hell he had ended up here. Shaking his head, he decided to stop this madness, but as he tried to get down of the tree he and Argentina were hiding in, he was pulled by the blue country back.

"Shhhh, ¿que hacés? they're coming!!!" The guy shouted in a whisper.

"This wrong Argi, hearing others is bad and we're in the middle of nowhere!" He responded in the same volume trying to get down once again.

"Bad? No seás boludo! Bad is staring at someone just because they aren't from here, we will find out what he thinks about you, so shut up green boy!" The smaller country said, covering his mouth with a

hand.

He was going to fight back, but saw another country walking casually under the tree. México, he tried to remember himself.

"Really, can you believe that?" A new voice appeared and he stood quiet when he noticed it was the country he had saw on the restaurant earlier that week.

"Ah, it was probably just a joke." The green, white and red country talked to the slightly smaller one, raising his head toward them and giving a wink before proceeding with the plan that Argentina had made. "Changing the topic, I saw the new guys yesterday while visiting some people. No mames, I almost crashed into one of them."

The yellow, blue and red country lowered his head and Brazil felt his heart sinking at the idea of hearing someone insulting him.

"I only saw them slightly, they look cool."

"Oh? Hey you look uncomfortable, did something happen?" The Mexican asked with interest.

"I- Well I" the other started and after a few minutes of silence he just broke down, groaning and rubbing his face. "Ok! I fell in front of one of them, and now I'm so embarrassed to go to the town! I haven't seen them close because I'm too ashamed."

The Brazilian turned to see Argentina, who looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"But why would you care?" Asked Mexico, apparently not happy with the response. "He's just a stranger. Probably already forgot." He said shrugging.

The other country turned to look at the northern country as if he was dumb. "Have you seen the green one, tall and like our age?" Mexico nodded and the smaller shook his shoulders almost screaming as his face turned red. "He's gorgeous Mex! And I fell in front of him! Do you understand?!?"

Now it was Brazil's turn to shove his hand against Argentina's mouth, who almost chocked at the new revelation. As soon as he moved his hand, he felt the weight shifting, the branch unable to support them anymore.

Both friends fell the few meters down and as he landed and tried to look around him, he crossed eyes with the other country, who just stared at him in shock, his face burning so much he could almost see steam coming out of his skin.

The guy looked at them for a few seconds before breaking into a run.

Mexico looked at them, shaking his head and laughing. "Si están pendejos. Now you'll have to deal with Colombia, you got what you wanted" the guy left on his own horse and only after a few minutes the blue country talked.

"Ok, we found out you're someone's crush, good and all... But how the hell are we going back to the town?!?"

Yes, Brazil though to himself, he had ended up in the worst of messes.

A/N:

Nobody needs it... But I kinda want to make a second part to this story (ᵕ̈ᴗᵕ̈), just cause I can! (Don't worry, I'll take some time in doing it, since I know you prefer other stories instead)

Also, I've saw lots of fics with small sentences in other languages so I said "hey! Why not make it with my latinoamerican boys and a little bit of Spanish? It might be cool!" Hahaha.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this, even if just a little. (If you even read this, which I doubt, but still)

(;ŏ□ŏ) Bye!~

We will solve this together (Reichpol AU)

Warning: This chapter contains mentions of past domestic abuse. If you ever struggle with something like this, please reach out for help, you deserve to be loved and respected.

Also, I do NOT support Nazism (that's disgusting!!!!), Third just appears as a side character for the sake of the story, taken out of any kind of historical or social context. This is just a fictional story with fictional characters.

If you don't feel comfortable with these, I suggest you to skip this chapter.

Thank you!~ Now, let's proceed!!!

Poland's POV

He entered the small classroom, putting the blue tag with his name over the pocket of his shirt and writing "welcome!" on the chalkboard in multiple colors of chalk he had bought yesterday. Walking through the small orange desks, he walked to the chest of toys, making sure it was locked before walking to his own desk and waiting for the children to enter.

He smiled as the little countries started entering the classroom, their happy voices immediately lighting the place. He greeted everyone of them, checking their names on the list that rested in front of him.

When he was sure no one else would enter, he closed the door and walked in front of the class.

"Goor morning guys!" He greeted the children, smiling brightly

when they responded back.

"Good morning Mr Poland!" They all sang at unison, butchering half of the words. It was ok, the were barely four, having them sitting like this was good enough.

"Today we are going to learn a new song. Do you remember the last one we learned?" He asked.

A little blue hand raised, a little girl almost jumping in excitement as he gave her the word. "The O song! The O song!!!" She exclaimed happily, pointing at the letter "O" in the 'welcome' sign on the chalkboard.

"Good job France! So, today we will start learning~" he elongated the word and soon two kids were jumping to answer.

"The U, the U!!!"

He continued the class, taking a small CD player and putting a disk inside before looking for the right song.

It was just another day on kindergarden.

The knock on the door made him turn around, his gaze going momentarily to the children that were playing with toys on the other side of the room, soft carpet covering the floor so no one got seriously injured.

After making sure there were no kids fighting, he ran to the door, opening it just to find the director of the building, Estonia, in front of it.

"Oh! Good morning Mrs Estonia, what can I do for you?" He asked, nervously fidgeting with his hands.

"Well, we have a new student, so I would love to introduce him with you to his classmates Mr Poland. Why don't you bring them here?" she said with a smile.

He nodded, entering the classroom and calling the kids who took some time to gather.

"Today Mrs Estonia has come to present us a new classmate. How about we greet them?" He said with a smile, signaling the director to enter.

"Good morning!" All the children sang in unison, and the female nodded in approvement.

"Good morning. Today a new boy will be joining your class, I want you to take good care of him and treat him nicely. Could you do that for me?"

The kids nodded, staring at the new guy with curiosity. Poland could almost swear he could see the gears of their little heads turning, trying to see if the little red boy with a black 'x' symbol on a white circle, was going to be their friend or foe.

"Good. Now, Third, why don't you present yourself?" The blue, black and white country said to the kid and he just nodded.

"My name's Third Reich." He said blankly, not nervous, not happy. There was just emptiness behind his eyes, and he could see the rest of the children starting to dislike the boy immediately.

Estonia said her goodbyes, walking out of the classroom and nodding at him, happy with his performance as a teacher. As soon as she disappeared, Poland sighed in relief, telling the class to continue playing.

He wrote down the name of the new kid and, shrugging the uncomfortable feeling on his gut, he wished everything would go well.

But of course it didn't.

In the span of the next weeks his suspicions were confirmed time and time again.

Everytime the kids would go to the playground, he would catch Third stabbing beetles with his color pencils, crashing worms with

rocks and staring into nothing. All the kids had started to avoid him like the plague, even screaming when he got close to them.

Poland sighed, he had tried to tell the child that the things he did were wrong, but he was only met with silence and that empty stare of his.

Shaking his head, he stopped reading his book, counting every kid that was on the playground and making sure they were doing ok.

19.

He counted once again.

19.

He got up. Third wasn't anywhere in sight.

Cursing under his breath he decided to take everyone inside, letting them play with the toys while he looked for the kid with sharp teeth. He walked through the tiny forest that surrounded the area, his heart starting to raise when he didn't find the boy.

The sound of a breaking branch made him turn around, and when he saw the child falling from a tree, he didn't doubt a second to throw himself to catch him.

He exhaled in relief when he saw the kid, safe on his arms.

"Oh my Gosh. Third Reich, what in the name of heaven were you doing up there?" He finally said, getting up and putting the boy in the ground, safely.

The red kid just looked at him, his eyes blank as always, but after a few seconds of tense silence, he finally lowered his head and spoke.

"I wanted to play with the bird"

Poland blinked in confusion, his eyes opening wide in horror when he saw the little knife on the child's hands. It was from the kitchen the workers of the building used, he could recognize it easily.

How the hell had this kid ended up with it?

He fell into his knees, taking the dangerous object out of the boy's grasp, putting it on one of his pockets. He looked into his eyes, holding both of his hands and trying to talk to him in a steady voice.

"Third, that's not ok. You can't take dangerous things to play. It could hurt you, and it would hurt the bird." He tried to reason.

"But they sound funny when I do it" the kid responded, his voice neutral and cold.

Poland shook his head. "They can feel just like you and me. Would you want anyone to do that to you? Just because they think you sound funny?"

The kid looked at him as if he was dumb. "But I did sound funny too"

The teacher felt his heart freezing at the response, deciding to take Third on his arms and take him into the building. He ran to another teacher who was already leaving, and begged them to take care of his group. He finally walked to the kitchen returning the knife to its right place and preparing a cup of chocolate for the kid, who sat still on the table.

After a few minutes he gave the boy the cup, making sure it wasn't too hot, and sitting beside him. After a few minutes, he decided to talk.

"Listen Third, I want to ask you something and I need you to tell me the truth, ok?"

The boy nodded, taking sips of the warm and sweet beverage.

"Has someone hurt you like you wanted to hurt the little bird?"

Third stayed silent, before shrugging. He would take that as a yes.

"Ok, is that person someone from your family?" He continued, biting one of his nails and fearing the answer.

"Not anymore"

That was good, but still, what should he do? He had never had to deal with a case like this. When the kid finished drinking his cup, he put it in the sink, smiling at him and taking him back to the classroom.

"Well, look at that, Mr Poland is back!" The other teacher said, getting their things and walking out of the classroom after he thanked them.

The rest of the class seemed to pass painfully slow and when it finally ended, he wrote a note for Third's guardian, asking to meet with him soon to talk about the boy.

He was thankful the kid couldn't read.

The very next day the boy arrived with a note from his father, who said he would meet him that day, after the classes ended.

That was fast.

He sighed in relief, if the kid's guardian was like this, he probably cared deeply about his son, that was good.

When the classes ended, he watched as the parents came to bring their children home and when the only kid left was Third, a black car parked in front of the building. After a few seconds, a tall tricolored male got out, helping another child to do the same.

"Good afternoon Mr Poland" the tall country spoke in a deep but kind voice. "My name's Reichtangle, it's a pleasure to meet you"

Poland shook the hand of the man and invited him inside. The man sighed apologetically and asked him if the kids could stay somewhere while they talked.

"I'm deeply sorry, I don't have anyone to watch over them."

The teacher smiled at the stressed parent. "It's ok, we could let them in one of the classrooms while we talk" he responded softly, quickly adding "as long as they get well together"

The tall man nodded with a smile, and after they left the boys with a whole toy box to play with, they entered another classroom, sitting at the desk.

"Mr Reichtangle, do you have any idea of why I called you here?" He started.

The guardian sighed heavily, nodding with a sad expression. "Third probably did something disturbing once again. What did he do this time?"

Poland sighed. "He tried to kill a bird after stealing a knife, and told me he did it because it would sound funny" he stopped for a second before continuing. "After that, he made a comment that made me think he's being hurt by someone."

The man laid his head on his hands, a look of desperation on his face.

"Oh my God" he whispered, his brows furrowing in a sad expression that made Poland feel sad for the man. "I... I don't know what to do anymore"

Poland shook his head, softly taking on of the man's hands between his own.

"It's ok. Would you want to tell me what's going on? Maybe I could help in any way"

The tricolored country looked at him and after a few seconds started talking.

"I adopted Weimar and Third almost half a year ago, from different families. I knew I had to help them when I laid my eyes on their small sad faces... Weimar was very traumatized, hid from everyone and always appeared in the strangest of places when something made him afraid, but after some time he started to open up"

The man lowered his head, and the white and red country gave him a few minutes to collect his thoughts.

"But Third isn't getting any better. I only know his parents were put

in prison, and they used to hurt him a lot, he has some awful scars, but... Nothing seems to work. I mean, he's more open than before, I Know he loves his brother and I, he sits with me, hugs my leg when I'm working, protects his brother. But he's still so cold and does disturbing stuff" Poland jumped when the voice of the man cracked. "It makes me wonder if he's just too broken to be fixed. Maybe I'm doing something wrong, maybe-"

The teacher decided to stop the man right there, taking his face and shaking his head. "Don't blame yourself! I can't even imagine what you go through everyday, but even if I just met you I can already tell you love your children to death, so don't blame yourself!"

The other looked at him in surprise, and after a moment Poland finally catched the position they were in. "I'm sorry!" He quickly apologized, letting the other free and searching into his desk for something. "Anyway, I know about a therapist that works with children with trauma. I've heard she's pretty good, so maybe you should try it-"

"Third was right. You're cool." The man said, interrupting him and laughing slowly and drying the tears that had formed in his eyes, taking the card that he was lending with an expression of gratitude.

"He says that?" He wondered out loud.

Reichtangle nodded, getting up. "I'll try with this one. Thank you Mr Poland."

Poland nodded, smiling at the man and walking with him to where the kids were still playing. The older one immediately ran to his dad with a bug smile, but Third just organized the toys carefully, closing the chest and walking to his dad to hug his leg, all with a blank expression.

"Thank you" Poland said, smiling at the kid, who only nodded.

Reichtangle walked with them to the car, but before entering he turned to the teacher and lend his hand. Poland extended his own, expecting a handshake, but the taller man just held it with both his hands, almost affectionately.

"Thank you for your help, it means a lot." The man said honestly.

The smaller male fought the warmth that spread from his neck to his face, smiling at the handsome man before responding. "It's ok. We will solve this together, ok? You can count on me to take care of Third while he's learning."

The man nodded and entered the car, waving goodbye. In a few minutes, the car was disappearing in the streets.

He sighed, walking back to his classroom and making sure everything was perfect before closing the building.

Just as he entered his apartment, he was able to process everything that had happened while he spoke with Third's guardian.

He groaned in embarrassment, throwing himself at the couch and cursing at his past self for being so awkward. It was ok..... The man needed someone to rely on in this process, and he was the teacher of the boy, it was just normal.

His thoughts went back to the kid, his heart getting heavy at what the parent had said.

He went to the kitchen and started preparing his dinner, his head swirling with thoughts.

A/N:

Am I going to do a second part for this? Of course! !! This was more of an introduction to the other part, which will have more Reichpol. I really hope you enjoyed it nonetheless!!

Classes are giving me a headache right now ｡:ﾟ (;´∩';)ﾟ:｡ so I'm really sorry if I take some time to post stuff.

Anyways, I hope you're having a wonderful week, please take care!!

o((^▽^*))o Bye!~*

Alcohol only speaks truth (Amerus pt 2)

Russia's POV

He had tried to avoid the american ever since the moment he had finally understood what had happened that night at the party organized by the UN.

He had started entering the meetings when they were about to start, not leaving space for the white country to come and bother him. Yes, the older man had gave him a cute book about gardening -book that, he had to admit, he had been putting into practice the past days- but that meant nothing.

Was he supposed to think that the other was going to stop seeing him as an enemy just because they had kissed when he was drunk?

Yeah, sure.

But still, America was acting weird. Everytime their eyes crossed paths, he would smile at him, his expression getting brighter as he saw him. It made his heart race and his face turn red. He had also been trying to contact him through all the ways possible, but he had blocked him, eliminated his emails and plainly ignored him time and time again.

He walked into his house, sighing as he took off his shoes and coat walking to the backyard of the building where a few flowers had started blooming.

He smiled before shaking his head.

Now he was thinking about the american again. He hugged his legs, resting his head against his knees and biting his lower lip. He was helpless, wasn't him? Here he was, madly in love with the man that hated him the most, that now knew what he felt and was probably

trying to use it as an advantage to kill him.

Was this how his father had felt all those years ago?

He sighed, but was soon interrupted by a knock on the door. Rolling his eyes he got up, walking back to the house, at the door was probably one of his siblings, they were the only ones who ever visited him, but always refused to have spare keys, 'just in case you get killed and we turn into suspects', Ukraine said with a sadistic smile.

Very reassuring family, indeed.

He opened the door, just to see the country he was thinking about just a few minutes ago. He panicked and tried to close the door again, but the other just entered the house before he could do it.

"What the hell are you doing here America?" He hissed, taking a few steps back.

The white country sighed. "Yeah, I'm also good, thanks for asking. Look, we need to talk Russia" he said.

"I don't need to talk to you about anything. Go away before I call the UN" he growled.

America just shook his head, taking a few steps forward until they were almost chest to chest, Russia tried to back off, but was met with a wall. Panic started raising up his throat.

"Why are you acting like this? Why do you avoid me? I know you like me, you confessed that to me in the party."

Russia, shook his head, trying to push the other, but America just took his wrists, stopping him. "I was drunk, I was saying stupidities. Now let me go."

The american raised his eyebrows jokingly and Russia had to admit the excuse was pretty lame. "We both know that's a lie, right now you're blushing so much you look about to pass out"

Russia bit his lip, feeling his eyes watering. He hated that about

himself, how easy it was to read him when he felt vulnerable. It was the reason he had practiced his poker face for years. Nobody would take seriously a man that laughed, blushed and cried easily.

He hated the feeling so much, he felt ashamed, humiliated, hurt, exposed. Seconds passed, the pressure on his head increasing with every silent ticking of the clock.

Until he finally broke down.

"Fine! I like you, that's true! What are you going to do now? Use my stupid feelings to destroy me slowly? Humiliate me in front of everyone? What do you want?" He finally let everything out, tears streaming down his burning face, heart clenching painfully as the words left his mouth.

America shook his head, moving his hands from his wrists to his waist, in the very same spot he had when they had first kissed. "Give me a chance" the man whispered, sincerity filling every corner of his face.

"What?" Was the only thing the Russian could choke out of his mouth.

"I like you, all this time I only saw you as the son of my enemy. But since that night I haven't been able to take you out of my head." The american said, taking one of Russia's hands and taking it to his lips. "Give me a chance"

"H-how do I know you won't betray me when I turn around?" The taller country whispered.

"Cause is the same reason I was so scared to do this. But I'm tired of running away from feelings just because of paranoia" the white country said smiling.

Russia could feel his heart racing on his chest, about to burst from excitement and nervousness. What was he supposed to do? He was scared, so scared to be hurt.

"Promise me you won't hurt me." He finally said, letting his hands rest on the shoulders of the slightly shorter man. "Promise me"

America nodded, closing the distance between them, stopping just a few inches away. "I promise, on the honor of my own flag"

Russia closed his eyes, closing the almost inexistent distance between their mouths, melting when the other responded eagerly, pulling him closer than he would ever thought possible.

This was pure bliss.

They separated when the air was needed, their breathing mixing together as they looked at each other.

America smiled at him. "So it was true, you like tea more than coffee"

Russia rolled his eyes and pushed him away. "Were did you learn that?"

"You told me" America said shrugging.

Russia sighed, crossing his arms. "What else did I told you that night?"

America laughed. "I don't think you want to know."

Russia frowned, shaking his head before walking to the kitchen, preparing two cups of tea and sitting with the other on the table, unsure of what to say after what had just happened.

"Oh, this is actually good!" Said the american, taking a deep breath as the aromatic smell of the beverage raised into the air in the form of soft waves of steam.

"So... What are we now?" The russian asked after a few seconds of silence.

The white country seemed to think about it. "Well, I really want this to be serious. I want to call you my boyfriend, but I guess we would need to go to a date first to do that." He said with a small smile.

Russia could feel his heart melting. He never thought he would be able to have one of those smiles directed at him. He lowered his

eyes, sipping at the warm tea with a happy sigh. After a few seconds he spoke softly. "I don't mind being your boyfriend without a date"

The american looked at him. "We will have to probably keep this a secret for some time" he stopped for a few seconds, his gaze looking for the other. "But I still want to ask you nicely. Do you have the weekend free?"

The tricolored country opened his eyes wide, his face warming immediately. How was he going to get used to this?

"Y-yeah! I mean, sure! I have nothing to do" he responded quickly, clearly excited.

America smiled wide. "Well, then it's settled, I'll come for you at four. Is that ok?"

Russia nodded eagerly.

"Umm" he started, piling all his courage to talk. "It's still early. Maybe if you aren't busy, I mean, do you want to watch a movie? I have a few on my list that I haven't seen so-"

America stopped his nervous rambling, putting a hand over his own.

"I would love to"

He opened his eyes with a happy sigh, the feeling of a soft kiss on his forehead pulling him slowly out of the land of dreams.

"Good morning" he mumbled, his accent a little bit stronger as he was still waking up.

"Morning Rus and happy anniversary" responded the american, his voice still groggy from sleep.

Russia laughed, closing his eyes again and hugging his boyfriend, sighing as he buried his face on the other's chest. "Happy

anniversary Meri" he mumbled, his breathing starting to slow down as the clutches of Morpheus tried to pull him into unconsciousness once again.

"We have to get up hun" the american mumbled, trying to convince him to get out of bed, but he ignored him. "I have to go home to finish something"

The tricolored country huffed, finally letting go of the white male before sitting up slowly. The other laughed, giving him a small peck on the lips and pulling him to the bathroom so they could take a shower.

After a few minutes playfully arguing, they finally went to get ready, reheating the leftovers of the last dinner and eating while joking around. They washed the dishes together, America still trying to convince him into buying a dishwasher, which ended up in a playful fight, as always.

"Well, I have to go. See you in the afternoon?" Said America, hugging him and giving small kisses into his neck. "I don't want to go" he mumbled sadly, but after a few seconds they separated.

"Don't worry, time will pass fast, you'll see." Russia tried to reassure him, giving him a peck on the lips.

They would probably have to celebrate their first year as a couple in secret, their relationship still something too controversial to be brought into light, but they would enjoy it.

He waved goodbye as the other went back to his car and started the long way home.

Russia sighed in happiness.

He had a few hours to meet the other and his gift was ready. Ever since they had started dating, he had been growing a small flower and today he would give it to the other. His heart warmed when he walked to the plant in the backyard, beautiful flowers blooming in a mix of pink and white, leaves healthy and strong.

He liked to think it had grown at the same pace that them.

Shaking his head, he scolded himself for being so corny, getting up and walking back into the house. Just as he walked to the stairs, a knock on the door made him jump and after a few seconds he went to answer.

"Sup! Long time no see!" Said Ukraine, entering the home and being soon followed by Kaz and Belarus.

"What are you guys doing here?" He asked in nervousness.

"We're here to visit. It's been a long time since we've joined to talk." Said Bel with a bright smile.

"Yes. We decided it would be cool to see you today? What? Are you busy?" Kaz joined the conversation.

Russia played with the hem of his shirt, anxiously trying to see if there were any signs of America's presence. There weren't.

"I have plans later, so don't get too comfortable" he said, sighing in relief.

They all looked at him as if he was crazy.

"You have plans? No offense, bit I thought you didn't have a social life" Ukraine said bluntly.

The older brother rolled his eyes.

"Well, that explains the car we saw on the road" Kaz pointed out and Russia could feel panic raising up his throat.

"Don't think we won't make you talk about it" said Bel, her sweet smile hiding an evil plan.

Russia huffed. Yeah, he couldn't accept any alcohol coming from these three. He cursed his drunk self for being so talkative and honest. For all he knew, they were planning on using that to their advantage.

"As if I'll let you" Russia said with a smile, walking to his kitchen to bring his siblings something to eat.

His mind went back to that blurry night were he had accidentally confessed to the America.

Maybe his drunk self wasn't that bad, after all, without it he wouldn't be were he was today. He smiled, eager to see the other as soon as possible.

The sound of the others preparing a board game made him come back to his senses. Well, he still had to wait a few hours, might as well distract himself.

He walked back to the living room, sitting on an armchair and taking the dices. He opened a soda and ignored the beer that Ukraine was offering.

He knew better than to repeat the same mistake twice.

A/N:

There you go! For the people that asked for a second part of this story, here it is!!! I hope you liked it!! I wasn't planning on making a continuation on that story, but you know what? Why not!?!?

I had fun writing this little mess, hahahah.

Anyways, I hope you're doing ok. Take care!

ლ(□□□ლ) *Bye!~*

Thunderstorm (Scotland x Ireland AU)

Scotland's POV

He sighed while he looked out of the window, his fingers hovering over the keypad of his phone without really knowing what to write down. The rain danced on the roof, pouring without a care in the world as the clouds covered the sky, not allowing the light of the moon to give some clue as to what happened a few meters outside of the house.

His eyes trailed down to the blinking cursor on the small screen of the device before he simply decided to close it.

There was no use in sending a text right now, Ireland would probably be on his way soon and, considering the phone signal was awful on rainy days, the SMS wouldn't reach it's destiny on time.

Huffing, he made himself more comfortable on the couch, the blanket over him barely enough to keep the coldness at bay.

The blue country had finished his work earlier today and even if he had been happy for having a free afternoon, he wished his partner had been free too.

These past months the both of them had been too busy and tired to spend more than a few minutes together, the need for sleep more urgent than anything and their schedules overlapping.

It was almost a dark joke from destiny.

He grumbled, frowning as he looked at the window once again. The fog covered the crystal and he didn't think twice before using the sleeve of his work shirt to clean it. His eyes followed a small drop that fell down the transparent surface, colliding with other raindrops as they raced towards the wooden frame of the window.

The circular drop of water stopped flowing, not being able to touch the one beside it so that they could continue their trip together. Instead, they both stayed there, frozen in place as the storm continued.

His frown only deepened.

He wouldn't allow them to continue through this path. He wouldn't allow them both to be like the two raindrops on the window, separated, still and unable to keep moving forward. In an almost childish impulse of reinforcing that thought, he brought his index finger to the glass, tapping furiously on the crystal until both raindrops united in one and continued falling down.

He rolled his eyes. Maybe he was being kind of dramatic. They just needed to talk this out and then everything would be alright.

The sound of keys clinking against each other made him jump out of the couch and in a few seconds he was swinging the door wide open.

The sight of a soaking wet Ireland made him stop his train of thoughts.

"Scot!" The tricolored country greeted with a smile, almost jumping to hug him before the blue country stopped him.

"You're soaking wet, let me bring you a towel" he said, running to the second floor and into the bedroom closet to take a clean towel for his partner. Running downstairs, he helped Ireland with his jacket and shoes while he tried not to flood all the front porch with water.

He threw the wet clothes inside the washing machine, not wasting any time to close the door and dropping the towel over his husband's head, brushing him carefully until he was dry enough.

"Can I get my kiss now?" Asked the green, white and orange country with a smile. "I've been waiting to see you all day!"

Scotland laughed, nodding and pulling the other into a hug, pecking his lips softly before letting go.

"Aw, Don't pull away! You're warm!" Ireland said with an exaggerated pout and, for a moment, the blue male wondered why he loved this corny idiot so much.

"Well, too bad. I can't be your personal heater"

The tricolored man smirked before jumping into the other's arms against his wishes. "I've taken you hostage! Now give me warmth Scot!!!"

"Bloody hell!!! You're freezing! Take a bath or something, I refuse!" He answered, trying to pull his husband away, but deep inside he was happy for the small moment.

He had missed this.

"How about we take that bath together?" Ireland said, hugging him with a happy but trembling sigh. "I want to be with you."

Scotland gave up after a few seconds, separating from the other but holding his hand as he walked to the second floor. He picked their pajamas and soon they were filling the bathtub with warm water.

"Love?" he said as he watched the water rising on the porcelain tub. He could see the other on the side if his vision, taking off his socks while sitting on the floor. "We" he started, gulping when he felt the other stopping his movements. "We need to talk"

Ireland flinched, and Scot was sure that, if he turned around, he wouldn't be able to speak to his heartbroken expression.

"What do you mean?" The other said after a few minutes of silence.

The blue and white country shook his head, trying to calm the other down. "It's nothing important Ire. Look! The tub's ready!" He added quickly, taking Ireland's hand and pulling him inside the bathroom.

He undressed turning the back on his husband, trying to think about a way to bring the subject in a conversation. His thoughts were interrupted by the feeling of arms slowly embracing him.

Ireland's voice came from behind and he felt his heart warming

when the other pressed a soft kiss on his right shoulder blade the invisible shape of a smile on his skin.

"It's cold, how about we take that bath?"

He nodded, turning around and smiling and the other. What was he worried about? Of course Ire would listen, they had survived all kinds of trouble, facing life together and moving on side by side.

They entered the bathtub, sighing when the warm water made contact with their skin, muscles relaxing and eyes closing in happiness.

"Love" the tricolored man called softly "you wanted to talk about something?"

He nodded. "I" he started, biting his lip when he didn't find the words. Ireland, who sat in front of him, took one of his hands, silently giving him strength to continue. "I think we should look for other job options. I mean, we work almost all day and we don't even see each other now."

The other sighed. "But" Ireland started, troubled by the idea "Can we really risk something like that? I miss you too, but we can't-"

Scotland interrupted him softly. "Why?"

The green, white and yellow country blinked slowly, confused.

"We both work, our salaries are not that bad, the mortgage is almost done paying and we don't have anyone else to take care of. Why do we need more money?" He explained, keeping his voice soft.

Ireland frowned, trying to think about a reason before sighing "I don't know? I hadn't thought about it"

Scot nodded. He'd also been worrying about succeeding, getting a nice promotion and a better salary, but when he had realized, for the first time, that he hadn't seen his husband once in about a week, he had started questioning his priorities.

"I don't care about having more money to spend, we were fine

before, we would be fine. I just want us to be happy." He said, pulling the other to his chest, hugging him close and kissing the top of his head softly. "What do you think?"

Ireland relaxed against his hold, getting more comfortable and sighing in bliss. "I'll think about it, ok? If you keep pampering me like this, I might be convinced"

Scotland laughed, nodding and closing his eyes. That was more than fine, for now he was happy to finally have some time with the man he had sworn to love till the end of the world.

They stayed quiet for a few seconds, just enjoying each other's company and touch.

The roaring sound of a thunder made both of them jump and as soon as they separated, the lights went out.

The house trembled for a few seconds and when the sound finally dissipated, they tried to look for each other. Looking blindly, they held hands and, after the fear started fading, they finally laughed.

"Geez" Scotland said nervously. "I wasn't expecting that"

Ireland laughed and kissed the side of his mouth, clearly disoriented by the lack of light. "We should get out of here, God knows I don't want any of us breaking our heads if we miss a step"

"Pretty reassuring huh?" Murmured the blue and white country as they both got into their feet.

After getting dressed and comfy in their pajamas, they held hands and blindly walked downstairs, making sure to be careful with every single step. Scot felt the other letting go of his hand and he waited patiently while Ireland looked for the candles in the cabinets of the kitchen. After a few months minutes they finally got some light.

Scotland looked at the tricolored country, his heart racing at the beautiful picture of the man, surrounded with the warm light of the dancing candles, eyes shining as they looked back at him, with a soft smile plastered on his lips. It made him feel just as enamoured

as he had felt the first time he had confessed to the other back in college.

"You put your pants the wrong way" Scotland said, trying to ease the overwhelming feeling of love that washed over him.

"You know how to ruin a moment, don't you?" Ireland said with a fake frown, but after a few seconds he just laughed. "Besides, you put your shirt backwards too, hmm?"

Scot rolled his eyes, taking off his shirt before putting it back on, making sure the printing was in front. In the meanwhile, he felt his husband looking around with one of the candles in hand.

"Done. What are you doing?" He asked.

"I'm looking for the cocoa, this is the perfect night to drink something warm while cuddling on the couch, isn't it?" Ireland replied. "Here it is!"

Shrugging, the blue and white male took another candle, lighting it with the one on the other's hands and rushing to the other side of the room for a small pot and the sugar.

They prepared hot chocolate in silence, just enjoying the moment, humming songs together as they moved around the kitchen, with the confidence of two people that had been living together for years now.

They walked to the living room, leaving the two mugs in the coffee table before rushing for a blanket for the two of them and some biscuits for the chocolate.

Sitting together, they pulled the big blanket over their shoulders before taking the mugs.

Scot sighed in bliss as his dear husband laid his head on his shoulder and together they listened to the rain that poured outside, the thunders giving light and to the house a few seconds before dissipating.

Time passed just like that, with the two of them sharing warmth,

chocolate disappearing and biscuits fading into thin air as the minutes on the clock continued their parade towards infinity. But in the darkness of the living room, time seemed to stop as they held hands.

As bright white light filled the living room once again, the blue male counted the seconds out loud, being interrupted at three by a roar that made the whole house tremble on its foundations.

"What are you doing?" Murmured the green, white and red country, voice sleepy.

"Counting how close is the storm. I don't think is going to be over any time soon."

"Then let's go to bed?" The other asked, snuggling into his arm as a yawn escape his lips.

Scot laughed, nodding and pecking the top of the head of his partner before getting up.

They walked to their room after making sure there were no lightened candles in the house and, after brushing their teeth, they finally made their way under the covers.

"Scot?" Asked Ireland softly, reaching for him and burying his face on the other's neck.

He hummed in response.

"I also miss this. I'm going to talk to my boss tomorrow and see if he can get me a less demanding job" he mumbled as sleep started to pull him into unconsciousness.

"Then I'll also do the same. Do you remember that exhibit you wanted to visit the other day?" He asked as he pulled the other closer. "We could go this weekend."

Ireland pulled away from him, taking both of his cheeks before kissing him softly. Scot smiled as he felt the other happily grinning against his lips.

"I love you" the other whispered.

"I love you too" he said and, as lighting illuminated the face of his husband, he knew this was all he needed in life.

Outside the rain continued to pour, fogging the windows and shaking the trees, but inside their little paradise they called home, the night was as clear as ever.

In each other's arms, they fell asleep.

A/N:

*Hi guys! Sorry for taking so long, I've been pretty busy with some stuff, but my classes are almost over!!!! I swear!!! This isn't very edited, so I apologize for any mistakes I made *cries in Spanish*, I just wanted to bring you something nice since I haven't posted anything in like an eternity. (□□□)*

I've had the idea for this OneShot for months, but I was finally able to complete it!!!! I hope you liked it (ᵕ̈ᴗᵕ̈)

Anyways, please take care and I hope you have a wonderful week!!!

(/□□□˜ʷˈ□□□)/ Bye!~

We will solve this together (Reichpol AU pt 2)

Poland's POV

He beamed in happiness when the small child walked towards his desk slowly, right after the end of the class.

Kids ran excitedly, looking for their colorful lunch boxes and small backpacks, jumping up and down and talking contently with their friends about plans for the weekend, new game consoles and approaching birthdays. As they walked by his side, Poland smiled at them, saying his goodbyes and making sure everyone was safe and with their respective guardians before walking back to his desk.

"Hello there Third. Why are you still here? Is there something you want to talk about?" He asked the quiet kid, sitting into the chair to be on the same level as the small red country.

Third put his tiny backpack on the surface of his desk, opening it carefully and taking out the only notebook on the seemingly organized bag. He had asked every kid to buy a notebook so he could sent notes to their parents and receive their own, a steady way of communication over the faulty memory of kids and even some adults. The boy, extending the object quietly, eyed him in what seemed to be a bit of nervousness, barely noticeable on the way his lips tightened a little when he took the book.

"Oh! Did your dad sent a note?" He asked, looking for the last filled page when the kid nodded silently.

Good afternoon Mr. Poland, I sincerely hope you're having an amazing day. I'm writing this note to invite you for dinner in our home to talk about the progress of my son, something I think might interest you seeing how much you've helped him these past weeks. I hope this isn't an inconvenience to you in any way. I would be thankful if you could let

me know about your decision through this notebook.

Reichtangle

PS: Do not worry about a thing. This would be my treat, consider it a 'thank you' gift from our part!!!

He laughed softly, looking at Third. "Well, it seems I'm being invited to dinner with your family. Are you ok with that? I see you're a little bit nervous" he said, making sure to talk first with the child. The last thing he wanted was to make him uncomfortable and risk loosing the progress he was making.

He just nodded, before talking in the same monotonous voice as ever. "It's ok. Both dad and Wei want to see you again." Poland still noticed the way the boy held his hands behind his back, looking slightly to the ground.

He was getting good at reading him.

"Well, I feel really honored to hear that. But what about you? Do you want to see me outside classes too?"

Third raised his gaze and stared at him for a moment before replying. "Yeah, you are nice"

Poland nodded with a smile. "Thank you Third, then I'll write to your father back. Do you want to do something in the meantime?"

Third shook his head and just watched intensely as he wrote, as if he was in trance. After a few minutes the adult finally closed the notebook and gave it back to its owner, who saved it carefully on the backpack.

Poland took the kid to the entrance and let him run into his father, waving the other man from the distance before watching them disappearing in the streets.

He sighed.

It was really good to know Third was having a real change. Ever since they had discussed the child's problem (to put it nicely), he had been working on keeping an eye for the kid, making him company and sweetly correcting him about certain behaviors.

So far, the boy had stopped hurting animals, and just sat on the ground to draw either on paper or in the dirt. The drawings tended to be mere swirls and lines, probably something cathartic for the infant while he figured out new things to do.

It was fine, it had been only a few weeks, and he was thankful for not having to be worried for the other children. He had also took it upon himself to dedicate a little bit more of time to Third, considering he didn't have any friends and tended to be quite lonely and, as the days had passed, he had started to learn how to read small details on his attitude.

He smiled, walking to the office and retrieving his bag before walking out of the building. The way Mr Reichtangle had written made him feel hopeful for the kid, putting him in a good mood, besides, it had been ages since he had go out with anyone, so he was excited.

And, of course, it was only better that the one asking him to dinner was the man he had not been able to get out of his head, even if it wasn't particularly a date.

He breathed in and out, trying to calm his nerves as he raised his hand to ring the bell of the house. The sound of little steps running closer, followed soon by heavier steps, made him relax, the domesticity of it making the event more natural.

The door opened in front of him and the figure of the taller male appeared slowly.

"Ah! You're here. Come in, come in! I'm still finishing the food, so make yourself at home" Reichtangle said with a smile and soon Weimar took his hand to pull him into the house with an enormous grin.

"Good afternoon" Poland replied quickly, allowing the child to drag him into what seemed to be the living room.

The house was as beautiful outside as it was on the inside, spacious and filled with natural light that poured from big windows and a crystal door.

He sat on the floor as the older son of the man brought his toys and begged him to play -which he agreed to in a few seconds, of course- and after a few minutes he was completely immersed in a complex story only a kid could really imagine.

It was at moments like this that he knew he had chosen the right profession.

The minutes passed and, being completely focused on the game, he didn't notice the other standing on the entrance to the living room, watching him with devotion, entranced by the man that played freely with one of his children.

If only... No, it was best to forget such fantasies.

After a few minutes, Reichtangle finally decided to interrupt the moment, catching the sight of his younger son, who also had been watching the other adult with curiosity.

"Dinner's ready." He said softly and Poland turned to look at him in a flash, face warming as he understood that he had been catched red-handed raising a rocket excitedly into the air while making sound effects with his mouth.

"Yeah! Food!" Squealed Weimar, saving him from any more embarrassment and giving him an excuse to evade the taller male.

"Hey Weimar, how about we save Captain and his crew on the toy box so they don't get bored while we eat?" He said, getting up and smiling to the boy, who nodded severely before running to organize his toys.

"How did you do that?" Whispered Reichtangle in surprise as he saw the scene.

Poland shrugged and followed the tricolored country into the table, sitting and smiling to Third, who had already climbed into his chair and nodded at him approvingly. For what? He didn't know.

"This looks amazing! Did Third help you to do it?" He said when he saw the food and, when the parent nodded and the younger kid looked down, he took a spoon and tasted it. "Well, you two did an amazing job, it is incredible! You could just open a restaurant at this point!" The sight of a barely noticeable shine on the child's eyes confirmed that he had said the right thing.

Soon Weimar came running down the stairs, washed his hands and climbed to his own chair before starting to relate the intricate adventures that he and Poland had made for Captain and his crew, his father stopping him to make questions and his brother nodding in slight interest.

Poland sighed. He really was happy to have been invited, to be able to see this intimate moment of a small family slowly healing its wounds, growing and connecting.

"Hey Third, how about you also tell us about your new friends? I'm sure Mr Poland would love to hear about it" Reichtangle said when Weimar finished, looking at his younger son who looked at the other kid before starting to talk.

"I... I met new people some days ago" he started, voice monotonous but feet swinging under the table. "They're nice to play with"

"Oh? What are their names? They sound like really cool people" Poland asked with interest, pushing softly the kid to elaborate on something simple, just to get him started.

"Japan and Italy." Third responded quickly and soon his words were spilling like an open faucet. "Japan is nice, she just moved into a new family, just like Wei and me, and she lives in an apartment and she's really smart. But Italy is also cool too, and he knows how to ride a bike. He told us one day he's going to take us to his house and teach us when his mom comes back from her trip around the world."

Poland's smile got wider as he listened to the usually empty boy throwing stories and facts about his new friends, his hollow gaze filling with the tiniest sparkle of amazement and happiness. Sure, his feelings were still pretty dull, same for his voice, but there was a trace of emotional development, something he had never thought possible before.

It was enough for now.

So he listened. Listened to the stories of Japan's new family and the fluffy dog they have at home, about Italy's bike and how it has a basket in the front to put the little puppy his uncle brought for Christmas. Weimar was soon babbling about they having their own dog ("no, a whole pack of dogs!!!" Weimar had corrected immediately) and he and Reichtangle shared a forced smile as they tried to convince the boy that they were far too young to even taking care of one.

After a few minutes the older brother finally gave up, a pout on his lips and teary eyes and Third was soon trying to cheer his brother (up on his own way, of course) talking about the other boy he meet at therapy and who, being blind, would love to have a guide dog, but was terribly allergic.

The conversation flowed naturally, changing from subject to subject as the food slowly disappeared. Before he even realized, dinner was over and he didn't want to leave just yet.

"Oh! Let me help you with the dishes!" He said quickly, jumping out of his chair to offer his assistance.

"It's ok, really. We have a dishwasher, so it doesn't take too much help." The taller male replied, taking all the dishes to the kitchen but turning around on the last second. "But I would be really grateful if you could keep an eye on the boys, if it's not too bothersome, of course"

"It's not, I'll watch over them. Do not worry" he said, walking back into the living room and sitting on the couch.

He smiles as he watched Weimar trying to explain Third how to

make the correct sounds for an airplane. The younger boy seemed completely lost and bored as he held the piece of plastic between his hands, not really knowing what to do.

His smile disappeared. Of course the poor boy didn't know what to do, considering his background. Deciding to intervene, he sat on the ground too and, taking another toy, he joined the game. This seemed to distract Weimar from his lecture and soon the three of them were inventing a new story (well, mostly Weimar, being dutifully followed by Poland and with Third getting lost constantly).

After almost half an hour, he finally heard the other man coming out of the kitchen and, being careful to not hurt the children's feelings, he told them it was time for him to go.

"He looks like he's getting better. What are they doing in therapy?" He asked casually as he walked to the entrance with the man.

"Well, he's finally starting to make bonds with people outside of us and the therapist thinks we can work on his empathy from there. He is starting to care, even if it shows on weird ways" he said, laughing awkwardly.

"Well, it will be a slow process, but I can already see some change. So don't give up. Ok? I'll keep backing you up from school!" he tried to cheer the taller country, and it seemed to work.

He almost jumped when the other took both of his hands, smiling at him softly and with eyes filled with gratefulness. "This wouldn't be happening if it wasn't for that day. Thank you. We owe you a lot" He whispered.

He could feel the heat crawling up his face, his heart almost exploding as if it was trying to get out of his chest.

"You owe me nothing. I'm really happy to see the improvements that Third is making, so thank you for allowing me to share his progress with the three of you as more than just their teacher." He replied, lowering his face to the ground, trying to hide the turmoil of feelings that ran inside of his chest in that moment.

The other breathed in and out slowly, as if trying to get the courage to ask something. After a few seconds, the parent finally talked.

"I was wondering if you would like to come some other time? The boys had fun with you here and... I also enjoyed your presence a lot." He said, murmuring the last part between his teeth.

Poland felt his heart pounding painfully against his ribcage and he wondered for a second if it was ok to daydream about those words hiding a bigger meaning. What did he have to loose? Curious about the possibilities that the future could bring, he decided to risk taking another step.

"I would love to visit again, I had a lot of fun playing with the boys and" he lowered the volume of his voice, raising his gaze towards the other and getting close to him. "I also enjoyed your presence quite a bit"

He rejoiced inside when he saw Reichtangle's face turn into a deep shade of red, but his celebration was cut short when the other pulled him closer and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Then we should talk about it soon. See you on Monday?" The parent said with a small grin and Poland rushed to reply.

"S-sure! Um, see you soon. Good Night!" He blurted and, after the other released his hands he started to walk away, turning around to wave at the other one last time before walking to the bus stop.

He gave the money to the driver and walked to an empty seat in autopilot, his brain still dizzy from the surprise. After a few minutes he finally covered his face with his hands and sighed heavily. What was he, a teenager? He was here all messed up, because the dad of one of his students had invited him to diner and had given him a peck on the cheek. He really hadn't a love life, did he?

After reprimanding himself for getting so excited over something so little, he finally decided to forgive himself just a little. He shouldn't judge himself so hard, he had barely any experience in relationships, and his love life had completely disappeared once he had started to focus completely on his job, too busy worrying about

his students, preparing the classes, making bright figures for he classroom and learning new songs for the kids.

It was nice to finally have the opportunity to be close to someone, outside of the formalities if his job.

He had promised to help them, but after today he had decided he would try everything to see that family as happy as they had been today. He didn't know how things would work out, but he would make sure that whatever time he had with them would be of help, even if he had to go at the end.

But honestly, it would be nice if things ended up well, after all, he was also tired of being lonely.

A/N:

Oh gosh I'm so sorry. I hadn't had the mind to write these past weeks, and I feel really guilty about it (͡°͜ʖ͡°). Please forgive me. I've just been more in the mood of reading instead of writing, I don't even have an excuse ಥ_ಥ.

Anyway, I hope you like this little thingy (it's a little bit longer than what I'm used to, but I hope you still find it interesting) .

Please take care, love u, pls don't hate meh!

(つ ͡ ͜ʖ ͡)つ ~Bye!

Exhaustion (UK x France pt 1- Collab)

Hi there guys!!! This UK X France story is a collab with the wonderful author MynameisAppleUWU so please go check the story on her account!!!!

Without further ado, let's get into the story!!

Britain yawned, his exhausted mind still restless even through the heavy fog that seemed to cover each and everyone of his thoughts, the weight of another long day settling over his shoulders in the form of tense muscles on his back. The night was dead quiet, silence extending through the air like the darkness did through the nocturnal sky, being only broken by the rhythmic ticking of a large grandfather clock that stood proudly on one corner of the room.

Today, just as the day before, had been jam packed and a rather slow workday for the country. Things never seemed to calm down, he was always running somewhere, trying to bring aid to someone. Public speaking, taking with the various branches of his government, helping London with various things here and there, meeting with his isles, and finishing up loose paperwork all crammed his schedule and was miraculously finished all in time for him to be back for dinner which he savored with his wife.

He had walked through the door at almost nine in the evening, his suit drenched with sweat and a heavy briefcase in hand, papers almost overflowing from the inside.

Despite the long day and overwhelming list of things that needed to be done, everything seemed to melt away the second France emerged from upstairs, as beautiful as the day he had met her for the first time. Her eyes were opened wide, eyelashes fluttering as

she finally noticed his presence in the house, a smile creeping to her lips as she squealed in happiness, running towards him and pulling him into a warm embrace. She was a constant reminder to Britain of what he worked for, her smile and the feeling of their hearts beating together, enough reason to face every hardship of the day.

He could always look forward to seeing her in the evening, and that gave him a small surge of energy when he needed it the most. Her face was always an astonishingly beautiful sight for sore eyes and he was convinced that he had found an angel that walked on the earth.

Everything bad about his day seemed to fix itself as the two sat down in the kitchen and talked about their own day, the smell of her perfume instantly making his tired muscles relax.

Just like him, France seemed to be equally tired and pressured, talking about running four blocks in heels to a meeting when her cab got caught in traffic. Britain listened from the side but found it hard to keep his eyes away from her darkened complexion and dull lilac purple eyes.

It didn't take long for him to notice how exhausted she seemed to be lately, choosing to continue her work instead of relaxing and cuddling on the couch as the couple would often do before the start of another busy day.

The small office in their house had become her own personal bubble, the desk stacked with piles of papers filled with notes and all kinds of different books, which she seemed to switch back and forth in the late evening hours. He had to do something about her working so hard, it wasn't healthy for her to do so in such long durations. He had learned that the hard way a *long* time ago.

He closed his eyes, trying not to sigh heavily when the comfortable warmth of his wife left his side, the coldness of the night being quick to replace the space she had occupied just a little while ago. The tricolored country murmured something about going back to work, probably thinking he had fallen asleep, and soon the sound of her light steps disappeared deeper into the house.

The Brit rubbed his tired eyes with the tip of his thumb and index finger, yawning quietly as he felt his thoughts fizzle away in his blank mind. A blanket of warmth wrapped around him as he gazed into the large fireplace at his feet, listening to the logs crackle in symphony with the clock. A warm pot of tea sat at his side, a book loosely nestled between his dry hands that he had taken in the middle of their small conversation.

A part of him knew it was pointless for him to have stayed up so late, especially when he had to work in the morning, but another part of him needed the distraction, even if it was only short lived.

Feeling another wave of exhaustion and drowsiness crash against his body, the Brit sunk further into his chair, slowly turning his head to the right.

The door to the office laid open, honey colored light pouring onto the wooden floorboards in front of the doorframe. France sat stiffly in the middle of her office, her silhouette visible through the ajar door. Her brown curls bounced up and down as her head snapped left to right, examining different documents that lay in front of her on the small mahogany desk.

Britain watched her for a few more seconds, a smile blooming on his face as he watched her working diligently, refusing to stop even for a second. Returning his eyes to the fire, Britain inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of rain and tea and resting his head on the back of the plush chair. His smile faded slightly as a reflection of red and orange wisps of fire bounced around on the wall, dancing in sync with the shadows of light cast from the outside.

How much time had passed already? Looking at the small table on his side, he found his answer in the cup of tea that had started to cool down by now. Focusing his eyes back into the fireplace, he noted the now small flame flickering, almost as if asking to be fed with more logs once again. Blinking slowly, as if trying to chase the sleep away from his eyelashes, he turned to look at the tall antique clock, taking some time to process the position of its hands.

It was already two in the morning.

Suddenly the silence of the night made a lot more sense. His mind faltered for a few seconds before working randomly again, yelling at him to get some sleep. Today has been a long day, he was ready to sleep.

Getting up from the plush chair, he groaned when his back cracked at the movement, his body trying to get him to sit back down in the warmth. His tired mind sloshed, forgetting where he was for a second in the blinding exhaustion.

Wandering over towards the window he glanced out of it for a few seconds, staring at the bright lights of London before closing the blinds quietly. Sighing, he walked out of the room, crossing the hallway and peeking into his wife's office.

She was still focused on the papers in front of her, a now visible frown deepening in between her eyebrows as a mark of both the stress and the hours of work that had melted together. Knocking on the door softly, the blue country tried to get the woman's attention, but France only extended her hand to take another document from the pile on her left, too deep into her work to notice anything around her.

Britain let out a solemn sigh, trying to gain her attention once more but knocking a bit louder than the last time. France didn't seem to notice at first, but jumped slightly at his voice, her pen falling out of her hand and onto the floor. Blinking slowly, as if coming back into reality, she turned around to see him and raised her eyebrows at him.

"Mon amour, I didn't see you! Are you going to sleep already darling?" She asked, apparently confused to see him standing there. Britain smiled at her cute expression, wandering slowly into the room, standing right next to her.

" Not without you my dear.. " he wrapped his arms around her neck, giving her a small kiss on the cheek. France chuckled quietly, placing a hand on his head, gently running a hand through his hair.

"What time is it? I suppose I was too busy to look." Her breath was slow and calming to the Brit who clung onto her for comfort. He

hummed slightly, taking in the moment before responding sleepy.

"It's half-past two. You need to come to bed my love, you'll stay up all night if you don't. We both had a long day, let's get some sleep" he let go of her neck, rubbing her shoulders gently. France let out a stifled moan at the tension being rubbed in her shoulders, collapsing back into her chair with a slight frown.

"That would be great, but I still have too much work to do. I can't just leave it as it is. If I go now, I won't be able to continue in the morning" She mumbled, tiredness clear in her eyes along with the guilt of leaving something unfinished. Britain looked at her sweetly, she was clearly exhausted.

"My love, please. I know you don't want to abandon your work, but I think you deserve some rest after such a long day. If you want we could go over it in the morning and find a solution together. What do you think honey?" He spoke, taking one of her hands between his own and gently caressing her fingers. Sadness flashed across France's face as she stood up slowly, staring at him with her light purple orbs.

"I really don't want to bother you with my work," she said, lowering her gaze into the floor, guilt eating at her words.

Britain blinked, bewildered at his dear wife's words. She would never be a bother for him, what on Earth would have given her that idea? Opening his mouth to say so, he noted the posture of the woman and, after so many years of marriage, knew that she wouldn't listen. Looking around the room, he focused his gaze on an old radio that rested on a table close to the window, a small layer of dust lining the top of it. France had probably turned it on in the middle of the day, wishing for the sound of music to calm her through the stress, only to turn the volume completely down when it didn't work.

The box stared at him imploringly, practically asking to be fixed or even used after its years of waiting. The Brit started gently at it before turning back to France kissing her hand gently, his eyes watching her lovingly.

He smiled, an idea forming in his head quickly. He wasn't sure it would work, but anything was worth a shot at this point. He glanced down to his tired wife, gently moving her chin to lock eyes. His voice spoke sweetly, almost too sappy for his liking. France didn't seem to mind.

"What is it going to take me to make you get some sleep?" he twirled the woman around, her navy blue dress fluttering in the air with a joy-filled laugh.

France giggled, her eyes filled with curiosity as he stared down at her, a certain look he could only have plastered across his face.

"What are you planning mon amour, huh? I don't trust you when you have the face. " she shot back playfully, poking him in the forehead with a smirk on her own face.

Britain shrugged, pulling her softly into the middle of the room, hiding the smile that was fighting to bloom over his lips.

"I have no idea what you are talking about~" He extended an arm to his side, finding the radio and blindly looking for the volume dial.

A piece of sweet and mellow music filled the room as Britain finally let a smile burst on his face, shrugging slightly as he moved back towards his wife. France quickly caught onto his plan and shook her head with a laugh.

"Oh, you charmer~" her eyes lit up, giving him a sly smile.

He allowed a laugh to escape his mouth, extending his hand and offering it to the shorter female in front of him. France looked at it, rolled her eyes slightly, but smiling brightly, put her right hand on his and the left one on his shoulder. She let out a long and happy sigh, placing her head on his chest as the two slowly started to move.

They moved from one side to the other, slowly following the rhythm of the melody that floated around them, their feet following each other perfectly, with the coordination that could only be

gained after decades of knowing each other. France listened to her husband's heartbeat as her mind settled slightly, letting go of her problems. her day and the bustle of life if but for a minute.

"Do you remember the first time we danced like this?" The blue male asked, his voice soft as he reminisced on times long passed when the world itself had been different, years that now seemed too far away.

"When we ran away. Hid in Paris for years. You proposed to me on the Eiffel Tower. Our wedding in Notre Dame..." her voice was soothing, almost lost in thought.

"Do you remember what we promised that day?" He whispered, kissing softly the cheek of his wife, warmth filling his heart as she sighed with a smile.

"I... I remember promising you that we would start a new life, just you and me. I remember promising that I would love you with every ounce of me until I was to die, that we would never part on matter what." she whispered, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"And we promised that we would face the world together, even if it was about to end" He added, feeling the smile of his dear wife pressing against his neck.

"Would you let me be your strength just as you are mine?" he asked softly, taking a step back and looking into France's eyes, that shined with happiness and adoration. The French woman smiled brightly.

"What would I do without you my love...?" she moved her hands up, cupping Britain's cheek with admiration.

"I know I would be the loneliest man in the world. I would go crazy without seeing your smile. " he kissed her hand gently, dipping her close to the ground.

She laughed, giving him a little peck on the lips before resting her head on his chest once again. "I love you, mon amour. You know it right?"

"I know. And you know I love you just as much. Right?" He replied,

waiting for her to nod before continuing. "So, how about we both get a cup of tea and go to sleep?" He asked her once again, looking back at the now lonely desk on the other side of the room, papers scattered and still unfinished.

France looked in the same direction but quickly buried herself in her husband's arms. "Ok, but only if you let me finish this document" she murmured happily.

" You promise that's it ...?" He questioned, giving a kiss to the top of her head. France nodded sleepily, yawning tiredly to herself.

" Cross my heart. "

Britain took in a deep breath, cold air filling his lungs as he sat upon the bed, blinking slowly and rubbing his arms as the warmth of the covers started to dissipate. A few birds chirped from outside his window as rays of golden sunshine bleed through, lighting up the mostly darkened room. A smile spread across his face as he stretched slightly.

"Good morning my daffodil..." he spoke quietly, his eyes blurry from sleep. He sighed with a smile, assuming France was so exhausted she was still asleep.

Much to his dismay, when he turned around he frowned at the empty spot by his side, the mattress cold as if no one had slept there for hours.

His eyes scanned the dark surrounding, unable to fully adjust to the inky blackness that enveloped every corner of the room in no time at all.

Sighing, he got up, putting on his slippers and grabbing a robe, pulling it close to his cold skin as he searched once more. Rubbing his eyes he walked to the light switch, turning the lights on and closing his eyes when the bright light filled the room, piercing his senses.

After a few seconds, he opened his eyes again, looking at the room

and finding it completely empty, not even a sign of his petite wife anywhere in sight. She had said she would come to bed after that one paper, he knew it didn't take that long to get it done.

Opening the door, he walked into the hallway, looking at both sides and trying to find where the French woman could be.

"Honey? Where are you?" He called to the air, deciding to look on the first floor. Maybe she had woken up first and decided to prepare breakfast today?

Walking down the stairs, he frowned when he saw no lights coming from the kitchen, only the pale and cloudy sky reflecting the faint light of the sun that was starting to rise on the horizon, far away from sight, filtered through the windows and white curtains, giving the house a cold appearance. His apprehension grew slightly as France didn't respond, the house going dead silent for minutes.

"France? Dear?" He called out again, his tiredness suddenly unimportant as he scanned the first floor completely, looking into the dining room and the small hall that connected the living room to the principal door. He noted his wife's coat still hanging from the coat rack. So she had to be inside.

Walking up the stairs once again, he turned down the hallway, checking the bathrooms and the guest room before turning around when he caught a glimpse of light on his peripheral vision. Turning around, he slumped when he noticed where it was coming from.

France's office. He should have known.

It was foolish of him to believe that she would actually come to bed. The one thing he had learned about France after all these years together was that, when she put her mind to something, there was no way you could get her to listen otherwise. She was stubborn and Britain knew a part of it was his fault. He was just as persistent as she was.

The male stared into the room for a few seconds but couldn't find it in himself to be mad at her.

He sighed, walking into the office of the French woman and smiling sadly when he found her fast asleep over an apparently bigger pile of papers than the night before, the pen still being held sternly by her hands.

Britain kneeled down onto the floor, gently brushing France's hair out of her face as she slowly breathed in and out. He stared quietly at her sleeping face, a part of his mind urging to wake her up.

Glancing up from his wife he squinted at a calendar that hung from the wall, cursing under his breath when he noticed the large blue words that read 'UN MEETING' in big capital letters.

He wracked his brain and tried to remember if this meeting was mandatory, huffing when the memory of the blue organization lecturing them to not forget it made its way into the front of his mind.

He looked back at his wife, the black shadows under her eyes almost too noticeable. Not even her thick eyelashes could hide it completely, her mouth slightly open as she slept peacefully, eyes moving softly behind her eyelids as she dreamt deeply.

He raised a hand up towards her face but pulled it back in recoil. He could not find it in himself to break her peaceful slumber, not after all this time she had been going to sleep late or not sleeping at all. No. She needed the rest.

"Face everything together" he whispered softly, remembering last night's conversation with a smile.

"Don't worry about a thing, dear. Just sleep ok?" He mumbled quietly as he gave her temple a small kiss.

Moving the chair as slowly as he could, the Brit put one arm around her shoulders, moving the other under her knees, being careful to not wake the small woman as he lifted her. Walking slowly to their room, he whispered sweet nothings at her ear every time she moved slightly, calming her into sleep once again.

Walking closer to the bed, he put her down gently, taking off her

shoes before pulling the covers over her small frame and giving her another small kiss. France smiled slightly even in her sleep, rolling onto her side with a small squeak.

Britain turned around quietly, turning the lights down and shutting the door. Making his way back downstairs he walked back into her office and looked for the report she had prepared for today's meeting.

He took a few minutes to organize everything she had left around the night prior, putting pens into their places, and books into a side table so she could easily find them again, placing scattered notes into a new folder. It was funny to think that she was usually the organized one.

As he opened a drawer to put away a few markers that France had been using, he stopped dead in his tracks when a familiar picture appeared in front of him. Inside of the wooden drawer that he had just opened, and over a few letters that he would recognize everywhere, one of their wedding photos laid, safe inside of a beautiful white and golden frame.

His fingers moved carefully to grasp the photo, heart racing when the light touched the image that he already knew from memory.

There they were, much younger, less wise, but just as in love as they were now, eyes shining as they locked gazes together. The picture was old, a small orange line appeared where it had overexposed, the grainy quality of old roll cameras clear on the darker shadows of the photo, and the rounded corners showed it had been taken decades ago.

It was so surreal. It seemed like it had only been yesterday when the photographer had asked them to smile as if they weren't already doing it. He remembered their small and quiet wedding inside the church, the arrangements of blue, red, and white roses lining the aisle where a few close friends and family were seated.

He remembered the look in Frances' eyes as she said her vows and the sweet taste of her lips as they kissed as husband and wife for the first time.

The blue country sighed, allowing himself a small moment to hold onto the picture. His fingers caressed the crystal glass softly and, after a few minutes, he finally put it back into the drawer.

His head wandered back up towards the stairs, reminding himself of how lucky he was to have a woman like France.

He was the luckiest man in the world.

A/N:

I'm back!!!!~

AAAAAAA , I swear they can be so cute!!! MynameisAppleUWU and me decided to make something fluffy fluff for these two, and I really hope you enjoyed it after all the hard work and love we put into it (◍•ᴗ•◍)✧。 (Also, the next part will be posted in about a week, so please wait for it!!!)*

This is my first finished collab, and I'm really happy with how it turned out and how amazing it was to work alongside someone and unite to make something new, I completely loved this experience!!! (Thank u Apple!!!!)

Anyway, I hope you're all doing ok, please stay safe and take care. I send you tons of hugs, please stay strong.

(´∩。• ᵕ •。∩') ~Bye!!!!🤍

Exhaustion (UK x France pt 2- Collab)

This is the second part of this story (if you haven't read the first part, what are you doing here? Go read it first!!! (｡•̀ᴗ-)✧), and it's a collab with the incredible MynameisAppleUWU so please go check it out on their account too!!!

Britain glanced up at the huge building that lay in front of him, the warm New York wind blowing through his hair. Glancing down at his briefcase he took in a deep breath, brushing the wrinkles out of his suit as another gust of wind hit his face. Taking a step forward he opened the double crystal doors, tightening the coat around him when he was met by the cold air conditioning of the place. The building itself was a madhouse, countries, and representatives scurrying back and forth, making small talk with others.

He was going to miss France, maybe they could have held hands like they had done other times, and he wouldn't be that cold. She always calmed his nerves and made these mandatory meetings so much better. They wouldn't even pay attention half the time, rather stare at each other with longing eyes and chuckle at others.

Exhaling air through his mouth he walked into the meeting room, curtly nodding at other countries that greeted him politely as he made his way into his own seat, curling his hands into fists to try and keep them warm.

Putting down his briefcase, he sat on the chair with his name, pulling out both his and France's folders before staring at the empty seat on his side. A bright silver plaque with France's name shined in the light, seemingly following his eyes everywhere he looked.

The country sighed, letting his shoulders slump a little as he

wondered how his dear wife was doing. The trip from home to here was a little bit long so, under normal circumstances, she would have already started to awaken, but considering how tired she had been, she was probably still deep in sleep.

He smiled slightly, hearing a shuffle from behind his chair. It didn't take long to know who it was.

"America, I know you're there, stop being childish and get out from under the table," He said, faking a serious and commanding voice and trying to suppress the laughter as he heard his older son jumping, hitting his head by consequence and cursing under his breath.

"It's nice to see you pops" the slightly shorter male crawled out from under the large table, rubbing his head with a groan.

"Great to see you still have that inner child intact, America, but maybe it would be better if you left that for outside of a UN meeting?" He replied with a smile, rolling his eyes.

"Come on, the meeting hasn't technically begun, so I can be my usual self and let the serious scary me for later. You can seriously be quite boring sometimes, old man" The white country replied with a small pout, sitting on top of the table and crossing his arms.

The older man just laughed at the younger country, shaking his head at his antics. "Well, how about you spare this old man from your jokes for today? I'll be quite busy today, you see" He said, opening his folder and pushing his son softly away for some space on the desk.

America raised an eyebrow, finally noticing France's empty seat, pointing at it and opening his mouth to talk, before being abruptly interrupted by another voice.

"Oi, NZ look who it is!" a familiar accent drifted into the Brits' hearing as he looked slowly to the left. In front of him proudly stood his remaining sons, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, all carrying some sort of stack of papers with them minus America who never seemed to do his projects no matter how much the UN

threatened him.

Britain quickly fixed the cuff of his suit as Australia and Canada bound over from halfway across the room, almost out of breath when they arrived.

Britain let out a small breath, taking in how much they had grown over the years.

They were no longer the little kids he remembered raising all those years ago.

Canada immediately gave his father a tight hug to which NZ followed in suit, America watching playfully from the side. Australia was next in line and instead of the least formal approach, he shook his father's hand, a toothy smile and few scars proudly lining his face.

The father's face softened slightly, his mind almost being taken from the absence of France. She would have done anything to see her children once more.

The family sat in silence for a few seconds as America scanned over a few documents Britain had placed out, a suspicious eyebrow visible even behind his dark-tinted sunglasses.

NZ seemed to notice something was wrong with America and broke the silence, running a hand through his hair.

" So what have you been up to dad? It's been a little while since we saw each other, hasn't it?!" He eyed his father with interested eyes, tapping one finger in rhythm on the desk.

Britain let out a sigh, sinking into the uncomfortable chair just a bit.

" Nothing much. Do you remember that book I've been working on?"

"Ah yes, that old dusty thing you've been writing for ages." America responded with a teasing smile, completely ignoring Canada's face telling him to stop.

"Yes dad, what about it?" The white and red country said with a smile, giving his older brother a small slap on the back of the head.

"Oh, come on, I haven't been writing it for that long. Have I?" The older country asked with an eyebrow raised, looking at NZ and Australia for support, and only receiving evading gazes and nervous shrugs.

" Dad, I was practically still a colony when you started that thing! It has to be about 1000 years old by now!" America burst out laughing, falling over on the table with a snort. Canada grimaced, slapping a hand to his face.

The father of the four countries frowned, closing his eyes and retorting immediately "You're not even that old, America and, besides, it hasn't been *that* long, at least I can assure you that. I'm not half as old as you think I am..."

America sat up on the table, rubbing his eyes like he had cried from laughter.

"Yeah, sure dad, whatever you say. What else were you going to tell us pops? Scotland booze up your tea again?" The American responded, clearly rolling his eyes behind his sunglasses.

"What I was about to tell you, before being so rudely interrupted, was that I finally finished a new chapter. One of the final ones, if I may add." He said, trying to suppress the proud smile that tried to crawl into his face.

"Dad, that's amazing!" The Canadian said, beaming as he clapped in excitement. "I thought you had said you didn't know when you would be able to finish it because you were too busy to work on it!"

"Yeah, can we read it soon?" Said Australia with a big smile that showed all of his teeth, excited as always to devour the stories that his father created since he had been just a child.

"Sure you can! Once it's completely finished that is. And to answer your question, I've been working on it in my limited free moments. Your mother has also been-" He trailed off, stopping his sentence as

he remembered his wife's tired face when he had brought her to their room. A stab of guilt poked at his mind as he thought back to all the paperwork she had gone through and how he should have dragged her to bed with him. America looked confused when his father stopped, pushing his sunglasses up on his forehead.

"Hey is everything okay...?" asked New Zealand when the blue country stopped mid sentence, his face deep in thought.

Canada looked at his mother's seat once again, worry crossing his expression as Britain stared blankly across the room, his eyes seeming more foggy than before. America leaned forward and poked his fathers shoulder, not gaining a reaction from the older country.

New Zealand looked at Australia, Australia looked at America and America looked at Canada, clearing his throat obviously wanting the second oldest child to do something. Canada shook his head, rubbing his temples but after waiting a few seconds finally spoke up, shaking Britain's shoulder. "Dad you alright...? I didn't want to ask but is Maman alright? She's always with you. Always?" The worry dripped from Canada's light and quiet voice. Britain swallowed hard, shaking out of his trance after a few seconds.

"Oh, your mother... She..." He started hesitantly, rubbing the back of his neck anxiously.

"Is she alright?! Did she get hurt or something?! You didn't call me so I didn't think anything was wrong but-" the Canadian interrupted, jumping up from his chair and mumbling in peril. Britain chuckled slightly, motioning for Canada to sit back down and everything was under control. *He was always a mama's boy.*

"Don't worry. She's alright, if something really bad had happened to her, I wouldn't be able to be here to begin with" He tried to calm the taller son with a smile and that seemed to do the trick. After making sure they weren't thinking about the worst scenario possible, he finally let his smile drop into a lightly frown, rubbing the back of his hands for some comfort. "I'm just... worried about her. " He said with a low voice, sighing once again. His sons watched closely, listening to every word he spoke.

"What do you mean worried? She get sick or something? " America popped up from the side, pushing his glasses back down his face. Canada squirmed in his chair, clearly wanting his father to just cut to the chase about the whole situation.

The British opened his mouth to speak, but closed it at the last second. Should he worry them? He didn't think France would be really happy if he told them what was going on with her, she would probably get mad that he had made their children worry over something as insignificant as herself. Even if none of them were children anymore and her health was in no way insignificant at all.

Canada tried to ask again, but the sound of the UN entering the room and countries running back into their places and putting documents on their respective desks, made him stop.

Maybe he could tell them later, right now, he needed to make sure all of France's hard work didn't go to waste. Correcting his posture and organizing the two folders, he inhaled deeply, getting ready for another long day.

"And that concludes the meeting. Thank you all for coming and I thank you even more for your hard work on the projects. You are dismissed " UN's strong and confident voice echoed through the large meeting chamber, letting everyone off the hook after a good four hours of talking. Britain shook his head, whispering 'finally' under his breath as he stacked a few papers back together, shoving them into the folder.

He was exhausted once more. These meetings were always so dull and lifeless, he had wanted to leave at least twenty times during the whole thing. It wouldn't be so bad if France was there, but he had to remind himself she wasn't. His face felt unusually warm and an uneasy tension pulled at his mind, twisting it in knots. He looked down at the papers still in front of him and briefly glanced over one of France's documents, admiring her hard work and beautiful penmanship.

He really wanted to get home and snuggle with her soon.

Rolling his shoulders, he walked slowly to the restrooms deciding to ignore his reflection- he probably looked like a zombie, anyway- and splashing a good amount of water into his face, trying to wake up a little from the long and boring reunion. After a few seconds letting the cold water chase his tiredness away, he finally dried his face with a paper towel before walking back into the main hallway that connected the meeting room with the main entrance of the building, walking quickly to try and get home as fast as he could. His eyes darted back and forth a few times, trying to dodge his children if it was all possible. He knew they would call him untill he answered but he wasn't in the place to tell them face to face at this point. The door came closer and closer untill he stopped in his tracks, a cold hand landing on his shoulder.

"Sup dad, where are you running so fast?" America's voice made him stop and turn around just to see his four sons standing there, apparently waiting for him. It was a trap. He closed his eyes tiredly, and fumbled with the briefcase in his sweaty hands before looking back up.

"I just want to get home. I have things I need to get done. " he replied tiredly and Canada looked at him for a few moments, his hands locked behind his back..

"Sorry dad, I know you must be pretty tired right now, but we all just want to make sure mom is ok. If something's wrong you need to tell us..." The tallest male said, voice guilty but firm as he talked.

"I know, I know" the Brit murmured, finally giving up and deciding to tell them. He was too tired to fight anyway. "It's just that France has been quite busy lately" He started with a sigh, signaling for the other countries to follow him outside so they could at least sit in a bench while they talked.

"Aren't we all, pops? That's the thing about being a country, paperwork, people, and no prize." America snorted slightly, his humor at a minimum level. Britain shook his head slightly, staring at the green grass at his side.

"I don't mean busy in the usual context, America. I mean your mother's working herself to death. I can't get her to stop" he tugged

at his bowtie, looking at Canada's rather pale face. "You know how stubborn she can be when she wants everything to be perfect, and she seems to not be really happy with her work lately. I can barely get her to eat and god knows I can't get her to sleep" he threw his hands up slightly in the air, his children dead silent beside him.

"Sounds kinda like you, pops." America mentioned quietly, his voice now in all seriousness. "I remember when you did the same exact thing when we were staying with ya. You ever think mom took a page from your book and decided to do it herself?"

Britain sighed heavily, rubbing his eyes and letting his shoulders fall, guilt weighing heavy on his back. "I never thought of it that way. Maybe it's my fault. I'm just not sure how to get her to realize it's not good. I've done everything I can."

"Well if anyone is going to be able to do it, it's you dad. Mom will listen to you, ya just gotta tell her in the right way. Use some of that old time charm, you know that will make her listen! " Australia hung over the side of the bench, his face soft but truthful and NZ nodded by his side.

"I tried last night, but she just gets back to work as soon as she can. Could barley peel her away for five minutes. She even fell asleep at her desk she's so devoted! Its starting to scare me." he replied, his voice strained as he tried to contain all the feelings that he was having at the same time.

The four of his sons looked at him, exchanging looks as they saw their father crumble in worry for the one he loved, the one they all loved.

"Hey, it's going to be alright dad. Ok? Don't stress yourself too much." Canada started, approaching the Brit and putting an arm around his shoulders.

" Nada is right. We don't want two stressed parents at the brink of death, do we? Stop worrying so much, you'll find a way." America joined in with a terrible, trying to lighten the mood.

"They're all right dad. There's no use in stressing so much. You

should also get some rest, it looks like it would do you good" added NZ, rubbing the older man's arm with affection.

"Yeah dad, what they said. Mom will listen to you. You're all she ever listened to in the first place!" Australia sat up straight, chuckling as America attacked him playfully. Britain let out another sigh, feeling a small spark of peace and inspiration light back from inside him.

Getting up from the bench, he turned around and looked at them with a smile pulling them into a big hug. They had all had a few rough times in the past, but the Brit knew he could always go back to his family for help.

"Geez dad, you're really getting old if you're suddenly so affectionate. You're losing all your toughness from the past" the American teased as their father relaxed, letting them go.

"Oh, shut up boy. Your old man still has a long way home. Give me a break" Britain answered with a smile, nodding to each of them.

After finally saying his goodbyes, he waved at his sons, getting into his car and preparing for the hours in front of him. Sighing, he tried to think positively, the memory of the white and golden frame and the old photo he had found this morning giving him strength for the rest of the way.

"France, my love, I'm home..." The tired Brit opened the front door, closing his umbrella that was dripping with the afternoon London rain. His briefcase dangled sadly from his left hand while he held a large bundle of fresh flowers in the other.

He glanced around the empty and silent house, actually surprised to see a few lights on and the smell of various pastries floating straight into his senses . The same song he had heard last night sang through the radio, mixing with the constant patter of the rain outside only made it that much more comforting. The house was perfectly warm and inviting, making him smile as he slipped his soaking shoes off, throwing them to the side of the door

Walking to the kitchen after making sure he wouldn't left a mess behind, he looked for the origin of the wonderful smell that filled the air, finding a basket full with pieces of *mille feuille,* a few *macaróns* and a bundle of *Éclairs* inside of cute bags with hearts, on the one on top, there was a little sticky note with the perfect handwriting of the french woman.

'Welcome home, mon ami, I hope you like this little thing I made for you. I apologize deeply for falling asleep in my office last night, the overwhelming tiredness had gotten the best of me. My heart aches just thinking about it. Will you forgive me, mon amour?'

He shook his head. Of course France would blame herself, he really needed to find her and give her a hug to reassure her that he wasn't mad. He wouldn't be able to even if he wanted. Listening to the gentle music from the radio his mind settled quietly, once more feeling at ease. Taking a *macarón* from the basket he turned around, a soft voice humming along sweetly with the current song being played.

Walking slowly, he looked around for his wife, using her soft voice as a guide. His mind slightly cringed, wondering for a second if she would be in her office once again. He turned the corner quietly and caught sight of a silhouette lying on the couch of the living room answered his question. She seemed dazed and still deprived of sleep, her lavender eyes closed gently as she continued to hum sweetly to herself.

Approaching the dozing country, he smiled, sitting by her side and passing his fingers through her hair. The action seemed to awake France and as she blinked for a few second as he decided to greet her properly.

"Hi there, my love~ " he said softly, making sure not to startle her too much.

"Mon cheri!" She called as soon as she finally processed his presence, sitting up straight and rubbing her eyes to take the last trails of sleep away from her eyelids.

He smiled at her actions, happy to have her finally between his

arms as he always yearned for. His lips opened involuntarily as a yawn forced its way out of his mouth, trying to make him fall asleep right then and there. France was just as tired, letting out her own yawn as she nuzzled her face in between the crook of his neck.

"How was your day, love" France asked softly, probably already knowing the answer.

Britain looked at her, deciding to lie a little. "It was ok, today wasn't as tiring as usual, so please don't worry, okay?"

"Did you see the boys? I doubt your son did his project, as usual. He's so much like you when you were his age" her breath brushed across his cold skin, making the Brit relax even further.

"I feel personally attacked, I wasn't that irresponsible" he said laughing softly.

"Sure. You know you're a terrible liar" she laughed lightly. "Britain" She asked softly after a few seconds of hesitation, his name on her lips feeling a little bit strange after so much time without hearing it. "I'm very sorry for today. I... I don't know what happened" She admitted, putting some distance in between them to look at his face, her expression filling with guilt as she caressed the shadows under his eyes.

"I don't know what's happened to me lately. I just... I've been so lost inside my own mind, as if it's impossible to pull myself from my own thoughts.. im drowning in my own mind..." Her voice faltered with a large weight crashing down on her shoulders.

He smiled sadly at her expression, extending one hand and taking her chin, guiding her head so they could look at each other's eyes.

"I understand my love. I understand more than you know. I've fought those waters for a long time and they still manage to pull me under as well. I just hope that you could take a break. It hurts me to see your exhausted face, how you couldn't come see your children. They were worried for you, Canada almost had a heart attack over it." He kissed her forehead gently, leaning back on the grey sofa with a tired groan. France let out a long and heavy exhale, biting

her lower lip as she evaded his eyes again.

"I'm... I'm sorry for everything. I don't mean to be a burden..." She placed her hands in her lap, feeling emotions spill over their gateway. Britain's eyes widened at her words, his heart almost breaking at the sad sincerity of her voice.

"Look at me France" The british called sweetly, taking his wife's hands between his own, his voice kind but serious. "Who made you think such a thing? Do you remember what we talked about yesterday, love?"

France couldn't bear to look into his sky blue eyes, her own purple orbs starting to water slightly.

"Don't cry, my love, please. We're here together and I'm never going to let that change. If I had to run from here to every country in Europe I would without a moment's hesitation. France, you're the reason I get up every morning, the reason why I suffer through every exhausting day. I wait and wait all but to see your face, which makes everything better. Don't feel for one second that you are or ever will be a burden to me, because if you do, you're lying to yourself my darling. "

The french woman raised her gaze, eyes open wide at his words, mouth slightly open in surprise, tears frozen on her lashes as she focused her view on his face, trying to catch even a clue of lies, but only finding honesty and complete adoration from her husband.

" As long as this ring stays on my finger I promise that I will do anything and everything in my power to help you my love. All you have to do is ask " the Brit ran a slow hand through the smaller female's hair, his smile illuminating the room.

After a few seconds, the petite woman smiled, letting a laughter out of her mouth. "Ah, I should be the one taking care of you, mon cheri, you look absolutely exhausted. I know how much fun those UN meetings can be, " She said, drying the trails of salty tears from her face with the back of her blouse. "Come here" She whispered with a smile, getting up from the couch and pulling him to join her in the middle of the dark living room, the warm light of the dining

room forming deep shadows on the walls close to it.

Britain let out a small scream as he almost tripped at his wife's actions, and only being saved when the woman hugged him quickly. They both looked at each other before bursting out laughing.

"Well, it seems that I am still falling for you" The male said with a smile and France rolled her eyes but still gave him a small peck on the cheek.

"Well, I truly hope so, love" he replied with a smile.

France placed her hands back on his shoulder, pressing her body closer to the handsome Brit in front of her. As the sweet melody of *La vie en rose* filled her ears France finally let go, feeling the warmth swallow her whole as they danced gleefully around the room.

Her mind slowly realized that to be near Britain was everything she needed and ever would need.

She would walk to the ends of the earth for him...

Even though the afternoon London rain~

A/N:

And this is how I die of cuteness, i swear this gave me diabetes from how sweet it was!!!! (人´∀｀)。*゜+*

I was a little bit scared of making a collab, cause, well, my language isn't English and I've learned most of it on my own, but everything went really well!!

Anyways, I hope you liked our story.

Please drink water and eat well!!!!!

(人 •‿•) ~Bye!

New family in town (Bracol AU pt 2)

Hi there! This is the second part of this story so, if you're part of the few people that read the stories I make for this ship, please read the first one before!!! (◠‿)—☆

Also, WARNING, this part contains a little bit of blood, but it's only a paragraph or so and nothing too graphic.

Now let's proceed! (≧▽≦)

Colombia's POV

He had refused to go back to the town ever since that day.

His father had tried almost everything before finally giving up, deciding to take the youngest of the three siblings with him every time he needed an extra pair of hands.

He watched as their dad looked back one last time, opening his mouth for a moment -as if to try to convince him once again- before shaking his head with a heavy sigh and calling Ecuador, who was pulling the reins of the horses to guide them to the dirt path that would take them to the town.

The sound of his relieved sigh was only heard when the silhouettes of the two disappeared on the horizon, getting lost under the foggy early morning that covered the distant mountains. Finally being able to relax, he walked back into the shadows of the house, getting ready to repair the broken fence that was supposed to separate the space between their closest neighbor's farm and their own.

He scoffed.

His dad had threatened him with the task only to convince him to

go to the town with him, but even if he cut his hands open and ended up bleeding out in the forest or succumbing to tetanus, he would continue to refuse to go back to that place.

"Ah, papá, if you only knew" he mumbled as he put the tools on the bag, packing some coffee on his thermos flask to drink while he was there.

"If he knew what, Colombia" the voice of Venezuela said, pulling him out of his thought process, and making him turn around frantically and stuttering.

"Nothing, nada, nothing at all, just saying nonsense!"

The slightly smaller brother raised an eyebrow, obviously trying to hide the smirk that was fighting to climb his lips at the sight of his older brother being a complete mess.

"Oh? Que pasó Colombia, are you feeling sick? Is that the reason dad's taking Ecuador with him this week?" The country with stars said with an exaggerated sweet voice. "Maybe you should take better care of yourself, you've been quite red this past few days, you could be getting a fever!"

"Calláte Venezuela, keep on teasing me, and I'll make sure to tell papá that you broke his radio and that's why he can't find it anywhere" the older brother replied with a snarl.

"Pst, aguafiestas" replied Venezuela before preparing the fire under the stove to make lunch. "Anyways, if I were you, I would probably go repair that thing soon, it will probably take all morning"

That was true.

Sighing, he walked out of the house, securing his backpack and starting the long way to the broken fence. He walked by the rows of coffee bushes, passing the small area were they had started to plant corn and deviating a little from the path and to the fruit trees that stood colourfully on one side of the property, deciding to take a few tangerines with him to snack while he worked.

After fifteen minutes, he was back into the path, entering the wood

area that they had decided to maintain intact and that connected the next property with their own.

The sound of water made him know that he was close to the small creak that crossed their farm, joining the main river of the town a few kilometers down the current. Changing his direction to the sound he located it in no time and, after walking a few minutes up the current, he finally found a place narrow enough to cross it by jumping over rocks.

He huffed as he looked up the small hill in front of him, were the broken wired fence watched him almost mockingly.

"Why am I doing this, again?" He mumbled to himself, starting to climb the muddy elevation, and using his hands to pull himself up in the most difficult places. "Ah, si. Because I'm too much of a coward to face my unrequited crush, right." He answered to the air as he finally got to the top, gasping for air. "Why is this even here in the first place?"

After another five minutes of bickering against the nothingness, the tricoloured male finally decided to put hands to work, taking out the roll of wire out of his bag along with the pliers and gloves that would make this task easier.

Still, even if this was going to be tedious, it was better than going back there, he wasn't ready for the humiliation.

Hours passed by, with the sun rising into the sky, burning brighter and hotter with every second and making that foggy morning look like paradise. The colombian blinked when he reached for his thermos and found it already empty, not even a single drop of liquid inside. Just how much time had he spent up there? Looking up he located the sun, opening his eyes wide as plates when he noticed it had to be way after midday.

"Ay, mierda" he whispered under his breath, almost hearing the lecture he was going to receive if his father was home and he wasn't there for lunch. "Well, I still probably have some time" he muttered, putting everything messily inside of his bag and closing it before turning around too quickly.

He gasped when the ground gave way under his boots, confused for a second as gravity pulled him to earth, making him roll down the hill, crashing against bushes and languid trees, disorienting him as dry roots and gravel scratched his skin.

Coming to an abrupt stop, he finally opened his eyes, the wide blue sky greeting him from above, clouds blurring by moments as his eyes moved without his command.

"Pero que-?" He whispered, bringing a hand to his face and feeling a warm liquid coating his fingers when he touched his forehead. Trying to focus his eyes, he saw the crimson blood coating his fingers and immediately tried to get up. "I need to get home" he told himself as he sat up, before an excruciating pain made him stop. Groaning between his teeth, Colombia looked at his unresponsive leg, his breath catching on his throat when he was met by the sight of a branch deeply buried on his thigh, going from one side to the other.

He stuttered to find words, mind going blank as the edges of the world started to disappear into darkness.

'maybe I should have gone to town' he thought to himself as he lost consciousness.

Brazil's POV

"Brazil, would you be so kind and take this order to the address on the tag?" His father's voice called from the workshop in the back over the sound of the machines working. After walking there and being given a lot if instructions of how to get to the client's house, he took the package that contained two pair of shoes and got out of the store, giving his older brother a sign to stay in the front.

Passing by the grocery store, he was surprised to find the street that, he knew, went to Argentina's neighborhood. Running to his friend's house, they talked for a little bit before deciding to ask for the house on the address.

"Oh, that's were you're going?" The blue and white country said with an exaggerated groan. "That's Chile's house, you should just throw those to his window and leave, he's probably too busy to hear you anyway."

Brazil raised an eyebrow at this new face of his friend. "Did something happen between you two?" He asked when the other stayed silent.

Argentina just shrugged, evading his gaze and looking everywhere in the room except for where he was.

"He's just dumb"

"Ajá" Brazil said, sarcasm obvious on his voice. "He said something to you or something? I could give him a piece of my mind" He started, knowing the other wouldn't want to cause a scene.

"No! Just-" The argentinian sighed, sitting in the couch and crossing his arms. "We are always fighting, and, well, I tried to make things better, invite him to watch TV and stuff, but" he stopped, his face growing red. "Ah! Esto es una boludez! It doesn't matter, it's not a big deal!"

Brazil laughed when his mind connected the dots "He forgot? That the reason you are mad at him?" He teased his friend. "You should just talk"

"As if you're one to say that! You haven't talk to Colombia yet, so shut up" The blue country retorted, immediately trying to change the subject of conversation.

"Hey! It is not like I can! He hasn't come back" He replied, quickly defending himself.

Argentina shrugged, still trying to make a point. "Yeah, but you know where he lives, so that's not an excuse."

Brazil rolled his eyes at his best friend's attitude "yeah, and this so called Chile lives on the other side of the street, so you don't have one either"

That seemed to do the trick and, seeing the way his smaller friend bit his lower lip, deep in thought, made him know that this would be solved sooner or later.

"Anyway" continued the green country "I'll go give him this package, see you later Argi" he said, waving and walking to the door.

"Sabes qué? Let's make a deal, I'll talk to Chile today, but you have to talk to Colo as soon as you see him. Ok?"

Brazil laughed. "Deal"

They both finally said their goodbyes and he proceeded to cross the street to the house on the other side, knocking on the door before being greeted by a guy he had never seen before, his flag blue and white on the top half of his face and red on the lower half, with a star on his right eye.

After a few minutes talking, he made sure everything was fine with the order before deciding it was his time to leave.

"Espera!" The other called as he started to turn around. "You're Argentina's friend right?"

He looked at him and nodded, noticing the guilt on the shorter country's face.

"Is he... Is he still mad at me?" Chile mumbled, looking at the floor and changing his weight from one feet to the other.

Brazil smiled. "Don't worry, I think everything will get solved very soon. Just apologize and it will be fine" he said, looking at his friend's house and catching the blue country peeking through the curtains towards them.

"Ok, thanks"

The taller just nodded and waved before walking away, catching a glimpse of his friend walking to the other's house before getting out of their neighborhood.

"Guess now I also have to keep my side of the bargain" he mumbled to himself, looking at the ground as he kicked a rock with every step he took.

To be honest, he didn't know how to feel about the tricolour country supposedly liking him. He couldn't even be certain that he was, indeed, the one that the so called Colombia even liked and, for all he knew, the shorter male could've just confused him with his older brother.

It wouldn't be the first time.

The idea made a frown appear between his eyebrows, his hands curling into fists as he put them in the pockets of his trousers.

He was used to people often comparing him and his older brother, Império, stating the obvious fact that they looked almost the same, before quickly adding how different they really were in personalities. It was painfully obvious once they were side by side how the oldest sibling was much more comfortable in his own skin, exuding confidence, strength and charisma.

No matter how hard he tried, he could never be like his brother. He was stuck being his awkward self that couldn't even be a shadow of what the other was.

He sighed. Great, now he was angry and sad. Shaking his head he tried to focus on his original thoughts. The other couldn't like *him,* but had probably thought he was Império and would clear the misunderstanding as soon as they talked. That was it.

Besides, he probably still had time, so there was no need to worry about a conversation that would take place in literal weeks.

Nodding to himself he finally raised his gaze, only to notice he had ended up in another part of the small town, far away from home. Groaning inside, he started to walk to the right direction, when something make him stop.

"Wait! Oh thank God" a voice made him turn around. "Oh! You're one of the new guys, right? My name's Gran. I'm sorry but can I ask

you for a favour?"

He blinked in surprise.

In front of him there was a pair of tricolour countries. The taller- one he had never seen before- was helping the smaller, holding one of his arms around his shoulder and supporting him by the waist. On the other side, he recognised the face of the shorter country, who was staring at him with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth.

He really had bad luck, didn't he?

"Um, sure." He answered before being interrupted.

"Genial! Could you please watch over my son for a few minutes? You can both sit while I bring my horse here. You see, he had an accident and can't put pressure on that leg, but I'm sure if I let him alone for one second he will go walking on his own" The man said, looking straight at his son at the last part.

The guy looked mortified.

"Sure Sir, I can do that" he answered quickly, smiling at the man before the other could say a thing. If this was the time to talk, he wouldn't let it go.

The adult thanked him, helping his son sit on a bench before walking away.

"Traición" murmured the yellow, blue and red male under his breath, shaking his head.

"Colombia. Right?" The brazilian said after a few seconds, trying to start a conversation.

"Mira, I know this is probably uncomfortable to you, so you can go, I won't move and I'll tell my dad that you had an emergency." The other said, turning his head to face the other way, rubbing his hands anxiously.

Brazil laughed softly. "There's not need for that, and I actually wanted to talk to you."

The other turned around, looking at him in the eyes with a glint of hope in them, before lowering his head to look at the ground. "What do you want to talk about?"

The green country sighed, raising his head to gaze at the clouds that moved slowly through the blue sky "Well, there's no need for you to be so embarrassed, you are probably mixing me and my brother together, so I'm not the one you..." He laughed awkwardly, playing with the buttons on the rolled sleeves of his shirt. "So yeah... It's not me"

On the side of his vision he could see the other turning to face him once again, but he didn't change his position.

"What do you mean?" Colombia finally muttered.

"Well, is easy to get confused, I'm Brazil, my brother's Império, he's taller than me, older, cooler you've probably seen him and got us mixed when you saw me. It's ok, everyone does." He blurted, trying to shake the uncomfortable feeling that started to get a grip of his throat. "You see, he's a lot better than me, but if you want to confess, I could help you, though he can be-"

The feeling of the other touching his hand made him stop his anxious ranting and he finally lowered his gaze to look at the smaller country.

He was shocked when he catched the furrowed eyebrows of the tricoloured male.

"Stop" the guy said, calmly taking his hand between his own. "Don't say that about yourself. I might not know you, but I have only heard good things about you. Even from Ecuador! And trust me, he is very sincere about his opinion on others" he added with a smile.

Brazil tried to respond but the other stopped him, raising one hand in the air and signaling at him to listen.

"Besides, my brothers and I look almost the same, so I think I am an expert in telling similar siblings apart, do not underestimate my abilities" he declared before looking down on their hands as red

engulfed his face, cheeks bright in embarrassment. "So, for your information, I know pretty well who's the person I like"

The green country felt his own eyes opening wide in surprise before he let out a small laugh. "You're really direct for someone so shy, huh?"

The other country was quick to let go of his hand and starting to apologize profusely, but he only laughed and took the other's hand. "I'm joking, joking. I'm actually happy about that. Back in our city people were a little bit more serious than everyone here so far, it's nice."

Colombia only smiled at him, nodding his head and finally relaxing.

The taller male looked at the other, wondering if he should take a risk. This guy looked kind and was fun to be around and, besides, declared to like him, even if he couldn't understand what he had saw in him. Shrugging and deciding to risk it, the Brazilian turned around to look at the smaller male.

"Hey" he started "Eu gusto de você, you seem nice. I can't promise to return your feelings, but I would like to know you better. What do you think?" He said in a single breath, wondering if the other would accept.

The colombian blinked in surprise before seemingly processing the offer. "Yes! I mean, si, I would love to also know you better!" He said quickly, red creeping into his face again and a big smile forming on his face.

Ok, the guy was cute, he had to admit.

The sight of a silhouette running towards them made him stop that train of thought.

"Sorry for taking so long, la bestia esta didn't want to move!" The father of the guy by his side said. "Did Colo bother you too much?" He asked.

"Papá, I'm right here" the Colombian murmured.

"He was really nice to talk with, sir" Brazil said, refusing the money the other was trying to give him. "It was nothing, really"

Gran smiled at him and nodded. "Thank you, really" he finally turned to his son. "Are you ready for this?" He asked worriedly looking at the horse who seemed happy munching at some lonely grass growing in the cracks of the pavement.

Brazil looked between them and sighed.

"Let me help you" he whispered as he lifted the tricolour male to the horse, making sure to sit him softly in the back of the animal. Being so close he could see a few details of the other, small freckles under his eyes and on his forehead, probably from working under the sun, thick lashes that curved slightly to the side, a small scar over his eyebrow.

He shook his head and took a few steps back.

"Well, see ya later?" He finally said looking at the two countries, but more specifically at the smaller.

"Yeah, see ya" Colombia replied with a smile and his father gave him a knowing look before saying goodbye.

The green male put his hand over his racing heart, confused at the feeling. The guy wasn't that heavy for him to feel this way, maybe he had gotten weaker.

He walked to his house, unaware of his surroundings as he entered the workshop.

"Did the client like the shoes?" His father called from his workspace and he finally blinked awake from his daydreaming.

"Ah, yes, yes he did, everything went right." He replied slowly.

"Are you ok son?"

His older brother looked at him before laughing under his breath. "Ah, that face! Someone's perdidinho por alguém~"

He rolled his eyes and sat in the desk, starting with the task of cutting the tags for the orders that would be delivered the next day. "Whatever Império, whatever"

Meanwhile, far away into the mountains, in a dirt road surrounded by trees and bushes, the other country ignored his father's lecture, hand over his chest and eyes lost into the horizon.

It was just the beginning of something, something new.

A/N:

Ah, yes, I'm back after millennia, and I post a OneShot about an almost unknown ship (• ▽ •;). Sorry, but I had a little written of this story, so it was easy to continue! Besides, two people said they would want to see more, and that's enough motivation for me to do it (ᵕ̈ᴗᵕ̈).

Btw, maaaaaybe I'll make a third and final part, but I don't promise anything (「'• ω•)「 , and it would be after other stories, of course. Also, I want to make a ChilexArgentina OneShot so bad, like, I know most of you aren't from South America and won't even care, but I need to make a cute story with those two (□□□)

Anyway, I hope you're doing alright! Please remember to take care!!!! Eat well, sleep eight hours and drink water!

(～￣▽￣)～ Bye!～

Tirándose piedritas (Chile x Argentina AU)

So, this chapter is loosely based on a song called 'Así fue que empezaron papá y mamá' translated to 'That's how mom and dad begun', it a funny simple dancing song, but somehow I decided to use it to write this story (I'll leave the translation of the song at the end of the chapter, if you're interested XP). Btw! This is connected to the Bracolo story 'New family in town' but can be read on its own (ᵔᴥᵔ). Anyway, I hope you enjoy this little thing.

Chile's POV

It had all started as soon as his family had decided to move into the little town, with his father becoming the teacher of the only rural school of the town.

His parents had been unpacking box after box, too busy to give him any attention and too stressed to wonder where he would be all afternoon. Being just a kid, he had snuck out of the house, careful to not being seen by the employees of the moving company they had hired, hiding behind unorganized furniture and blessing his slender frame for the for time in his life.

Walking through dirt ways and stone paths he gazed in awe at the colorful architecture of the little town, buildings resting close to one another and tiny shops and houses filled with the sound of friendly conversations made between people who knew eachother. The town was certainly smaller and simpler than the last one his family had lived in, but its nooks and crannies resonated with a warmth that spoke loudly about its inhabitants.

Lost in amazement, he had walked without looking around, a smile blooming in his face when the begining of a forest interrupted his wandering. The sound of singing birds and leaves rustling in the

breeze had made his heart soar with excitement and, without giving it too much of a thought, he had entered the dense vegetation.

After a few minutes of following a small path in the ground -'paths are made by walking' his father had told him once (probably as a metaphor that he hadn't understand at such a young age), so that meant people came here often- the sound of water running had made him stop for a second before trying to find its source.

As he approached, his ears had catched the voices of other kids, screaming in delight and playing in the water. He had walked closer to the sound, eager to meet other kids his age.

That's how he had met him for the first time.

Argentina.

The other had been jumping around, happily splashing water around, light blue skin sparkling under the sun as fireflies evaded him and his loud friends. His laugh was unrestricted and open, a gap where a tooth had fallen not too long ago, interrupting his smile that showed all his teeth, clothes dirty with mud and shoes nowhere to be seen.

He looked fun to be with.

Until they had spotted him and, confusing him with other person, had thrown a ball of mud directly on his favourite shirt. The silence had stretched uncomfortably slow as he looked down on the last gift of his grandparents before moving away, away from the town he had known all his life, away from his only friend and his life and everything he knew.

Today it even seemed childish, but back then, with all the changes a child his age was no fit to face alone, that simple ball of mud had decided everything. Specially when, after getting back home, his mother had looked at him, eyes filled with rage and started screaming about his whereabouts and how inconsiderate he was before slapping him hard in the face. Soon after, another fight between his parents had started and, as he changed clothes inside his room, he had decided that he did not like the blue country a bit.

The next week he had went back to the creek, making sure to be alone while collecting peebles on the shore. When he had come back home, the blue kid had looked at him, an apologetic smile filling his face as he waved from the other side of the street.

He had ignored him and, after questioning his father, he had learnt the other's name, and that they were neighbors. He had cursed destiny with all the seething rage an 8 year old could.

Thinking back, Argentina had probably felt rejected, thinking he was just too proud to talk with him. And just like that, they had started to ignore eachother, only exchanging glares when their eyes met, refusing to be in the same group in school and turning away from eachother.

Things had gotten worse a year after his arrival when they had happened to meet on a hot day in the creek.

Chile had decided to bring his english homework to the quiet place, happy to soak his feet in the water as he wrote down simple sentences in a language spoken so far away from there that it was almost difficult to imagine.

My name is Chile.
I am nine years old.
I live in a house with my mom and dad.
My favorite color is red.

He tried to remember the words, focused on drawing carefully the letters just as his father had told him to do, his hand holding the pencil a little too tight. His concentration had been enough to not hear his future nemesis approaching, running happily through the path and leaping into the air before falling into the water splashing everywhere.

Including his notebook.

Red painted his gaze as he watched the paper sticking together, dirt particles dissolving in the pages, leaving brown marks everywhere and ruining half a year of work.

"What do you think you're doing?!" He screamed, getting up from his spot and closing his hands into fists that trembled on his sides. "Are you stupid?"

Of course his anger didn't allow him to catch the horrified look on the other boy's face, or the way he tried to explain before being silenced by the insult echoing through the trees.

After a second of shock, the guilt on the other's face gave way to anger too.

"¿Cómo me llamaste?" Replied the argentinian between teeth, eyebrows furrowed and hand curling into fists too. "It's just a dumb notebook! Ask your mom to give you another one, stupid llorón!"

Chile could almost see his mom's raised hand on the air. The idea making him madder.

The other boy huffed and turned around to leave through the other side but before he could do it, the red, blue and white country had already crouched down to take a little pebble in his hand and had thrown it directly at Argentina's back.

The fight had quickly escalated into a war as they started throwing small rocks at eachother, not really caring about the dirt water that clung to their clothes as they looked for projectiles to take the other down.

They had both been heavily punished and had started to insult eachother through the windows everytime the other passed by.

They had become nemesis for a few years, until their interactions had been cut suddenly.

Chile couldn't remember much of the incident, the memories of those moths lost under the scorching pain of a fever. All that he knew was that he had hurt his right eye while his father was away for a few weeks, and it had gotten badly infected. He had ended up losing it and after that their parents had finally divorced, with words like negligence, bastard and money being screamed here and there.

After that he had started being homeschooled and, soon after, he had started to get out of the house less and less.

He and Argentina had still crossed paths here and there, but their fights had dulled to simply ignoring eachother and rolling eyes (in his case eye) at the other when they locked gazes while opening their curtains.

It almost felt like that's what they were supposed to do forever.

But then the town had made a great festival to celebrate their culture a few months back, the first version of what would become a yearly tradition, and everyone had been invited to either help organise the event or participate when it started.

His dad had been excited and, unable to say no to his old and happy face, he had helped him to paint masks, sketch posters and edit the opening speech. A few weeks had passed and his father had begged him to see the product of all the people's work.

He had to admit it was amazing.

The same feeling he had felt when exploring the town for the first time had drowned his heart, a smile blooming on his face as colours filled the streets, the smell of food and the sound of music engulfing him as the festival bathed the air with its presence, bringing joy in what would otherwise be a normal day.

And then, of course, his dad had betrayed him, joining Argentina's dad to force their teenage sons to share it together.

They had bickered about anything they could, but as they watched the hours go by, as they shared food and moved to the sound of music and looked at eachother, it had been impossible to deny that they were having a good time.

Argentina wasn't so bad. Who knew?

A week later, the blue country had offered a way to finish their childish rivalry, something simple they could do to get over the days of throwing rocks at eachother.

Watching a movie. He had to admit he had been curious, after all he had never seen a television, too expensive to anyone but a few to get, so he had accepted eagerly.

But of course he had forgotten, busy with work as his private tutor gave him the biggest project he had ever faced. Days had blurred together and, before he knew it, he had catched the angry eyes of the argentinian through his window.

He had fucked up.

Only the intervention of the new country (he was called Brazil, right?) had been able to allow him to ask for forgiveness and he had found himself swearing to only buy shoes from his family's business from now on.

After that they had finally watched the movie together, and then other movies.

He smiled, remembering the past as he drank a cup of cold mate with the blue country, watching as the sun burned bright on the outside.

"Oye Chile, I was thinking is the perfect day to go to the creek" Argentina said, trying to empty his cup before giving up, turning to look at him with a glint of mischief on his eyes.

Chile sighed. "Sure, it's been ages since I visited and it would be nice to do it. For nostalgia?" He said with a smile, laughing when the other looked at him with surprise.

"¿Enserio?" The blue country asked and, as soon as he nodded, the other pulled him from the arm and ran outside, laughing and calling his name.

The taller but skinnier male shook his head in amusement. "Seguís siendo un niño" He whispered under his breath, but decided it wouldn't hurt to let himself enjoy the moment.

They ran through the streets, side by side and he looked around as he had done that very first day.

He could see as Peru and Bolivia discussed about the price of something in the market with Costa Rica, who seemed to be wining by the smug smile on her face. Up in one of the buildings, Nicaragua and his siblings hanged the clothes to dry, peacefully talking as they did and separating the tasks as only the quadruplets could do. On a corner of the street he could see a small fire cooking a big pan of dulce de leche, Paraguay's focused face filled with sweat as he mixed constantly; he made a note to himself to visit the bakery soon and buy a few alfajores the next day. As they passed by a street he catched a sight of Gran's son kissing Brazil goodbye as he climbed up his horse to go back home. On the next street he listened as México tried to convince an obvious outsider to try his favourite food, he wondered if the poor tourist would survive the spicy but good looking menace on the plate.

The bell of the church rang through the air to indicate the hour, joining the familiar sounds of the town, the chatter and the hooves of horses, the singing of birds and the clatter of pans and pots cooking dinner.

He focused his eye on the other country once again, careful to not slip as they entered the forest and snuck through the well known path. Argentina took a sudden turn and he followed, curious about their next location.

"This is were we fought that day, isn't it?" Chile said with a laugh when the other stopped in a place he recognized vaguely.

"Oh, is it?" The blue male said with a teasing smile, jumping in the water and laughing as it splashed Chile, who had sat to soak only his feet. "Are you going to throw rocks at me again?"

The blue, red and white country smiled, shaking his head before also jumping into the water. "Na, I don't have a notebook today, see? There would be no point"

Argentina walked to a deeper part of the water that reached over his shoulders, extending his hand for him to reach. "Mmh? It seems you've grown a sense of humour! Amazing!"

Chile splashed water on the other's face before responding. "And

you haven't changed at all"

He laughed as the other gasped in an exaggerated expression of betrayal. "¿Discúlpame? I am very mature, thank you very much."

Chile laughed, but fell silent as he watched the other do it too.

"Hey Chile, what-" he started before stopping for a second and trying again. "What do you think about me now? I mean, we started with the wrong foot and, well, yeah" he said, insecurity filling his eyes as he laughed awkwardly.

He smiled. "The past is in the past. I'm happy we left behind our differences, because I really enjoy your company"

"No se vale, it's not like you have too much of a social life or free time to compare, so that's not fair" Argentina replied with a roll of eyes.

Chile laughed. "Well, even if I don't have too much free time, I'm happy to spend it with you" he said honestly, evading the other's gaze and looking at the sky instead, feeling his face burning bright with color.

"Chile?" The blue male asked.

"¿Si?"

"Can you hold your breath for a second?"

He did it, about to look at the other and ask why, before being shoved under the water suddenly. He tried to regain his footing, but the feeling of two hands touching his face made him stop. He opened his eye, his surroundings blurry around him, but clear enough to recognize the soft feeling on his lips a second later.

He froze for a second, but his mind was quick to catch on and he closed his eye again, allowing himself to melt into the kiss as he locked his fingers on the loops of the other's jeans.

They resurfaced and as soon as they took air he pulled the other back into another kiss, drinking in the feeling of the other's

eyelashes fluttering against his cheek, the hands on his face slipping into his back and clinging to his wet shirt.

As the kiss broke, he looked at the other with a smile.

"Does this mean you also enjoy my company?" He asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Of course I do, boludo." Argentina said with a smile that shone brightly on his eyes. "Want to spend more time together?"

Chile laughed at the weird way of the other to ask him out, but nodded, hugging the blue country and kissing the side of his neck. "It would be my pleasure"

They spent a few minutes just hugging eachother before deciding to sit on the shore to dry before going back home. Argentina sighed, lying his head on his shoulder and dozing off.

"¿sabés? Creo que te quiero, un poquito" He mumbled before falling into a calm sleep.

Chile smiled, warmth filling his heart as he watched the other slipping into Morpheus arms.

"Y yo a ti, un poco mucho"

((ヽ(　゜∀゜)ノ)) *Lyrics of the song! (Bad translation XD)*

That's how mom and dad begun,
And now we're 14 and there's more to come.

Throwing little stones at eachother on the brook,
That's how mom and dad fell in love.
That's how mom and dad begun,
And now we're 14 and there's more to come.

Throw me a little paper and a look,
Throw me a little kiss but no more.
That's how mom and dad begun,

And now we're 14 and there's more to come.

Stop playing, babe, that's enough,
I don't want to have problems with your dad.
That's how my mom and dad begun,
And now we're 14 and there's more to come.

A/N:

*So, originally the song is not that similar to the story, but in my family it's like a meme. Everytime we see two characters that hate eachother or fight a lot, we say "Así fue que empezaron papá y mamá!", Making reference to the line "throwing little stones at eachother on the brook" and the common belief that from hate to love there's only a single step. * CoffCoffshizayaCoffCoff *

Am I going to use more typical latinoamerican songs to make some fics ? Probably, hahaha. If you enjoy it, of course. I was really happy to hear some of you wanted a story with Chile and Argentina, and it makes me really happy you support my South American fics even if you're not from here or don't know a lot about our countries. Thank you!!!

Anyways, please take care! I hope you and your loved ones are doing ok!

□|o^▽^o|□♪ ~*Bye!*

Please don't take him away from me (France x UK AU pt 1)

They had grown together, side by side, both females having lived in the same apartment complex for years.

France could still remember the day the red and gold country had moved in with her dad, the air almost sparkling around her as she blinked with her long and thick eyelashes, her warm colored skin making her look like a wild sunset, all smiles and giggles.

It wasn't that she hated the other, on the contrary, she had always admired her, but as they continued to grow, it had been impossible to not compare herself with the other girl.

Spain had always been gorgeous, growing into a confident and beautiful woman. What was she to compare? She had spent days of her adolescence looking at the mirror, trying to think about how she might look if she had just a little bit more of Spain. Maybe if she had more curves, longer eyelashes, fuller lips.

And just like that, years had passed.

They had grown up side by side, on different paths, but always following the same direction. They were two flowers on different pots, blooming under the light of the same window, but never really touching each other, not exchanging a single word aside from a few 'good mornings' and a nod on the hallways of the building.

Turning away from the angst of her adolescent years, France had turned into her own type of flower, her confidence and smile winning over the people around her and finally liberating her from the heavy chains of self hate.

Or that's what she had thought.

She bit her lip as she watched the Spanish woman walking side by

side with another country towards the coffee shop, an aura of familiarity surrounding them as they strode the street before the traffic lights turned to red, running and laughing when they barely made it to the other side.

She had met him a few weeks after she had inaugurated her small coffee shop, almost three years ago.

After dropping out of college and ending up completely lost on what to do with her life, she had finally decided to dust off her old dream of opening a little and comfy coffee shop, where the sound of old music could fill the air and take off the heaviness of daily life from people's shoulders. It had been hard but, after saving enough money and taking a loan, she had been able to make her dream come true.

It was one of the things she was most proud of.

Then, he had entered the small place, opening the door cautiously and looking around with eyes full of wonder, seemingly impressed with the ambiance of the little business. It had been a calm day, almost approaching closing time, so she had been able to make small conversation with the man who happened to work in the tall office building facing her small one on the other side of the street.

He had started to come daily and it had been only a matter of time before they became friends.

The man had grown on her, his company the highlight of her most stressful days and his support her strength during hard times. He had been the one to recommend the small library on the back, as well as the one who tried her newest recipes, he was one of the only few people who had remembered her birthday and the only one that she had shown her photos from primary school.

And slowly, she had fallen in love.

It had happened so naturally, that she hadn't even noticed. He would look at her, giving that small smile of his, or he would wave as he walked out of the crystal doors, and her heart would start to race without a warning, warmth crawling up her neck and to her

cheeks, stomach flipping in happiness and eyes sparkling in delight. She would smile to herself and, completely oblivious to the developing feeling under her solar plexus, she would mutter that he was a nice friend.

But of course she hadn't stayed clueless forever. It was a nice spring day, as she cleaned the tables and thought about the day that had just finished. She was pondering about the possibility of moving the coffee shop to the corner of the street, were she would be able to have a nicer view from the windows and a small but cozy apartment just over her business. It would be nice to not have to get up so early just to take the bus from here and to her house in late hours of the night.

She had started going through the cons and pros of that possibility. The shop would be bigger, but she would have been to close for a few weeks to remodel the place to her liking. She would have to spend most of her savings and she would have to get into a small debt to start paying the mortgage.

Rubbing her temples she had started to turn down the lights. It was ok, she could ask for UK's opinion, just to feel sure about her own decisions and clearing up her mind.

Thinking about the blue country, she continued down that train of thought.

It would be nice to invite the other to her house too. They were friends already, weren't they? And she was sure that, if someday he lost the train home, she could offer him to stay there. She had heard him rambling one day about having to stay on a close by hotel when work got hard.

She had started to imagine how life would be with the other and, after noticing her thoughts were pulling her to a movie-like domestic life, she had rubbed her face while she panicked, makeup turning into a mess as she screamed inside, walking from one side of the kitchen to the other.

It had taken two weeks of not being able to look the other in the eyes and making too many mistakes while making coffee, to finally

being able to accept her feelings.

And then Spain had started working in the same department that her crush.

She sighed.

It wasn't as if the other girl had planned this with bad intentions, if something she was as surprised as her when they saw eachother for the first time. As UK, bless his soul, found out they had met before, he had thought it was a good idea to bring his co-worker with him more often, wishing for both females to become friends.

"Spain is a wonderful person, France, she's nice to be with, funny and good in what she does! I'm sure you two would be best friends if you gave her a chance" He had said, kind smile blooming in his face as he told France how perfect the other was.

That had hurt. As if she didn't know that already.

And of course it had gotten worse when Spain, as friendly as ever, had tried to make conversation by talking about how she had ended up there.

The red and golden country had not only graduated college, but also was about to get her master's degree. She had been offered a higher paying job in this company with the possibility of climbing the corporative ladder as soon as she got her new degree. On the side she still met with her group of old friends, went to yoga classes and visited new restaurants every weekend.

'She only got even more perfect!' Had almost screamed the french as she closed the coffee shop, wanting to just crash her face into the tables until she passed out so she didn't have to face how utterly helpless she was feeling.

That first meeting had been mortifying, specially when the other woman had asked about her own degree, clueless about her inner turmoil.

'You were studying Business administration and development right? Well, it makes sense, I bet this little coffee shop is going to turn into one

of the most famous coffee chains in the market in a few years ' Spain had complimented with a bright smile.

France had laughed, trying not to cry in embarrassment as the male looked between the two of them in confusion. Of course UK knew she didn't plan anything bigger than this.

'Well, that's news for me, but I'm sure it would be lovely. I didn't know you had gone to college!' he had said, supporting the idea and proudly cheering for her.

And, honestly, who was her to tell them she had not finished the fourth semester of her degree before giving up? Who was her to tell them she had come to despise the career for months on end until she had crumbled down and cried herself to sleep? Who was her to tell them that the very next night, she had fled from her dorm in the middle of the night, eyeliner rolling down her cheeks with tears and sobbing so bad the taxi driver had asked her if he needed to call an ambulance or the police? Who was her to tell them about how she had drowned the shame on cheap booze for a whole week before finally deciding on what to do? Who was her to tell them about all the small jobs she had taken to pay the student loan while they graduated successfully and drank champagne? Who was her?

So she had changed the topic of the conversation as subtly as she could and had begged the heavens they never asked again.

At the end she felt completely inferior to Spain. Even if her feelings for the blue country were as pure and honest as they could get, she wasn't worthy of standing by his side. Maybe her days of watching in the mirror and feeling worthless over her looks had ended a long time ago, but adulthood had brought a new kind of self deprecating thoughts into her head.

She just didn't have anything to offer to the gorgeous man.

She gulped down a knot forming on her throat, putting on a smile and greeting Spain and Britain as they sat on a table, debating on trying her newest pastry while enjoying the view from the corner windows.

"Hi guys, do you want the usual?" She asked jokingly.

"As if we ever get the same thing twice, at least not if I have a saying on this!" Replied Spain with a big smile before turning back to the British "I still can't believe you always had black coffee before I appeared" she continued, causing UK to laugh too.

They were in their little bubble.

'No, I always gave him something else, on the house and sometimes he tried my new recipes, but I can't do that with you here' replied bitterly the owner of the shop inside of her head.

"Well, let's try that new amazing cake!" Said Spain after a little pondering, looking at Britain, who nodded in agreement. "And I'll take a cherry lemonade with that. Today's quite hot"

France wrote her order before looking at the blue country.

"I'll also have your new cake, I bet it will be as perfect as always" he said with a smile, looking at her right in the eyes.

She felt a rush of blood bathing her face and she had to take a second to breathe before asking if he wanted anything to drink.

"I'll have vanilla ice cream latte" he said shrugging before looking at his co-worker "I can eat sweet things too, just so you know"

France walked back before the counter trying to ignore the way those two contrasted perfectly, complimenting eachother.

"Of course you can eat sweet things, you're the sweetest little thing after all" Spain said with a bright laugh and France bit the inside of her lips.

She blocked the world outside, focusing on cutting the cake perfectly and preparing the beverages just right, concentrating in the well known actions to evade wanting to crawl under the counter and cry herself to sleep. After that, she took the tray to their table and served with a smile, walking to another table and repeating routine on autopilot.

They were together, there was no other explanation.

After twenty five minutes, both coworkers got up and left the money on the table after fighting for who was going to pay. She feigned to be busy making a latte to evade going for the money herself. Her destroyed heart wouldn't survive that.

After they left, she looked at them from the window waiting for the traffic lights to change, standing close under a single umbrella as the rain poured down around them.

"Fuck it" she muttered under her breath, turning around and serving the last costumers before closing for the day.

Closing quickly the blinds and putting the dishes into the dishwasher, she allowed herself to sweep and mop the floor on a surface level, no energy left to clean the local deeply.

Walking to the second floor, she entered her apartment, locking the door and walking blindly to the cabinet, where she grabbed the known shape of a bottle of whiskey.

She stumbled into her room and decided to not open the next day.

Hours later and drunk out of her mind, she talked bitterly to the perfect woman that could not hear her as she laid on her bed, crying her eyes out.

"Don't take him, take everything you want, but not him" she mumbled with unfocused eyes looking at the ceiling. "Don't take him away from me, please"

On the other side of the street Britain lectured his teasing coworker about not trying to embarrass him in front of his crush.

A/N:

Misunderstandings, the OneShot □(^ ▽ ^)□ I'm so evil hahahaha. Anyways, maybe I'll do a part 2 for this, to clear everything up XP. Btw!

I was heavily inspired by the song 'Pauline', so the credit for the basic idea is certainly not mine (꒪ᗜ꒪)

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this little thingy. Please eat well and stay healthy. ('ω ` *)*

(/˘w˘*)/.。*♡ Bye~!*

Please don't take him away from me (UK X France AU pt 2)

He tore his eyes away from the computer screen for the thousandth time in the day, his thoughts drifting away from the request from the market department that had stayed unresolved for the past hour. His gaze was pulled to the crystal windows on the other side of the room, were the sight of skyscrapers dissolved into the misty sky, surrounded by gray clouds and a heavy fog.

Biting his lip he finally gave into the need to see the small and homey coffee shop on the corner of the street.

Walking slowly, he pretended to walk to the hallway that lead to the bathrooms, but stood in front of the windows instead, peeking into the street to catch a sight of dear France's business.

It was still closed.

He went into the bathroom with a heavy sigh, standing in front of the mirror and splashing water into his face.

He was starting to crave a coffee. Sure, he could have walked to the closest Starbucks- about fifteen minutes from the building- and take his lunch there, but he would prefer to drink the tasteless coffee machine produced abomination in the corner of the office, than an overpriced attempt of a coffee with more refined sugar that a birthday cake and too many ingredients for a human mind to process. Instead, he had just went to the cafeteria, bought a couple sandwiches and an iced lemon tea, and went back to work.

There was really nothing like the French's coffee to lighten his days.

He felt his cheeks blushing at the memory of the other country, he raised his eyes to his reflection and sighed in defeat at his obnoxiously enamoured face.

At least Spain wasn't here to tease him about his crush.

They had met some time ago when the woman had entered his department and their boss had asked him to show her the ropes. Both of them had quickly became friends and soon became a sort of dynamic duo in the office. She had been sweet and nice to work with and they were able to joke about the same things, at some point she had even asked him out but he had kindly declined.

Now, don't get him wrong, Spain was gorgeous, sure, and her personality was bright and never bothersome, she was smart and outgoing and everything a man -or woman- would ever want.

But his heart already belonged to the tricoloured woman of the coffee shop.

Spain had only shrugged with a laugh and continued working until she had see him packing excitedly to head to the coffee shop. Intrigued, she had asked him if he had a crush and, after his too obvious stuttering and blushing, she had opened her sparkling eyes wide and demanded to meet them.

At the end he had resigned to his fate and had taken her to meet France, only to find out the two of them already knew eachother.

What a little world.

Spain had teased him kindly, as friendly as ever even after his rejection, immediately approving on his choices and deciding to stick with him to make sure he confessed one day.

'Both of you are so shy, it would be really cute! I bet if I don't push you, nothing will happen!' She had exclaimed with a lecturing tone.

He rolled his eyes. Well, it wasn't as if she was wrong, he certainly didn't have the guts to ask the woman out and so his punishment had been to be embarrassed in front of his unaware crush over and over again.

Sighing one last time, he made sure he was as presentable as possible before returning to the office, on his way there he stopped by the window and looked down to the coffee shop once again.

He frowned.

He was sure he had seen movement in one of the windows. Focusing his eyes, he catched a silhouette in the second floor, moving erratically. Was France ok? If she was in the house she had to be in bad shape to not open the shop. Was she sick?

He felt worry crawling up his spine.

The feeling of his phone vibrating on his pocket pulled him out of his thoughts, forcing him to run back to the office, trying to ignore his feelings.

'Are u ok? You seem out of it' came a message from Spain on the other side of the room.

He sighed. He didn't want to distract her too.

'Do not worry, the supervisor is looking at you' he responded and that seemed to work cause the woman immediately focused on her computer once again.

The next hour passed in a rush, trying to finish all the work he hadn't done all day. Cursing under his breath he turned around on his chair to face the faraway window once again.

He couldn't concentrate.

A couple of taps made him almost jump out of his skin.

"Good afternoon Britain. Is everything alright?" Came the calm and deep voice in front of his desk.

"Ah! Mr Germany, good afternoon. I'm ok, I'm almost finishe-" he started rambling before the other raised a hand to stop him.

"It's ok, I'm not here to pressure you" The other said, raising the other hand where he had a few folders. "I just found a small mistake in one of the reports from last week."

His despair was probably obvious even if he was trying to conceal it, because the other man laughed.

"Don't worry, I'll ask Spain for help. Are you sure you're ok?" His superior asked, scanning his expression and disheveled clothes.

UK lowered his eyes and rubbed his hands in nervousness. "Yeah, I'm just feeling a little worried over something, but it's probably not a big deal"

Mr. Germany stayed quiet for a few seconds before shaking his head with a smile. "You've never taken a day off in the eight years we've been working together. I think the department won't be falling apart if you take the rest of the day to solve whatever is happening." He said before nodding towards their supervisor. "I'll tell Finland to take over you for a few hours"

The British blinked in surprise. "Thank you boss, I'll make sure to catch up with everything tomorrow" he responded with relief, allowing his shoulders to fall.

Mr Germany nodded and walked towards Finland's desk, explaining the situation calmly before receiving an understanding nod from the usually grumpy country- Germany just had that effect on people-, then, he walked towards Spain and opened one of the folders. UK sent everything in an email to Finland before packing his things and shutting down the computer.

He really had a nice boss, he thought as he walked towards the elevator, pressing the button of the first level and nodding at the other person there. He slumped against the mirror until the metal box until a ding made him know they had arrived. He walked out of the rotating doors, waving at the security guard who waved back.

He practically ran to the coffee shop and, when he confirmed it was closed, he took out his keys and looked for the couple ones that France had given to him in case he needed somewhere to stay.

When he stepped inside, he blinked at the contrast between the bright street lights outside, and the dark interior of the shop.

Frowning, he walked inside.

She woke up with the feeling of a pounding headache trying to split her head into multiple pieces, drumming at the same pace as her heart and with the strength of a roaring army preparing to charge against the enemy.

Groaning, he turned on her side as soon as she felt bile climbing up her throat, burning all its way up to her palate before she swallowed it down by reflex. A stray ray of light blinded her right eye as soon as she curled on her side and she cursed, trying to turn around before dizziness forced her to stay still until it passed.

She ignored the feeling of carpet underneath her instead of her comfy bed, knowing she tended to fall asleep on the floor every time she got this drunk. Instead, she focused on controlling her breathing until the nausea subsided, allowing her to finally relax and try to fall into unconsciousness once again.

After what felt like mere minutes but had probably been much more, judging by the artificial lighting outside, she stirred awake. Blinking slowly, she tried to locate the reason for her sudden awareness and, after a few moments, she heard a muffled knocking.

"It's probably in the next door" she mumbled to herself, ignoring the rational part of her brain that told her it was impossible for someone to be knocking on an office building.

Drifting to sleep again, she didn't heard the turning of a key downstairs or the unsure steps climbing up the stairs.

She slept through the surprised gasp of someone finally finding her, through the slight shaking trying to awaken her, through the panicked checking of her cardiac rhythm and the sound of pans and pots.

He sighed as he prepared a strong tea, the concoction he had memorized from his college days some years ago. He turned around slightly to see the woman, still curled on her side in the floor, arms instinctively around her torso, trying to hold onto the slightest feeling of warmth.

In all the time he had met with France he had never seen an indication of some sort of distress, but it seemed that was exactly what had caused her to drown in alcohol to this point, if he were to judge by her swollen eyes and tracks of dry tears.

It made his heart break.

He turned off the gas stove, relieved that the apartment over the coffee shop had its own kitchenette so he didn't have to go downstairs and loose the other country from his sight.

After pouring the hot drink in a plastic cup, he sat by his crush's side and nudged her awake. Her unfocused eyes opened a little, and she mumbled something angrily under her breath.

"Sorry to wake you up. Could you drink this for me?" He said in the softest voice he could, trying not to worsen her obvious headache.

She blinked for a few seconds before allowing him to help her sit and holding the cup between her hands.

"Smells awful" she said pouting when she smelled the beverage, barely awake.

He smiled. "I know, but it will make you feel better. Could you do that for me?"

She nodded, suppressing a grimace as she took the first sips. He watched carefully that she drank it all and only then did he help her to her feet and guided her to the bed. He put the covers over her and told her to sleep, which she immediately did, obviously tired.

He sat there, not knowing what to do. After half an hour, he decided to help clean a little, washing the dishes, picking up fallen objects and scrubbing off stains from the carpet. That would probably relieve some stress for France when she woke up.

She took three hours to come back to her senses, more conscious this time around.

She gasped when she saw him, her lower lip trembling as her eyes

filled with tears.

He ran towards her, pulling her into a hug and trying to calm her. "Shhh, everything's going to be ok" he started, rocking them softly, but it didn't seem to have the desired effect. Instead, France only tried to get up too quickly. "France, please, you're going to get hurt!" He said, and maybe she saw his genuine worry, cause she stopped, staying still and covering her face with her hands as she cried.

"I am- I'm sorry" she hiccuped after a minute or so. "I didn't want you to- to see me like this. I'm sorry" she said shakily in between sobs.

He sighed, rubbing circles in her arm. "You don't need to say sorry, we all have bad days." He frowned when she shook her head. "France, why would your emotions be less than other people's emotions? You have the right to be a little overwhelmed sometimes, you don't have to be perfect -"

"I am not perfect! That's the problem!!" She exclaimed, interrupting him in exasperation. "I'm a mess, I'm far from the highly image you have of me. I didn't finish college cause it was too much, I have a drinking problem and I get awful when I'm drunk, I always feel pathetic because I can't do what others can and I should! I know I should be better but I can't!! And then I compare myself to others and I hate myself so much!" She rambled, teary eyes wide and expression open with fear. "I've lied to you cause I didn't want you to see me like this!"

He allowed her words to sink in for a second before shaking his head. "How long have you felt this way?" he started and made a sad smile when she frowned, genuinely trying to remember. "Who told you people are perfect? I myself am far away from perfection. I am too lazy to cook for myself even if I have the time, I studied this profession because my brother forced me to, I should use glasses but it makes me self conscious so I leave them at home, and I waste way too much money on candy in the office vending machine." He counted on his fingers before turning to look back at her. "There's a lot of things you can change, specially if they're hurting you like this, but you don't have to be perfect. No one is."

France furrowed her eyebrows looking at the floor. "Spain is quite perfect" she mumbled, drying her tears and biting her lip.

UK raised an eyebrow. "She also isn't, she forgets about the time when she gets distracted by her phone, she absolutely cannot pretend when she doesn't like someone, she is addict to buying purses she doesn't use and she sleeps until one pm on Sundays." He Said in a whisper. "But that doesn't make her less of a wonderful friend."

The tricoloured woman blinked slowly. "Friend? Isn't she like.... Your girlfriend?" She asked shyly.

Britain laughed. "No, she just likes to tease me cause I'm shy" he wondered if he should tell France about his feelings, but thought better of it. No. He would tell France when she was calmer, when her mind wasn't so consumed by self hatred and doubts. Her stomach made a growling sounds and he jumped at the opportunity.

"Hey, want me to order some take out? I know a nice Chinese restaurant around here and they deliver 24/7" he asked, extending his arm and helping the other to her feet.

France looked at him, before lowering her eyes and playing with her dirty clothes. "Ok, I'll go change into my PJs. Would you want some too? I have one of my father's sweatpants from when he came visit." She said after a few seconds, her shoulders relaxing as she cleaned her tears and smudged makeup with the sleeves of her blouse.

He nodded and opened his phone, looking for the restaurant's name on his contacts before clicking in.

The rest of the night they spent it together, watching movies on the TV, comfy PJs and warm food as they allowed the other to know them better. As they both fell asleep messily on the couch, France felt a heavy weight lifting from her shoulders.

Britain wasn't perfect, and she was even more in love with him for that.

In the meanwhile, Spain cursed under her breath, shivering as rain poured down and she tried to take shelter on a closed Starbucks. She should have bought an umbrella since the last time it rained, but she had grown used to UK walking with her to the train station.

"If they aren't at least dating tomorrow, I'm going to loose it" she said to herself, knowing perfectly where the other had ran to. She sneezed and rubbed her arms sighing. Either she was going to get sick, or someone was talking about her. Or maybe both.

A/N:

I finally finished this!!!! You asked for it, so here it is. ~ (つ ˆДˆ)つ。☆ The original plan was to post another story I almost had finished for this book, but since some of you seemed too eager for a second part of this one, I decided to work on it first. I hope you liked it!! I was stuck for a few days, sorry for taking so long!

Anyways, are you eating healthy? Are you drinking water? I hope so!! If not, I will send a demon who punishes unhealthy habits towards you! ヾ (’O’*)/*

In any case, I wish you're doing well.

Bye~ (˘ ³˘)💟

Rejected bond (Amerus Soulmate AU pt 1)

Warning: Angst and mentions of illness! I don't think it's something too graphic or bad, but either way I recommend discretion!

The pale sky shone dimly, clouds covering every inch of blue, spreading like an illness and turning colours into pale and cheap imitations of life, greyish tones crawling over far away buildings and trees, making the morning boring and sad. The immense mass of clouds moved slowly under the pressure of the cold breeze, almost lazily, if one was to give human characteristics to the white colossus.

Russia blinked slowly, resting his head on one hand and not even trying to pretend he was paying attention to class. The literature teacher looked at him occasionally, probably trying to decide if he should talk to him, or if that would be a bad idea, after all he was the best in his subject and, even if he usually kept to himself, this behaviour was far from normal for him.

Seeing the worry of the teacher's face almost made him feel guilty, but the feeling was easily overpowered by the helpless numbness that had started to seep into his bones since last week.

So he continued ignoring everything around him, gaze lost in the landscape outside of the window, peeking through the windows on the other side of the hallway. What was the point of doing homework and projects if you're going to die anyway? The thought made the stone in his stomach heavier. He should have stayed home today.

Looking down, he tried to glare at the thread tied to his right pinky finger.

Most people had a red thread of fate tied into the pinky of their dominant hand, as a promise of someone that Destiny had made just for them, as a prophecy of happy days to come and a life filled with love. Some people did not have it and, being so, they were free to choose a partner on their own or decide to not have one at all.

In a way, he was envying of them.

It's not that he didn't want a chosen one, far from it, he was a helpless romantic, one of those idiots that had dreamt about wedding bells, hills and children since he had opened his eyes one morning to find his red thread visible for the first time. He had followed the red line with his eyes, excitedly going over the ups and downs of the thin line, wondering who would be on the other side.

He had loved his soulmate even before finding out who he was.

The difference between him and others was simple, he could actually see the whole of the threads that hung from everyone's pinkies. While almost anyone would only be able to see a meter or so of their own thread, he was part of a small part of the population that had access to everyone's fate in the form of a world filled with twisting translucent threads.

There were theories about individuals like him, he remembered from their biology class. Thousands of years ago there had been individuals without threads with the same ability, passed down from generations, whose role in their respective communities seemed to be uniting people and helping fate. In those long lost times, they had helped to end wars, unite kingdoms and allow people to generally be happy. They had used to only have children with people without threads, but at some point that practice had been lost, and as they mixed with people with threads, it had resulted in people like him.

It was really a joke from Destiny.

Now he was forced to see Death right in the eyes, unavoidable and constantly approaching.

The day he had found out his destined one was America, was the

same day the white country had passed sneering by his side, pushing his shoulder as they walked in different directions. He had watched the thread in disbelief, following it over and over again as the other disappeared in the crowd.

He had been in denial for weeks, but after starting to watch the other closer, he decided it wasn't that bad.

Slowly, he had fallen in love by watching the other, trying to understand the way he functioned, catching the similarities they shared like being the older brother of a family or their favourite color being blue, and also their differences, like the other's interest in sports and in math.

There had been a few times when they had have to work together, and it hadn't been that bad. They complemented eachother and at small moments, when they were distracted with a problem to solve, they fit like puzzle pieces.

In those brief moments that he could count on his hands, he had understood why Fate had tied them together.

But then the other would come back to reality, and his smiles would turn into expressions filled with hatred, disgust and disdain.

It hurt.

Russia had convinced himself that maybe it wasn't their time. Maybe they would walk different paths and, when reunited once again, after changing and maturing, they would be perfect for eachother. Under that pathetic excuse, he had allowed himself to fall deeper, to hold onto those small moments like an addict to poisonous drugs, signing his own demise quicker.

He watched down on the thread that connected him to the one he loved, the one who hated him.

The colour of his thread had been changing ever since America had started to interact more and more with him, either to smile at him or to mutter insults towards him. It had begun with a pale shade of pink, the red slowly washing out until it faded to a yellowish shade

of it. Then, pink had dissolved into a pale and sick orange that had turned brown, the color of dried blood. Finally, the thread had started turning black, right from the middle and towards his hand.

He knew what would happen when the corruption touched his skin.

With each step of the slowly decay of his thread, he had gotten more and more sick. Starting with the headaches, going through the dizziness and the vomiting, and lastly the fever. His body had suffered for weeks, and he had only tried to get closer to the other, hoping it would change his feelings if they knew eachother better.

That had only made things go faster.

He had gone through all the steps of grief. From denial (he can love me, we just met at the wrong time and the wrong place), to anger (it's so unfair, his side of the thread is perfect and nourished with love, why can't he love me the same!), to bargaining (maybe I am the problem, if only I was better at communicating maybe he would actually see me), to depression (I should just stay in bed, what's the point of getting up at all?) And to acceptance.

He had come to the realization that there was nothing he could do to change the other's feelings. He didn't knew where all of them had come from, but he knew his situation was irremediable. Maybe that had been his Destiny all along, to die a tragic death by an unrequited love.

He felt his eyes widen when he lowered his gaze once again. The dark stain of death had been at least twenty centimetres away from his hand this morning, but in his brief monologue, it had climbed up to five.

He raised his hand shakily.

"Yes Russia?" The teacher asked, seemingly with relief at him talking once again.

"I need to go to the bathroom" he said and bolted out of the classroom as soon as he was given permission to get out.

America yawned, trying to hide behind Canada so the teacher wouldn't notice. Rubbing his eyes he tried to focus on the whiteboard, filled with words and arrows pointing in every direction. The teacher had been probably trying to make things more exciting and easy by explaining things on the board with all those exclamation marks and circles, but the truth is that the subject was plainly boring.

'Sorry sir' he apologized in his head.

Looking down on his empty notebook, he took a look of the red thread tied to his pinky, swirling it around to distract himself from the class. It always made him smile when he saw it, shining softly against his skin in a sparkling red, its glow gentle and, mind you, a very good night light for when he couldn't sleep.

Sometimes he wondered who was the person on the other side. Had they met already? Where they nice? Maybe they liked the same things that him!

He daydreamed about scenarios and possibilities.

The teacher turned around for the hundredth time and he tensed, immediately trying to hide his sleepiness and pretending he was taking notes. He stopped when he followed the direction of the worried gaze of the teacher towards Russia.

He rolled his eyes.

Why would the teacher worry about that guy? He had no idea. Everyone knew better than to get close to the tall antisocial, and even if he did look a little bit sick lately, he would get over it in no time.

It was probably in his genetics or something.

He started erasing the swirling lines he had made on his notebook as soon as the teacher turned around to keep writing on the board, saying something about that boring book he had been explaining for three weeks.

Something about a classic book? He shrugged, it wasn't as if it

mattered.

Once the pages were clean, he turned his head to look at the russian.

Ever since he had transferred, the rumours about who he was had started to spread and, at first, he had thought they were only that, rumors. People were talking about the guy being part of a family that was involved in not very good stuff, something about his dad being in a gang or something.

When the tall man with an eye patch had come to the school for the first time by a teacher's request, he had understood exactly why. He was scary, to say the least and while Russia seemed sometimes like a mere introvert, the fact that his family was definitely up to no good made it difficult to believe.

Damn, even his own dad had told him to not get involved with them!

"They look like bad business" the blue country had murmured to him one day as the others entered a beaten down car.

But everything had turned personal when his baby brother Can had started dating the weird guy's younger brother.

As much as Canada talked about the smaller country with sparkling eyes and burning blushes, he could not believe a single word that his lovestruck brother said. Ukraine seemed sweet, sure, but he knew better than to believe the cover of a book or however the saying went. The guy was probably manipulating his softhearted brother into a bad path.

They had fought about it dozens of times and he had almost told their father, but Can had begged him not to do so.

"Dad's going to kill me if he finds out!" Canada has whispered taking his hands with pleading eyes.

"The one who's gonna kill you is their father if he finds out you're dating his son. Or maybe not and they want you to join whatever they're involved with! I don't know what's worse!" He had replied in an

exasperated voice.

Canada swore that the tall country with an eye patch was nothing but a novelist, if only a bit eccentric, but it was clear that he had been brainwashed already.

America sighed, focusing on his notebook again and suppressing a yawn, his eyes watering as he exhaled deeply.

He opened his eyes and blinked his peripheral vision catching something unusual. He rubbed his eyes, trying to make sure it wasn't sleep making him see things.

His thread was slowly disappearing, turning translucent so slowly it was almost impossible to see.

After a few minutes watching closely at the small line, he was finally sure of what was going on. His heart ran faster as a feeling of dread started to crawl up his spine. The only reason for a thread to dissipate was for the fated bond to be broken, either by death or by rejection. But that was simply impossible, he had not rejected his soulmate, far from it, he was eager to meet them, and clearly he wasn't the rejected one, since his side of the thread wasn't dying with corruption.

Was his soulmate dying?

He panicked, his throat turning dry and his mind racing with shapeless thoughts. He was pulled out of his inner turmoil by the sound of a chair being roughly pushed against the ground. He jumped on his spot and then turned around, only to find Russia raising his hand.

He rolled his eyes. Of course.

The guy asked for permission to go to the bathroom, and didn't seem to hear the small giggles in response to his weird attitude, running to the door as if his life depended on it instead.

America turned back to his fading thread but froze when it disappeared abruptly. At the same time, a heavy thud echoed in the hallway, followed by a small whimper.

The teacher turned to look at them, mumbling something about them staying on their desks as he walked quickly to the door. Of course, that wasn't something you could expect from a bunch of teenagers, so as soon as the adult fled the room, everyone got into their feet and ran to the door, opening slightly and trying to see what was going on.

Canada turned around to look at him, a concerned gaze that focused quickly on him when he saw his pale expression.

"Are you ok?" The taller country asked with worry and he shook his head as reply. "Are you feeling ill? Do you need to-" the younger started but was interrupted.

"I think my soulmate's d-" he tried to tell, but was interrupted too by a wave of gasps coming from the hallway. The sound of multiple teachers trying to order the teens to get back into the classrooms mixing with screams and hurried conversations. He didn't pay attention, focused on the now inexistent thread, it's empty place dull without the usual gentle light. He felt his heart clenching painfully and his eyes filling with tears.

"Oh my Gosh" murmured Canada, his eyes on the window to the hallway. "What were you about to say Ame?" His shaky voice whispered.

He allowed his tears to fall free, a mix of anger and sadness filling him as his brother stayed frozen, looking through the window. "My soulmate's dying! What are you looking at?" He screamed, but his brother didn't react, instead, he just pointed at whatever was happening in the hallway.

"I think- You should -" the Canadian tried to talk.

America got up, turning around before freezing too for a few seconds before finally speaking. "No. It's not possible. It's a coincidence. It's not-" he rambled as he watched in horror at his most hated classmate choked on air in the middle of the hallway. The literature teacher was trying to hold his head to allow him to breath, but it seemed nothing helped as the russian started clawing at his neck, his eyes open wide and unfocused. The American took a

step towards the door, then another one, until he was pushing everyone aside, still in disbelief as he tried to get close to the guy that was obviously not his soulmate.

"What are you doing America, get back to the classroom!" The teacher screamed when he saw him approach, the other teachers too busy either preparing a stretcher or trying to contact the emergency line which seemed to be inconveniently busy.

"You can't" He started and Russia's teary eyes turned to look at him, filling with panic. "There's no way you're my soulmate!" He finally screamed and the other seemed to wilt under his gaze. Trying to prove this wasn't happening, the American kneeled before the other and took his right hand away from his throat, were a bunch of angry lines were starting to swollen. He felt his heart dropping as he saw the already gangrenous skin on the pinky were the soul thread was supposed to be, the infection moving slowly upwards, already focusing on getting to the heart. To his utter dismay, he felt his own pinky sting with the remains of a rejected bond when their skin touched.

"I-I am s-sorry" came the choked whisper of the other, and only then did he notice his slowed down movements.

He raised his gaze just in time to see his hated enemy slump against the teacher's chest, his eyes glazed over and half closed. The sounds around him grew confusing, but he still held the hand of his classmate between his own.

"Wait! No. No! Stay awake. I'll give you a chance! Stay awake!" He called before the paramedics came rushing through the doors. He watched frozen as they took his pulse and started doing CPR, a few minutes later they put a tourniquet on his hand and quickly put him in the stretcher before rushing to the ambulance.

"Snap out of it!" The strong voice of his teacher said, pulling him out of his state of shock. "You want to fix this? Then get yourself together and come!" The man said while helping him to get up. He ran to the ambulance and said something to one of the paramedics before quickly entering.

America could only try to watch as his other half laid there, completely unmoving.

A/N:

Ah, I finally bring another story! I'm sorry for taking so long, the truth is that I've been pretty unmotivated and sick. It feels as if everyday I feel more and more tired and today I've been nauseous and with quite a bad migraine, I had to leave classes today. Do not worry, though, I think it's just the stress, I'll be fine I think.

Oh! Btw, I'm planning on making a second part on this one, so don't get sad, this is not the ending!

Anyways, take care, eat well, drink water.

(⊃｡•́‿•̀｡)⊃ Bye!~

It was beautiful, but it's time to say goodbye

Hello guys, I'm sorry.

I'm writing this for all of u who will not read the announcement I made in my profile.

I'm leaving.

This is not your typical "I'm not in the fandom anymore" thing, or that I'm too busy or something. Another one of my books has been deleted, again, and I'm honestly tired of this platform. Even so, I will not be deleting this app, for two reasons:

1. One of my favourite books is in here, and I've been following for a long time, and will continue to support the author.

2. Because of you, my dear readers. There's some of you that have been my support in the worst of my days. Your words of love have helped me through the roughest of storms. When I've been lost you've been there, like an anchor or a lighthouse. You've made me laugh with your comments, smile with your support. You've cried with me over fictional characters, and given a chance to my writing every time. Thank you. For everything. I'll never forget.

I'll stop posting anything in Wattpad, there will be no more updates in here, but I'll continue all my books in Ao3

https://archiveofourown.org/users/ShipperWaffle/pseuds/ShipperWaffle

Here's the link to my profile there, you will find most of my one shots and all my previous works in there.

I'm afraid it's time for me to sail to a kinder sea. I'm just a lonely shipper traveling the ocean, but my ship has sunk, the flag floating

in the afterwards of a storm, swaying over the waves like the remains of a corpse. The mighty ocean will reclaim its shape, erasing all memory of what was once there. All of you who want to follow me to a new sea are welcome to do so, there's lots of adventures to follow, new lands to see, new stories to cry and laugh to. But if you don't want to, that's ok. May your own travels be safe, and someday, maybe, we'll meet again.

Remember to stay healthy, try to stay happy, hug all your loved ones and remember that you're worth the world.

It was an amazing journey. Gracias por cada momento de felicidad.

With love and filled with tears,
From this faraway place I call home,

ShipperWaffle 💟

(⊃｡•́‿•̀｡)⊃ ~Bye!

(And as my last gift, a sad song in Spanish for u, here's the lyrics roughly translated of the song above)

Face to face
Jeannette

.

Left, what little is left.
Of our love there's barely anything left,
Barely a thousand words are left.

Left, only the silence is left.
Silence that makes the cold and long night explode,
The night that never ends.

Only that is left.

There's only the need to cry left,
Seeing how our love gets far away.

Slowly, we lower our gazes,
Because there's nothing left to talk about.

Nothing, that's what is left.

There's only the need to cry left,
Seeing how our love gets far away.
Slowly, we lower our gazes,
Because there's nothing left to talk about.

Nothing
Left

Little kindness,
And making something crazy every now and then.
A kiss, roughly.

Only
Left

A kind gesture,
To not make life unbearable
And drown the sorrows that way.

Only that is left.

There's only the need to cry left,
Seeing how our love gets far away.
Slowly, we lower our gazes,
Because there's nothing left to talk about.

Nothing.

There's only the need to cry left,
Seeing how our love gets far away.
Slowly, we lower our gazes,
Because there's nothing left to talk about.

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